EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XI. SEPTEMBER, 1904. No. 3.

Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

AT the close of the first chapter of my story in the last issue of this magazine I outlined briefly the transaction by which Amalgamated began its ruin-spreading career, and I promised to state my own share in the affair and to show how completely I was hoodwinked by the "system."

When I consented to allow property which had cost only $39,000,000 to be sold to the public for $75,000,000, I did so under pressure which it was practically impossible for me to withstand. I do not think I use too strong a word when I say "pressure." I had been three years advertising to the world the great merits of "Coppers," and for over a year I had announced that when the public were given an opportunity to participate in the consolidated "Coppers" it would be upon a basis most carefully worked out; that the properties included in the first section would surely be worth more than the price at which they would be offered to the public, and that all the power, capital, and ability of the "Standard Oil" were behind the promises I made. I did this advertising openly and in the frankest possible way, and in all of such announcements, whether printed, oral, or otherwise, used the names of Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, James Stillman, the National City Bank of New York, and "Standard Oil" as freely as I did my own, and in many ways led the public to believe that the very rich Boston & Montana and Butte & Boston companies were to be included.

At that time my alliance with "Standard Oil" was close. The business connection had developed into a strong personal relation between Mr. Rogers and myself. We were engaged, together with William Rockefeller, on a great financial deal which was based on certain conclusions I had worked out in regard to the copper industry. They were to me the embodiment of success, success won in the fiercest commercial conflict of the age. Their position at the helm of the greatest financial institution in the world gave weight and importance to their judgment and opinions. Nor had aught occurred between us to suggest a suspicion of their sincerity or honesty of purpose. Besides all this, indeed a part of it, my personal resources were completely involved in the transaction, for the most part pledged with Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller in stocks of the Butte & Boston and Boston & Montana corporations. That was about the status of our connection when Mr. Rogers suddenly and without previous intimation notified me of his purchase of the Daly-Haggin-Tevis properties, and practically ordered me to put them upon the tray which I was preparing and take them to the eagerly waiting public, who by this time were fairly howling for the good things we had been promising them.

In support of this extraordinary change of plan Mr. Rogers urged the secret wealth of the Anaconda and the great value of the other properties which I myself had helped purchase, but I bitterly opposed the new proposition until there was nothing before me but a choice of alternatives—to accept the change or break with "Standard Oil." The latter course meant that I must announce to the public that they were in danger of being tricked, and it was by no means certain that my warning would carry weight against the

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denials and assurances of "Standard Oil." However much influence I had obtained through my long years of dealings with the public, independent of "Standard Oil," I realized that "Standard Oil's" influence and prestige were much greater, for it must be remembered that at this time the public had not had the evidence since acquired of the "system's" cold-blooded trickery. If I took this course it meant not only my own ruin financially, for Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller could have called my loans and wiped me out completely, but also that of my friends and allies, who, under my direction, had invested their own millions in the properties concerned. On the other hand, I had the most earnest assurances from Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller that the new properties were worth much more than the $75,000,000 at which it was proposed to capitalize them. They took me to task for my distrust of them, and went far to demonstrate to me the accuracy of their estimates. They not only gave me Marcus Daly's minute estimates of the values and legitimate possibilities of Anaconda, but consented to have them verified by outside experts in whom I had implicit confidence, and whose personal examination more than bore out Daly's appraisal. I have never yet had reason to doubt the correctness of the figures then shown me, although since starting to publish this story "Standard Oil" has stated for the first time, in an endeavor to get me to abandon my efforts to secure justice for the thousands I assisted in duping, that Marcus Daly deceived them and really, to use the words of their chief counsel, sold them a "gold brick."

After this personal examination I felt convinced that the properties "Standard Oil" insisted on substituting for those originally intended for the first section of Amalgamated were such that the public, if honestly dealt with, could not possibly meet with loss in purchasing. But even then I only consented to go ahead with the flotation under a distinct agreement which seemed to me completely to guard against all contingencies of jugglery or deception. The agreement stipulated that all the profits which came from the transaction would be taken by those to whom they were due, in the stock of the Amalgamated Company, and no part of them in cash—that the public would be sold only $5,000,000 of the $75,000,000, and that "Standard Oil" and all associated with "Standard Oil" in the profits would retain the remaining $70,000,000 until such time as it had been absolutely demonstrated to the public that the property behind the $75,000,000 of stock was worth more than the amount it had been capitalized for. Furthermore, I was also promised that the $5,000,000 cash to be taken from investors would be kept intact, and under the continuation of my handling of the market would always be available for the repurchase from the public of what had been sold to them, at the price which they had paid for it.

This was the basis on which I went on with Amalgamated. I would not have my readers understand me as asserting that it was possible for me to have stopped the flotation had I attempted it. But, on the other hand, I would not have them think that I desire to be absolved from the disastrous results of the great mistake I made at this time in not at any cost doing that which after-happenings have shown would have been the most honest course for me to have pursued. Nor would I have them think I desire to be absolved from the consequences of many other mistakes which this one led me into—mistakes in temporizing with the situation and postponing action which I should have boldly and fearlessly forced, regardless of all consequences to the public, my friends, and myself.

The subsequent proceedings, the manner in which Amalgamated was actually sold to the public, the flagrant disregard of the conditions of my agreement with Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller, will be fully told in their proper place in my story. These incidents show that the "system," by whose methods the public is as ruthlessly plundered as though the fruits of their labors were taken away from them by highwaymen, admits also of its own votaries being tricked and despoiled by their associates. The men who participated in the transaction I described last month are among the most astute financiers in the country and presumably possessed of invincible capacity to protect their own interests. But with all their knowledge of the "system's" tricks they were, in this instance, as shrewdly duped as the veriest tyro in the Wall Street game.

My own experience with the "system" in this connection was different in degree but not in principle from that of these others, and it must be remembered that I was better equipped to protect my interests than any of them. I knew that the actual cost of the properties

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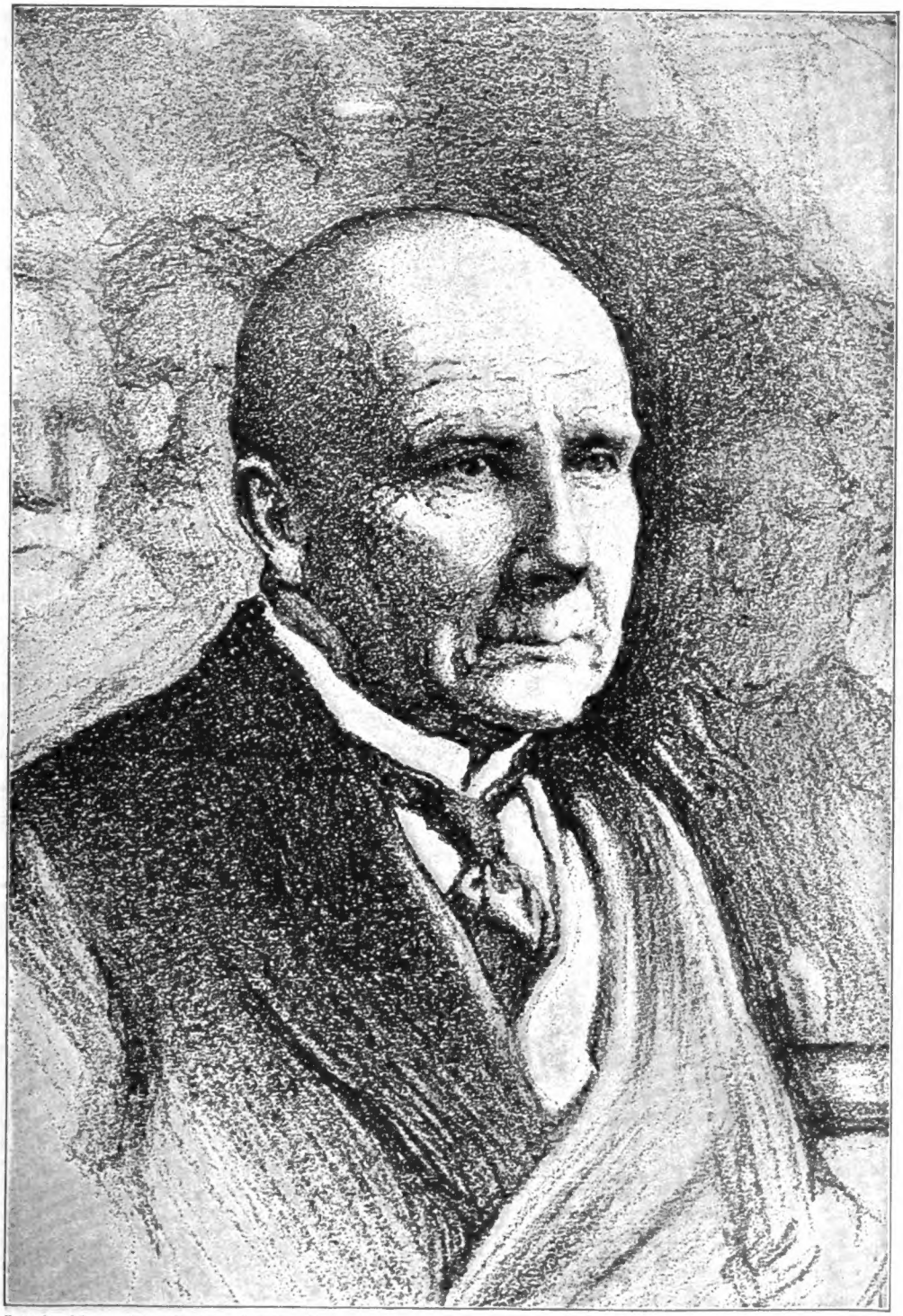

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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

"Standard Oil's" in God we trust.

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comprising the first Amalgamated was $39,000,000, and that when sold to the public at $75,000,000 there must be a profit of $36,000,000. I had every right to think I knew all the other details connected with the transaction, for as organizer and executant of the deal my share in the profits was to be equal to that of Henry H. Rogers and William Rockefeller respectively. We were each to have twenty-five per cent., the remaining twenty-five per cent. going to others. This was no gentleman's "leave-it-to-me-and-I'll-see-you-get-what's-coming-to-you" arrangement either, but a hard, cold, mutually satisfactory and settled in advance agreement. But when it came to the final accounting, the "system" had so regulated things that the participants on the various floors, except, of course, Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller, must each accept without question the share finally handed over to him. Having no means of knowing how large the other interests were, or what the "extraordinary expenses" had been, they were in no position to question the payments made them, which represented sums below what they would have had if the business had been conducted as they thought it had been. When my final account was presented to me I was startled. Notwithstanding the "cleverness" of the "system," the deception was so obvious, so audacious, that the instant Mr. Rogers submitted it to me I exploded and denounced the transaction with such vehemence and conviction that within a few minutes there was forthcoming a second statement, revising the account, by which I was given just double the amount first tendered, and the figures in both accounts ran into millions; yet the amount in the second account was only one-half the share received by my equal partners, Henry H. Rogers and William Rockefeller, as I afterward learned.*

This is a fair statement of my own share in the first Amalgamated transaction. I have no desire to evade the issues suggested and raised by these revelations. My frankness should be absolute proof of that. As I promised, I shall hew to the exact line of fact, letting the chips of responsibility, legal and moral, fall where they may, though many of them stick to my own clothes. My own burden of error I am ready and willing to shoulder, but I decline any longer to take and carry responsibilities which belong absolutely to others. There should be a time-limit on martyrdom and mine anyhow is up.

CHAPTER V

THE POWER OF DOLLARS

At no time in the history of the United States has the power of dollars been as great as now. Freedom and equity are controlled by dollars. The laws which should preserve and enforce all rights are made and enforced by dollars. It is possible to-day, with dollars, to "steer" the selection of the candidates of both the great parties for the highest office in our Republic, that of President of the United States, so that the people, as a matter of fact, must elect one of the "steered" candidates. It is possible to repeat the operation in the selection of candidates for the executive and legislative conduct and control of every State and municipality in the United States, and with a sufficient number of dollars to "steer" the doings of the law-makers and law-enforcers of the national, State, and municipal governments of the people, and a sufficient proportion of the court decisions to make absolute any power created by such direction. It is all, broadly speaking, a matter of dollars to practically accomplish these things. I must not be misunderstood as even insinuating that there are not absolutely honest law-makers and law-enforcers, nor that there are not as many of them in proportion to the whole body as there were at the creation of our Republic. I believe there is at the present time as large a percentage of honesty among Americans as ever there has been, but it is plainly evident to any student of the times that at no other period in the history of the United States has honesty been so completely "steered" by

* I know no better spot in my story than right here to set the public right on two vital points concerning Amalgamated, upon which they are and always have been greatly at sea:

John D. Rockefeller did not have before the Amalgamated Company was organized and floated, nor at its organization and flotation, directly or indirectly, a dollar's interest in its stock nor its affairs, and I have what I consider excellent reasons for believing he has not had any interest up to the time of this writing.

The disasters which have come to the Amalgamated stockholders did not occur, as has been so industriously and ingeniously advertised throughout the world, because of the inability of the "Standard Oil"-Amalgamated-City Bank fraternity to prevent the collapse of the price of copper, the metal, from the high price of seventeen cents to the low one of eleven cents per pound. "Cornering" the metal market, forcing the price to an abnormally high figure and maintaining it there had, notwithstanding the many emphatic statements to the contrary, absolutely no part in any of our original plans, and the success or failure of our project was in no way dependent upon any price for copper, the metal, other than the fair and legitimate price caused by legitimate supply and demand. In fact, as I shall demonstrate before my story is ended, forcing the price to extremely high points and the resulting collapse were all a part of the trickery by which the public were plundered.

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26 BROADWAY

The "System's" Shrine

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dishonesty as at this, the beginning of the twentieth century.

I shall go further and say that there exists to-day uncontrolled in the hands of a set of men a power to make dollars from nothing. That function of dollar-making which the people believe is vested in their government alone and only exercised under the law for their benefit, is actually being secretly exercised on an enormous scale by a few private individuals for their own personal benefit. This, I am well aware, is a startling statement, but not more so than the facts which support it. Throughout the country to-day we have all grown accustomed to the spectacle of men who, poor yesterday, to-day display more dollars than the kings and queens of olden times controlled. In flaunting this money these men proudly boast: "We made all this in a night, and are going to multiply it five or fifty-fold to-morrow night."

The fact that there must be in this country some secret method of gaining vast fortunes gradually dawned on the minds of the people. This method, they argued, must be outside the laws of the land which they themselves had made, and they were confronted by the fact that the possessors of these fabulous fortunes were creating a power not recognized by their government and which practically placed the government in the hands of the fortune-owners. They realized that in some way the magic of this fortune-making was connected with, or seemed to be compounded in, institutions called corporations and trusts, and among these the head and centre was a great affair called "Standard Oil." Wherever this "Standard Oil" was, all knew that strange wonders were worked. Within the sphere of its influence dirt changed to gold, liquids to solids, and what was, was not, and what was not, was. Whoever became a part of this mysterious "Standard Oil," at the same time was rendered "powerful"; just as though touched by a fairy's wand, he changed from pauper to millionaire. But what was "Standard Oil"? The people knew that at the beginning it was only an aggregation of men, private individuals, who had accumulated much money by securing a monopoly of selling oil, and that these men were "Rockefellers," and that Standard Oil and "Rockefellers" had been cute and cunning in the conduct of their oil-selling to a degree greater than rival sellers of oil or of other necessities. And as time wore on much more was heard of the cleverness of "Standard Oil" and "Rockefellers," as the victims of the cuteness and the cunning "hollered" in public places, and the newspapers and writers of books exclaimed against their practices and exactions. But many other things were happening simultaneously, and to the great bulk of the people it was interesting rather than portentous that there existed in the country a giant oil-thing whose owners were reputed the richest men in the world.

It was not until the beginning of the twentieth century that the monster "Standard Oil" loomed up before the people as the giant of all corporate things and its ominous shadow seemed to dwarf all other institutions, public or private. In multitudinous forms it was before the people.

In awed whispers men talked of its mysterious doings and canvassed its extraordinary powers as though "Standard Oil" were a living, breathing entity rather than a mere business institution created by men and existing only by virtue of the laws of the land.

About the time that the world had begun mistily to take in the tremendous forces which radiated from "Standard Oil," there occurred a financial crash and the people saw their savings, invested in what they supposed were the legal and absolute titles of ownership in the material things of their country, suddenly decline in value and contract to prices representing a loss to them of billions of dollars. Throughout the misery and suffering this terrible collapse occasioned, "Standard Oil" remained undisturbed as before and amid all the confusion kept sternly on its dollar-"making" way. Indeed, it seemed to gain in bulk as other institutions diminished or disappeared. Then it was that the people began to demand, and are now fiercely demanding, "What is this 'Standard Oil'?" "What is its secret?" "Whence came it?" and, "Can our Republic endure if it, too, endures?"

To-day "Standard Oil," the "Private Thing," is the greatest power in the land—more powerful than the people individually or as a whole, and its secret is the knowledge of the trick of finance by which dollars are "made" from nothing in unlimited quantities subject to no laws of man nor nature. The dollars that "Standard Oil" *makes* are the exact equivalent of the dollars of the people as made by the Government which we know can only be coined and put into

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circulation in accordance with law and for the benefit of all the people.

For those readers not versed in the technical phrases of finance and economics I shall in my narrative make use of certain terms of my own which will convey common-sense, figurative meanings readily grasped when the sense in which they are used is once comprehended. In speaking of "Standard Oil," for instance, I call it a "Private Thing." By that term I desire to typify the active, private identity of a corporation which comprehends, but exists independently of, its legalized functions. Some corporations have a real personality in addition to that which their name and the corporation laws prescribe for them, an inherent power, or individuality, which exists above and apart from their physical functions as sellers of oil, of sugar, or of ice. This may be an incarnation of the power developed in the transaction of their legalized occupations, but the "Private Thing" is uncontrolled by any of the restrictions by which the law defines and curbs the corporation whose name it bears. I distinguished in my last chapter between "Standard Oil" which wields all the powers of its subsidiary companies, and Standard Oil, the seller of oil. In the same way we have "American Sugar Refineries" and "United States Steel," the "Private Things" which are not one whit better than nor different from "Standard Oil," the "Private Thing." Though this narrative will deal only with the "Private Things," Bay State Gas and Amalgamated Copper, I have no hesitancy in saying that the methods employed and the results, good or bad, which accrued in the case of any of the other "Private Things" with which the public have had to do, differ only in details from those with which I shall deal in my story.

In speaking of dollars brought into existence by the trick of finance I have referred to I shall call them henceforth "made dollars" to distinguish them from dollars coined by the Government and legitimately acquired by the individual or corporation. These "made dollars," it must be remembered, are really "made" for all purposes of use as surely as if they had the Government's stamp, yet they are not made in the sense of the known volume of the people's money being added to. So, however many of these "made dollars" are brought into existence by this trick of finance, only the men who "made" them can know and profit by their existence. The people are no wiser nor can they adjust themselves to the change of conditions brought about by the creation of all this new money, yet if "unmade" or lost, the entire volume of the nation's wealth would be contracted.

I can better set before my readers this trick of finance by which "made dollars" are brought into existence by an illustration than by any process of definition. Let us suppose that the United States Government at Washington, the only power legally entitled to issue money for circulation among the people, puts forth a particular $10,000. All the conditions prescribed by law have been followed, and all the people in the country are benefited by the issuance and circulation of this particular $10,000, each in the proportion the laws prescribe.

"B," a Western farmer, tills his soil and receives, by the sale of his wheat, the particular $10,000, which he then deposits in *The Bank*. *The Bank*, being a part of the Government machinery, only receives, holds, and uses the $10,000 under safeguards provided for by the laws of the land, so hereafter "B's" material life is conducted on the basis that he is the full and actual possessor of $10,000. He knows, further, that his $10,000 cannot be expanded nor contracted, nor its relation to any of the other money of the people which is in circulation, changed without his knowledge, because he knows it cannot be changed but by the Government. I say he knows this—he has every right to believe he knows it, but, in fact, it is not so, because of the working of the secret financial device of the Private Thing. At this stage enters "C," the Private Thing.

"C" purchases with $3,300 ("B's" money) which he borrows from *The Bank*, a copper-mine, depositing the title which he receives from the seller with *The Bank* as collateral for the $3,300. After purchasing, he arbitrarily calls the copper-mine worth $10,000—arbitrarily because his act is not controlled nor regulated by any of the laws of the land—arbitrarily because the actual cost, $3,300, is his secret and his alone. Then, arbitrarily, "C" organizes his $3,300 of copper property into the Arbitrary Copper Company, and issues to himself a piece of paper, which he arbitrarily stamps "10,000 stock dollars." This he takes to *The Bank*, and by loan or other device exchanges it for the remaining $6,700 belonging to "B," and thereafter "C" conducts his affairs on the

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basis that he is the possessor of $6,700, his "made dollars" in the transaction. At this stage there is actually in use among the people $16,700 where "B," the farmer, the legitimate factor, and his kind, the people, suppose there is but $10,000—$10,000 which is recorded, known and legal, being used by the legitimate factors, "B" and *The Bank*, and $6,700 which is unrecorded and unknown to any but "C" and *The Bank*, being used by the illegitimate Private Thing "C."

Right here is the secret device, the financial trick, by which the greatest power in the land has been created, and by which the people can be absolutely plundered of their savings for the benefit of the few.

At this stage the two-thirds of "B's" $10,000, of which he later is to be plundered, has not been actually taken away, so he cannot possibly have any evidence yet of the process of plundering him which has been begun, or that the volume of money which he supposes is all that exists has been tremendously expanded. The next step is where "C" sells his $3,300, stamped "10,000 stock dollars" (which, as already shown, he has exchanged with *The Bank* for the $10,000 deposited by "B"), to "B" for $10,000, which $10,000 "B" withdraws from *The Bank* by simply making out a check in favor of "C." ("B's" inducement to exchange his dollars for the stock dollars of "C" is the high rate of interest that they will return in the form of dividends, which rate is much larger than *The Bank* can afford to pay.) "C" deposits "B's" check with *The Bank* and hereby liquidates his $10,000 indebtedness to *The Bank*.

At this stage "B" is still the possessor of $10,000, but it is "10,000 stock dollars." "C" is the possessor of $6,700, and "D," from whom the copper-mine was purchased, is the possessor of $3,300, but the two latter amounts make up the 10,000 real dollars, and *The Bank* remains where it was at the beginning of the transaction. The people, however, are no wiser, but they know, because they have been most carefully educated to such knowledge by "C's" agents, Wall Street, and the press, that their country is tremendously prosperous—that its great prosperity is evidenced by the $6,700 added wealth in the form of 6,700 new stock dollars. At the next stage the financial trick accomplished by the secret device is complete. "B," the farmer, who has contracted for new machinery and other necessities and luxuries, to be paid for "next season," attempts next season to turn his 10,000 stock dollars into real dollars, and "C," the Private Thing, knowing their real value to be but $3,300, refuses to make the exchange, but instead, by proclaiming their real value, compels "B," who must have real dollars to meet his debts, to sell them for what "C," the Private Thing, is willing to pay. "C," the Private Thing, is willing to pay their worth, which he alone knows is $3,300; he repurchases them at that price from "B," that he may repeat the operation at the return of the next "wave of the country's prosperity."

By this operation "B," the farmer, has lost as absolutely as though they had been taken away from him by a Government decree, $6,700 of his own making, and "C," the Private Thing, has "made," as absolutely as though the Government had allowed him to coin them for his own benefit, 6,700 real dollars, and *The Bank*, created, regulated, and controlled by law, and existing because of the people's deposits of money, has been the instrument by which "C," the Private Thing, deprived "B," the farmer, of his savings, because "C," the Private Thing, is at one and the same time during the operation I have outlined, himself and *The Bank*.

A careful study of this illustration, by even laymen unacquainted with financial or corporation affairs, will clearly show that the foundation of this transaction was *The Bank's* putting in jeopardy $3,300 of "B's" deposited $10,000, and that if the $3,300, after being put in jeopardy, had been lost, "B" would have been the loser,* which, in turn, means that the compensation for the jeopardy in which the $3,300 was placed was the possibility of $6,700 profit, and that, therefore, the $6,700 profit when made should have gone to the owner of the $3,300, "B," instead of to "C," the user of it. It is, therefore, in this sense that I shall use the term "made dollars"—wherever they are "made" or "unmade" by one set of men using the dollars of others without the others knowing they are being used, and where the result of such use is that when

* I say "B" would have been the loser because all money lost by a bank must eventually be lost by the depositors, the people or the surplus or capital of the bank which belongs to the people, through their ownership of the stock in the bank. Of course the loss of individual amounts such as $3,300 would not come directly on the people. But when the aggregate of the money put in jeopardy by the four classes of institutions I name runs into billions and is lost, the loss *must* fall on the people, because the only other ones involved are the managers and controllers of these institutions, who always see to it that when the losses which would wreck the bank are actually made, they, the managers and controllers, have no deposits and none of the stock.—T. W. L.

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dollars are "made," they are "made" by the ones who use others' money, and where dollars are "unmade," they are lost by the ones who own the dollars which they don't know are being used.

CHAPTER VI

CONSTRUCTION OF THE "DOLLAR-MAKING" MILL

I believe "Standard Oil" was the first to utilize this secret device for circumventing the safeguards which the law has erected to protect the savings of the people, the first to practically apprehend that, a large proportion of all the moneys in circulation which belong to the people or the Government being in the custody of the national and savings banks and trust and insurance companies, it would only be necessary for a set of men to obtain control of sufficient of the principal national and savings banks and trust and insurance companies to control practically unlimited amounts of such funds, and thus be able to absolutely "make" dollars at will by using the moneys in these institutions to acquire properties, then to consolidate such properties on an inflated basis, and then to sell them to the people (who, in fact, already owned them, because they owned the funds with which they had been purchased), and then by stock-market trickery to scare their owners into reselling them at an enormous shrinkage from the price they had paid. To comprehend with "Standard Oil" is to act, and twenty years ago it began to weave the net to secure control of the four classes of institutions I have named.

Their first move was to establish a great corporation, the Standard Oil Company, and make its stock, 1,000,000 shares, sell at from $650 to $800 per share, or $650,000,000 to $800,000,000. It kept its affairs mysteriously secret, it paid enormous dividends, and from time to time it caused to be published broadcast throughout the world the statement that it was held in such value by its creators, the Rockefellers, Rogers, etc., that they continued to own all but a few shares of the entire capital. To prove that there could be no doubt of such continued ownership, the public's attention was repeatedly called to the fact that the Standard Oil Company was the only great corporation which did not allow its shares to be traded in upon any of the stock exchanges. As a matter of fact, though it is not traded in on the regular stock exchanges, it is actively bought and sold daily on the New York "Curb."

The next move was to use Standard Oil stock as the basis for loans, that is, as collateral for money borrowed from the banks, trust and insurance companies, and treasuries of other great corporations and estates. The money thus acquired was paid out to purchase the control of banks and trust and insurance companies in all parts of the United States, the Standard Oil ownership being represented by dummy directors and officers.

The next move represents another of the dazzling devices of finance in which "Standard Oil" is adept, and brings the process of artificial expansion still further along. Control of a certain number of these savings and national banks and trust and insurance companies having been acquired, the funds of each were so manipulated by depositing those of one institution with another, and the latter's in turn with the first, as to swell their deposits and create in all of them an apparently legitimate basis for increases of capitalization. At the same time there was shown an apparently legitimate necessity for the establishment of additional banking and trust companies, which were duly organized and their assets juggled around by the same process. The result of all this manipulation defies description. Throughout the series of correlated institutions loans and deposits are multiplied in such an intricacy of duplication that only a few able experts, employed by the "system" because of their mathematical genius, are able to unravel the tangle to the degree of approximating the proportion the legitimate funds bear to those which have been created by the financial jugglery I have indicated.

When "Standard Oil" had gathered into its net sufficient of the important private institutions of finance there still remained the Federal Government, the largest handler of money in the country. It was not hard for "Standard Oil" to introduce its expert votaries into the United States Treasury and thus to steer the millions of the nation into the banks subject to the "system's" control. This accomplished, the structure was complete and the process of "making" dollars proceeded on a magnificent scale.

That there may be no possible doubt in the minds of those of my readers who are unacquainted with such matters that I am citing every-day, actual happenings, I will tell just how the Daly-Haggin-Tevis-Anaconda-

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Amalgamated transaction was worked out, showing that but for the existence of the National City Bank of New York it could not have been brought about.

When Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller "traded" with Messrs. Daly, Haggin, and Tevis for the Anaconda stock, and with others for like stock or other properties which I have already named, the price agreed upon was $24,000,000 to Daly, Haggin, and Tevis, and $15,000,000 to the others, or $39,000,000 in all. This was to be paid by "Standard Oil" and received by Daly, Haggin, and Tevis, and the others, but one of the stipulations in the "trade" was that instead of the money's being paid to Daly, Haggin, and Tevis, and others direct, it was to be credited to them on the books of the National City Bank of New York and was to be, by agreement, not withdrawn from the bank before a given time, the bank agreeing that the new owners of this money should receive interest at a low rate upon it while it so remained deposited. At the same time the bank agreed to loan Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller the $39,000,000 at the same rate of interest upon the collateral which the $39,000,000 was used in purchasing. Therefore the first part of the transaction was as follows:

The bank, having $39,000,000 on hand belonging to the public in the form of savings deposited, or having a fictitious $39,000,000 in the form of book-keeping accounts made possible by the deposits of the public and the manipulation of the funds in other banks and trust and insurance companies belonging to the public or the Government, caused an entry to be made in its books showing that this $39,000,000 was hereafter to be owned by Daly, Haggin, and Tevis, and others, and that it, the bank, had loaned same to Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller.

The second part was the summoning into the City Bank of certain "Standard Oil" lawyers, office-boys, and clerks, and the organization by them of the Amalgamated Copper Company. The lawyers drew up the papers and the office-boys and clerks signed them. First, the papers certified that "whereas we (the office-boys and clerks) are desirous of taking advantage of the corporation laws of the State of New Jersey, we (the said office-boys and clerks) do so take advantage of the said laws and form ourselves into the Amalgamated Copper Company, which will have a capital of $75,000,000, and which will be allowed by said laws to own copper-mines and other things, to mine copper and other things, to manufacture, buy, sell, and trade in copper and other things, and to do numerous and variegated other things; and that whereas we (the said office-boys and clerks) have now become the Amalgamated Copper Company, one of our number will purchase the entire capital stock of the said Amalgamated Copper Company for $75,000,000 cash, which $75,000,000 cash we herewith certify to have been paid in the form of a check for $75,000,000, herewith delivered to the treasurer, one of our number, by the clerk who drew it; and the treasurer, herewith certifying that he has received the $75,000,000, herewith delivers unto said clerk the $75,000,000 capital stock of the Amalgamated Copper Company, and we (the said office-boys and clerks) herewith certify that there is within the treasury of the Amalgamated Copper Company $75,000,000, and we (the said office-boys and clerks) vote that it, the said $75,000,000, shall be used in the purchase of certain stocks and properties, and said certain stocks and properties shall be the same stocks and properties previously purchased by Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller, and now owned by them, and we (said office-boys and clerks) herewith certify that we have paid from the treasury $75,000,000, that said $75,000,000 is in the form of a check, and said check is the one previously received, or its equivalent, by our treasurer, from one of our number, to wit, the clerk referred to earlier in these papers, and said $75,000,000 has been paid to Henry H. Rogers for his and William Rockefeller's use." Henry H. Rogers, now having $75,000,000, where formerly he had stocks and properties which had cost him $39,000,000, and being desirous of investing it, purchased from the clerk the $75,000,000 of Amalgamated stock which he, the clerk, had previously purchased from the treasury of the Amalgamated Company, Mr. Rogers promptly paying for said purchase with the $75,000,000 check or its equivalent, which had already done such yeoman service.

The organization of the Amalgamated Copper Company of New Jersey now being complete, and the company being in possession of all the property which had formerly belonged to Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller, and which had cost them $39,000,000, and the clerk having again come into possession of his $75,000,000 check, and Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller being the sole owners of the $75,000,000 of Amalgamated

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stock, the second part of this transaction was completed. The third began by the office-boys and clerks' resigning from their positions as directors and officers of the Amalgamated Copper Company of New Jersey in favor of the more responsible and better known "Standard Oil" votaries. Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller then had the National City Bank of New York offer for sale to the public the $75,000,000 of stock in such a way that, although it was then the private property of Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller, the public were led to believe it was the property of the Amalgamated Copper Company. Simultaneously, the National City Bank of New York offered to loan the public its deposits at the rate of ninety cents on the dollar, on any amount of the Amalgamated stock it, the public, purchased; whereupon the public, taking advantage of this offer, purchased from the National City Bank of New York the $75,000,000 of stock for $75,000,000, thereby enabling it to certify upon its books that the $39,000,000 it had loaned to Messrs. Rogers and Rockefeller had been repaid, and enabling Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller, after paying said debts to the National City Bank of New York, to become the absolute owners of $36,000,000 of money, none of which they had owned before, and which they had "made" as absolutely as though they had coined it by permit from the Government of the people who had parted with it.

The fourth part began when months afterward the public, who had borrowed their money from the National City Bank of New York and other banks and trust and insurance companies to buy Amalgamated stock at 100 cents on the dollar, were compelled to repay it, and to do so were obliged to sell the Amalgamated stock which they had purchased at $100 per share for the best price they could get, which was $33 per share; and if we suppose for a moment that the "Standard Oil," after repurchasing it at $33 per share, at a later date repeated the operation of selling it for $100 per share, it will be seen that "Standard Oil," the "Private Thing," would thereby "make" an additional $50,000,000, as absolutely as though they had been allowed by the Government to coin it.*

* As a matter of fact, the people lost even more than thirty-six millions of dollars, on this point of the Amalgamated transaction, because "Standard Oil" did not sell all the 750,000 shares at $100 per share ($75,000,000) at that time. They retained two-thirds of them, which at a later date they fed out to the public at $115 per share, and at a still later date they took them away again at $33 per share.

This explanation is not the creation of an extravagant fancy. It is not romance, but reality. The thing described was a supreme manifestation of the "system," of the perfect working of that tremendous financial machine which reaps, grinds, and harvests for its own benefit, the earned savings of the American people.

CHAPTER VII

JUGGLING WITH MILLIONS OF THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

For the purposes of this transaction the machinery of a great bank or trust company was essential. The vast profit gained here was absolutely "made" through the instrumentality of the National City Bank of New York, but some other tractable institution would have been equally efficient. In order that my readers may focus such great financial concerns as this National City Bank, I give right here brief *résumés* of its career and resources and of those of two of its affiliated institutions:

NATIONAL CITY BANK . . New York City

JAMES STILLMAN, *President.*

The "City Bank" was chartered by the New York Legislature in 1812, and reorganized as a National Bank July 17, 1865. The capital paid in was $1,000,000. Moses Taylor held the office of president for thirty-four years, and died in 1892, when Percy R. Pyne, son-in-law of Moses Taylor, was elected president and held office until the election of James Stillman, of Woodward & Stillman, cotton merchants, when the capital stock of the bank was increased to $10,000,000, and again increased to $25,000,000. The sworn report of the officers and directors filed with the Comptroller of the Currency shows that the condition of the bank, January, 1904, was:

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts		$114,507,919.20
Overdrafts secured and unsecured		162.90
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		3,220,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. deposits		12,937,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand		60,120.00
U. S. Bond account		4,450,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		1,354,013.00
Stocks, securities, etc.		16,709,241.62
Banking-house furniture and fixtures		200,000.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)		4,727,461.12
Due from State banks and bankers		644,288.80
Exchange for clearing-house		31,000,935.34
Checks and other cash items		798,843.22
Notes of other National Banks		209,015.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents		684.63
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz.:		
Specie	$36,928,350.00	
Legal tender notes	7,100,000.00	44,028,350.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)		161,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer other than 5% redemption fund		204,105.95
Total		$235,213,140.78

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LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in		$ 25,000,000.00
Surplus fund		8,900,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses, and taxes paid		8,503,038.26
National Bank notes outstanding		3,180,000.00
Due to other National Banks	$36,469,683.95	
Due to State banks and bankers	5,903,473.87	
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	29,210,461.00	
Provident reserve fund	30,000.00	
Dividends unpaid	519.00	
Individual deposits subject to check	82,576,884.06	
Demand certificates of deposit	43,790.00	
Certified Checks	10,752,671.01	
Cashier's checks outstanding	7,631,619.78	
United States deposits	12,937,000.00—	185,556,102.67
United States Bonds		4,155,000.00
Total		$235,213,140.78

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Company was incorporated by special act of the New York Legislature in 1841. It is the third largest insurance company in the United States. The assets of the company January 1, 1892, were $125,947,290, and income $31,854,194. In 1904, the assets were $352,652,048; income, $88,269,531.

THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK, of Boston, was incorporated in 1898 with a paid in capital of $3,000,000. In 1904 its total resources, also liabilities, were $63,471,639, of the same general character as the National City Bank of New York.

A calm examination of these figures illuminated by the explanation of the "system's" methods I have previously given, will awaken the American people to a comprehension of what use "high finance" makes of the savings of the public intrusted to them for legitimate investment.

Nor must it be supposed for one minute that the insurance company and the Boston bank I have used for illustrations are any different from scores and scores of their kind which are as absolutely "steered" in their operations by the National City Bank of New York as the National City Bank of New York is absolutely "steered" by its president, James Stillman, or as James Stillman is absolutely "steered" by "Standard Oil," the Private Thing, or as "Standard Oil," the Private Thing, is absolutely "steered" by its supreme heads, Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, and John D. Rockefeller. And if any doubt remains in the minds of my readers of the absolute power of "Standard Oil," the Private Thing, to "make" dollars at will, or of the dead-sure working of their "heads-I-win-and-tails-you-lose" gambling-game, I ask them to carefully analyze the above statements in connection with the facts in the Amalgamated transaction which just precede them.

Fourteen years ago the National City Bank passed out of the legitimate management of old-fashioned business men of the Moses Taylor stamp and into the hands of the "system," the Private Thing. Then its capital was $1,000,000; it is to-day $25,000,000, and after having paid out millions in dividends and other profits, it has, in addition, a surplus of $16,000,000, and it has the absolute power to juggle with a total of $235,000,000, $36,000,000 of which belong to other national banks, $6,000,000 to State banks and bankers, $29,000,000 to trust companies and savings-banks, $82,000,000 to individual depositors, $10,000,000 to the holders of certified checks, $7,000,000 to the holders of cashiers' checks, $13,000,000 to the Government directly and $4,000,000 in Government bonds, to say nothing of scores of hundreds of millions more through its affiliated institutions. And all this juggling is done in such a fearless manner that we find it in the Amalgamated deal loaning in one transaction an amount so great that if it had been lost, The Bank's entire capital would have been more than completely wiped out. That my readers may not base their conclusions upon this one transaction of this mighty engine of the "system," vicious as it shows on the surface and destructive as it really was to the thousands who were parties to it, *I will show the National City Bank in another section of the Amalgamated deal, later in this story, doing things which in intention and in result were so much bolder and grosser that this transaction will appear pure and legitimate by comparison.*

During the past thirty years the American people have become so used to enormous figures in connection with corporations and trusts that they have not stopped to discriminate between the different classes of fortunes nor to figure out that fortunes of certain kinds are absolute self-evidence that they were acquired by illegal methods, and if allowed to multiply their kind, the people will surely be enslaved and the Republic destroyed. For instance, there are in New York City alone hundreds of national and savings banks and insurance and trust companies which control money enough to make them practically omnipotent in whatever direction their controllers exert their power. I will name but seven to show what enormous amounts their managers control, for it must be borne in mind that they are all linked together by the "system" as firmly and surely as any

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human things can be linked. The Equitable, Mutual, and New York Life Insurance Companies have a combined capital of $1,200,000,000 of assets, a yearly income of $230,000,000, and $4,500,000,000 of insurance in force; the National City Bank, United States Trust, Mercantile Trust, and Union Trust Companies $30,000,000 capital, and $45,000,000 surplus, and they have the vast sum of $450,000,000 of the people's money to juggle with.

In showing how thirty-six millions were made in the brief space of this creature's (Amalgamated Copper's) life, I deal with reality and not romance, but let my readers for a moment give their imaginations play and picture to themselves one scene in this stupendous drama. A great room in the greatest banking house in America, if not in the world—silent, solemn—an atmosphere of impregnable rectitude—the solid furniture, the heavy carpets, the chill high walls, the massive desks, the impressive chairs, the great majestic table portentously suggestive of power. Presto! the dim calm is broken; the air vibrates as when an ancient church is invaded by a swarm of vampire-bats. Into the great room enter a group of men and a flock of youths, who settle in the impressive chairs round the majestic table. You wonder what is the motive of the assemblage. These grave lawyers, whose names are weighty in the nation's councils, and these gray-haired, dignified financiers might well be gathered to arbitrate a dispute involving empires, but why these office-boys and clerks, with their restless, surprised eyes and uneasy gestures? The flourishing of papers, the murmuring of voices and a confusion of "seventy-five million," "we buy," "we sell," "we are," "we will,"—words, nothing but words; then silence as one reads from a stiff parchment certain resolutions which the suave gentleman with incisive steel-clicking manners, at the head of the table, puts to a vote. Then these youths, whose souls are afire with the hope of a director's $5 gold fee, timidly sign the record, trembling the while lest a blot call down on them a scolding; a head clerk, whose fondest dream is a raise of salary as the result of coming under the Master's Eye in a seventy-five-million-dollar deal, affixes a seal, and there is an exchanging of thin slips of paper—checks—dollars—magically "made dollars." Exit office-boys and lawyers.

The door closes—silence again. Then the air vibrates with the sound of a hearty hand-slap and the genial, whole-souled greeting of the "Master" to his partner. "William, I feel as though I had done an honest day's labor! Thirty-six million dollars 'made' and no hitch, no delay!" Then follows the partner's mild answer: "Yes, Harry, but don't forget James's and the others' shares will shrink it up quite a bit."

Thirty-six million dollars for *one honest day's labor!* Thirty-six million dollars—and Alaska cost us but fourteen millions and Spain relinquished to us her claims on the Philippines for only twenty millions. Thirty-six million dollars!—more than a hundred times as much as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and "Abe" Lincoln together secured for the patriotic labors of their lifetimes. And this vast sum was taken from the people to enrich men whose coffers were already, as the results of similar operations, so full of dollars that neither they nor their children, nor their children's children could count them—as the people count their savings, a dollar at a time—as thoughtlessly taken as are the apples that the school-boy steals after he has eaten so many that he can eat no more.

A thousand times have I tried to figure out in my mind what worlds of misery such a sum of millions might allay if issued by a government and intelligently distributed among a people—and do my readers know that never in the world's recorded history has any nation felt itself rich enough to devote thirty-six millions to the cause of charity—even in the midst of the most awful calamities of fire, flood, war, or pestilence? On the other hand, I have had to know about the horrors, the misfortunes, the earthly hell, which were the awful consequences of the taking of this vast amount. I have had to know about the convicts, the suicides, the broken hearts, the starvation and wretchedness, the ruined bodies and lost souls which strewed the fields of the "system's" harvest.

Can it be that a just God suffers our sons and daughters to eke out a bare existence as the best reward of earnest effort and sterling worth, and at the same time rewards these other men with $36,000,000 for one day's labor?

Pondering all these things, I have ceased to wonder at the deep murmurs of discontent that are rising, rising to my ears from all parts of the continent.

(To be Continued.)

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LORRIE'S INSPECTION OF TUNNEL 13 WAS LONG AND COMPLETE.

The Urge o' Youth

By BAILEY MILLARD

Illustrated by Henry S. Watson

BOOK-TIRED, tobacco-tired, and desperately weary of the burring and grating of Mrs. Waymire's graphophone over the way, Lorrie Verse, alone in the Superintending Engineer's car, got up from the leathern lounge, untangled his long legs and stretched his arms. "My Rosary" was resounding from the machine in a tragic barytone, with soulfully sustained notes, and all the heartrending effect of which a vaudeville singer is capable. Lorrie looked through the blue interior haze which he had blown from his pipe, out upon the spiritless, arid barrens that reached away to the south to condole with the sad, dun buttes.

"A sweet place!" he growled, gazing at the clumps of greasewood and the dark, impassive junipers. "A great country to be doing nothing in. And that blessed Superintendent may not come along for four days. Now, if Steve Hazlitt had been here in my place, it would have been his undeserved good fortune to strike camp before the chief left and be assigned to something or other right away. The luck of some men! Nothing to do now, I suppose, but to go down and swap lies with the trackmaster for another hour or two, or else go over to that hot and smothery old office-car."

He went out of the door and looked impatiently along at the interminable row of shabby freight-cars which were the lodging-houses of a thousand Greeks, Russians, and

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Swedes at work on the new line, and said as he went down the steps:

"I guess the office-car wins."

Now, although Lorrie Verse would hardly have owned it, the reason why the office-car won was because in it, clicking away at the telegraph key, was a large, superbly rounded girl, with dancing black eyes and above them dainty wisps of the blackest hair, whom everybody in Hangup knew as the Countess. Not that Lorrie was so very susceptible. At college there had been plenty of girls, and plenty of dark ones, too. There had been none in his class-rooms, for he had taken an engineering course, but the fair "co-eds" had been in free evidence on the campus. And at any rate there was very little good looking at the Countess anyway, for she wore the Superintendent's ring on her finger and the wedding was to come off on New Year's Day, so Perkins, the chief clerk, had told him.

Now that he had received his commission to join the engineering corps at Hangup, the world was looking very bright to Lorrie. He had waited a long time for this chance to express himself in potential terms.

He crossed the tracks and stepped into the big and buzzing office-car, entering it at the end farthest from where the Countess sat. Again did the slouchy clerk eye Lorrie's all too new and correct outing suit, with a pitying smile, and again did the others pass whispered comments upon his clean sombrero and stiff, spotless, tan lace boots which had obviously never seen a day's service in the field. Again did the round-shouldered, greasy-trousered train despatcher sit up sprucely and glance at the Countess to see what impression Lorrie's clothes made upon her. Lorrie sat by Perkins, who, while turning the whispering leaves of a big letter-file, answered his questions without looking at him.

"Mr. McTavish is on the wire at Tie Siding," called out the sweet though somewhat throaty voice of the Countess, "and he wants you to send Mr. Bridger a carload of spikes, Mr. Perkins, and see what's the matter with 1631."

Lorrie, on whom the heat and hum of the car was beginning to have a drowsy effect, perked up and took note. McTavish was the man he was to look to for orders.

"Tell him I sent the spikes to Bridger this morning and that 1631 is on rip," clacked the clerk.

He saw Lorrie's well-bred look of curiosity.

"'On rip' means up for repairs," he condescended to explain.

"And he wants to have Jim Lukens canned," said the Countess.

"For why, I wonder."

"For that accident, of course," said the Countess, who seemed to know everything.

"Sure," said the clerk.

He turned to the time-keeper who had just come in. "Mix up a walk for Jim Lukens," he ordered. "Old man's canned him. An' if he tries to ride out make him hit the grit."

Lorrie could not keep pace any better than if it had been Siamese. Here was technical terminology that had not been included in his college course. He was feeling doubly tender-footed, when the Countess sang out:

"And he says to tell Mr. Verse to go over to Tunnel 13 and take a good look at the work there and see what he thinks of it, and come back and meet him here to-morrow at 3.30."

"You heard," said Perkins to Verse. "Tunnel 13 is twenty-two miles east of here. If he puts you at that you'll have your work cut out for you. Five engineers have failed at it already."

"How do you get there?" was Lorrie's first demand. He was feverishly eager for action. That five or fifty men had failed before him signified nothing to his rapt sense.

"You can go out on 19. She leaves at 2.27. But you'll have to ride in the engine and it will soil your clothes." The whole car grinned. "Unless you prefer a dirt-dumper." They grinned again. But the Countess did not smile. Her sounder was thumping and she was writing furiously.

"Message for you, Mr. Verse," she called out, and he went over to her desk to get it.

"Look over work carefully," he read in the Countess's swinging, loopy, telegraphic hand. "Bad mistakes been made. Ground very shaly. Will take some tall planning. May have to be abandoned, but would gain two per cent. grade."

"I'm sorry he's going to give you that tunnel," said the Countess in a voice that the rest of the car could not catch. "It's a—a desperate job."

"Is it?" he asked, speaking low and wondering why she should take any interest in his task or its difficulty. "We'll see." This in the same tone he might have used in essaying to open a sardine-tin.

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"You don't seem to be afraid of it."

"No. Mr. McTavish didn't know it, but tunnelling is where I live."

"Glad to hear it," she said. "But—well, just wait till you see what a messy place it is. Yet I do hope you'll succeed."

"Thank you." He went out of the car, to walk up and down the tracks in his impatience to be off and see the tunnel. He was watching the Titanic steam-shovels lifting their huge loads of gravel when the Countess came along on her way to luncheon in the eating-house, which was a cheap-looking little box-car, of whose smells and flies Lorrie had already sufficient experience. In her trim, crisp shirt-waist, short skirt, and cowboy hat, she looked quite fetching and there was all the poetry of girlhood in her walk. She looked back.

"Aren't you coming to luncheon?" she asked.

"Yes," said he, absently, following her.

Mrs. Waymire, the trackmaster's wife, and Mrs. Jordan, the train despatcher's wife, together with their husbands and the Countess and Lorrie, sat down at the oilcloth-covered table in the paper-lined car and resumed the pleasantries that had begun at breakfast. Then they talked of their amusements. Horseback-riding on Sundays, card-parties in somebody's car nearly every night, and once or twice a dance to the music of the graphophone.

"Which is awfully hard to waltz to," lamented the Countess—"they run it so slow."

"Yes," said the trackmaster. "Them waltzes remind you of going around on the turn-table."

Lorrie found himself alone with the Countess after luncheon, as the others rattled through their meal and promptly left the car.

"It's a dismal camp up at 13," she remarked. "A blowy old place in a steep canyon. Very creepy at night, too. I was there when Mr. McTavish first began to work. Yes, the tunnel was begun under his personal superintendence. To tell you the truth"—her voice lowered confidentially—"he was the first man to fail with it. Since then he's tried engineer after engineer. The President wants to open the road by the first of December, and that will be the last work done on the new line, if it's done at all. Mr. Tufts, the chief engineer, would do anything for a man who would put it through."

"You seem to enjoy railroad construction," observed Verse.

The black eyes lightened wonderfully.

"I think it's the grandest work! That is where you do the big things—things that people never really appreciate; but they are big just the same. Oh, I envy—" She glanced up at the clock. "But there; I've got to run back to my key and relieve Mr. Smurr."

"I see," said Lorrie, admiringly. "You would like to do these things yourself."

"Yes," said she, sighing; "but my part is *so* small. Well, good-by!" She stepped quickly out of the car, and he watched her from the door, as the desert wind swayed her short skirt and played with the loose ends of her hair.

Lorrie's inspection of Tunnel 13 was long and complete. He stayed up all night and had the little searchlight which worked from the push-car play upon every nook and cranny of it. He took copious notes, and during the whole forenoon brought to bear upon the problem one after another of his favorite theories of tunnel work. He went back to Hangup in the afternoon, very tired and with his new tan boots streaked and spattered, and his new sombrero looking as though it had belonged to an old campaigner.

"I think I can do it," said he to McTavish. "They've gone in too far to the east and the timbering isn't right. I'll make out some new plans."

McTavish liked the new plans when they were presented, but he was dubious as to their "working out."

"You're like all of them college fellows," said he. "You go in too much for theory." This was the self-made man's little sneer, but it did not dismay Lorrie Verse, nor did he seem worried by the frequent reminders that the time was short. It was only two months to the first of December.

While they were talking, Jim Lukens walked into the car, his engineman's cap on his head.

"I'd like to know, Mr. McTavish, why I'm canned?" he asked, sullenly.

"You know well enough, Jim," said McTavish. "A man who will deliberately run his engine into a sink-hole, like you did, I ain't got no use for. And another thing—I heard you've been hanging around the Countess's end of the office-car too much. I can't have that. That lady's under my protection."

There was a shamed look on Lukens's face,

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"AREN'T YOU COMING TO LUNCHEON?"

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but he had the assurance to declare, "'Tain't true!"

"Enough of this, Jim," said McTavish. "Your time's made out. You can git out o' here!"

The man walked away, muttering.

The next day Verse attacked the tunnel "with both hands and feet," as he wrote to his old college chum in San Francisco. He had promised to have it done and the track laid through by the first of December, as McTavish, under the dictation of the powers, had insisted. The first three weeks of those two months of unremitting toil he slept only four hours each night and was in the tunnel nearly all of his working hours. He had an eye on every drill and breathed the powder-smoke of the blasts with the joy of a young general.

"We've caught the ground," he reported gleefully to McTavish one evening when he ran over to Hangup on his motor-car, impatient to find out why he was not provided with the new dump-train he had asked for. "And we're going in at the rate of eighteen feet a day."

"Good!" said McTavish.

"Splendid!" declared the Countess, who had been taking down a letter at the Superintendent's dictation.

McTavish stole a quiet glance at the Countess and another at Verse. These glances were not lost upon Lorrie, who had thought he had detected a bit of uneasiness in the Superintendent's attitude toward him in respect of the girl. But the burly form of Lukens, standing outside the door, turned the thoughts of both men in another direction.

"Does that big Mormon bother you any more?" Lorrie heard him ask the Countess. "If he does I'll make it warm for him. Discharged men sha'n't be lurking around this camp."

"Well, he's just a little—" she began, and then her good-nature shone through her frown. "Oh, he doesn't mean anything by it! But I do wish he'd go home to his wife."

"So do I," said McTavish, "and he'll have to do it."

Lorrie looked at the engineman and felt that he would like to punch his head, but the fellow quickly disappeared from the office-door.

That night as he was going to bed in the clerk's quarters, Lorrie passed along the great string of box-cars and caught sight of Lukens lurking about the Countess's car. The young engineer shut off the light of his bull's-eye lantern and from between the Waymires' car and that of the Countess, which was the last on the side-track, he watched and waited. At last he saw Lukens mount upon a large supply-box which he had pushed close to the car, and peer into the Countess's window.

Quietly stepping up to the box, Lorrie sprang upon it and flashed his lantern full in the sneaking, sensual face of the man, who was at that moment trying the fastenings of the window.

"Not a word!" whispered Lorrie commandingly as he grasped Lukens's collar. "Not a sound! Get down off this box with me, and don't do anything to frighten her. I'll settle with you!"

When they were well across the track and a few yards from the car Lukens tried to break away from his captor, but that which had made Lorrie the best tackle in college held the man firmly as by a strap of steel. Then a half-dozen lusty kicks were administered to the squirming, battling captive.

"Now," said Lorrie, out of breath, "you've got to light out of this camp as quick as the Lord'll let you. And if ever you show up within sight of here again, or molest that young woman wherever she is, you'll wear a broken face for the rest of your life."

"All right," promised the cowed and chastened Lukens. "Jest lemme git my things together an' I'll travel fast enough."

Lorrie went with him to a bunk-car where the man packed an old telescope-valise, and then walked rapidly eastward down the track.

But the young engineer was not satisfied. He turned out his light and went back and stood beside the Countess's car a long time, his hand on his revolver and his eyes and ears subtly alert for signs of the return of Lukens. As the night air grew colder and colder, he walked quietly up and down to keep warm; and so he stood sentinel for her all night.

He was looking off toward the east, where the golden exhalations of the desert dawn came as a vision to his chilled sense, when there was a stir somewhere near at hand. He thought the Countess was rising and he glanced guiltily toward her window. Stout boots clumped over the frozen ground and around the corner of the car came McTavish, his breath hanging about him like a wraith in the chill air. The Superintendent

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glared at Lorrie with palpable suspicion. Then he stared at the box which Lukens had placed under the window and which Lorrie had not removed lest he might waken the sleeping girl.

"What in hell does this mean?" demanded McTavish, striding up, grasping the box, and sending it booming hollowly down into the ditch.

Lorrie was too startled and discomfited to think of a suitable reply.

"Thought you went back to the tunnel last night," rasped the irate Superintendent. "I didn't think you—" He choked a little in his rage, and without finishing his sentence or waiting for Lorrie to speak, he bolted off toward the office-car.

"Mr. McTavish gets up rather early in the morning," was Lorrie's mental remark as he put his little motor-car on the track. "Well, it did look a little strange, my standing there by the car, staring at her window; but he needn't have been so infernally suspicious."

The tiny engine sputtered and fussed, and soon the car was whirling down the road at a dangerously high speed; for Lorrie was very anxious to get back to the tunnel. A mile out he saw Lukens sitting by a campfire, looking about with a distinctly depressed air.

"Is that as far as you've got?" Lorrie demanded. "And you promised to leave the country at once."

"Wal, I don't like walkin' the ties," snarled the man, with averted eyes. "Say, ain't the' room on that car o' yourn fer two?"

"Yes; but—" Then it occurred to him that this would be a good way of seeing the rascal out of the country. "Well, get on—quick! I'm in a deuce of a hurry. Right in front there. Rest your satchel on the rods and hold on to it tight. You deserve to walk, you highbinder; but I'll take you along."

The little engine spat and sputtered again and the car darted furiously down the track.

"Say, ain't this a little too fast for such a light car?" asked the discharged engine-driver. "She might fly the track."

"Yes; she might," replied Verse, coolly, "but if it hadn't been for you I'd have been over in camp long ago."

"Heh? How's that?"

"Never mind." He did not care to explain that his patrolling of the Countess's car had kept him from starting for the tunnel before daylight, as he had intended.

The car whizzed along, with gathering speed.

"Say, this is a thirty-mile gait all right," said Lukens, nervously. "She's too light for that—she's——"

"Shut up!" was the terse command. "And keep hold of that satchel or you'll lose it."

Lorrie was fairly on edge with impatience to be at the tunnel and push forward the work for the day. The engine palpitated like a living heart and tore along so rapidly that the cold morning air cut their faces. The frightened engineman, unused to the machine, clung to his seat with both hands, neglecting the satchel, which joggled backward and fell upon the rail under one of the rear wheels.

Instantly the car leaped into the air like a new sort of flying-machine. Lorrie set his teeth and clung tightly to the hand-bar, while the car bounded like mad over a low embankment. Quickly the hard gray earth rose up to smite him with a sense-shivering crash and then—oblivion!

When his eyes opened it was in a box-car that was hurrying to Hangup to meet the doctor, who was called there from Ogden by telegraph.

"How's Jim Lukens?" were Lorrie's first words, followed hastily by, "Did the new dump-train get to the tunnel yet?"

"Jim's all right, Mr. Verse." It was one of his own men who spoke. "He was only stunned a little. And the dump-train is at the tunnel by this time."

"That's good," said Lorrie, painfully, for something seemed to be pressing hard against his lungs and his breath was short. "Send him along east as far as you can. Don't let him come this way. But say—what are you—doing with me? I've got to get back—to the tunnel."

"The doctor'll have to see you first, sir," was the reply.

When the doctor had nearly finished feeling about with his big hands, Lorrie winced and said:

"Thank you—that's enough of that."

"It hurts, does it?" said the man of medicine. "I should think it would—four ribs broken."

"Dear me—that's awful!" It was the Countess's voice, and so Lorrie smiled to reassure her. It was a sickly smile, and she

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HE DIRECTED THE WORK FROM THE PLATFORM OF A LITTLE PUSH-CAR.

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replied to it with another almost as sickly. She came with a very pale face and leaned over his couch and fired feverish questions at the doctor.

"No—no particular danger," said that functionary, "so long as he keeps quiet."

"Oh, it's all right," said Lorrie, faintly. "Never you mind, Countess."

And she stepped back while the doctor gave him a pick-me-up and, removing his upper clothing, wound an interminable plaster band round and round the poor crushed body.

"Now," said Lorrie. "That's better. Put me into that box-car again. I've got to get back to 13.

"No," said the doctor, "you're going to the hospital."

"I'm hanged if I do! I've got to go to that tunnel right away! Hear me?" These words were low, though determined, and the Countess was not supposed to hear them. But she did, and she smiled across to McTavish who had just come in.

"Isn't he magnificent?" she said.

She pouted a little when McTavish, with more than a shade of irritation, shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

"Yes," she said defiantly and with petulance in her tone, "he's magnificent. I say so. There isn't another man I know who would go to work in that condition. Four ribs broken—think of that. Why, the poor fellow is all smashed to pieces. It's awful. Yet he insists on going back to that tunnel. I'm afraid he'll kill himself. Are you going to let him do it?"

"It's none of my affair," replied McTavish, glumly. "He's a free agent, I guess. I couldn't hold him back."

"But the doctor will," said she. "Won't you, doctor?"

"I'm giving my orders," said the doctor. "If he disobeys them, it's at his own risk."

"You won't think of it, will you?" she pleaded, turning to Lorrie.

He smiled, but he would not promise. Within an hour his stout, compelling insistence had won over all of their objections. He must get back to his precious tunnel.

"Those Greeks will blast the roof off if I'm not there to tell them what to do," he said, "and they won't make three feet a day. I've simply got to go."

So, in spite of the Countess's remonstrances and pleadings—which made McTavish wince visibly—Lorrie was put into a rocking-chair, which she padded with her softest pillows, and was carried aboard the train.

"Isn't he wonderful?" she cried, as Lorrie's train pulled out and he waved his hand with grotesque limpness to where she stood, all eyes for his rapidly retreating figure.

"Oh, I don't know," snapped the Superintendent. "You seem to take a wonderful interest in Mr. Verse," he added, insinuatingly, while she colored. "He's been serenading you of nights or something, hasn't he? I'd like to know what a woman's promise is good for anyway."

"Don't scold," she said, mildly and with a chastened look in the big soft eyes; "a woman's promise is as good as a man's."

Then she sighed, and though her sigh was a low one it was not lost upon McTavish's keen sense.

"Mr. McTavish!" bawled Perkins from the end of the office-car, "you're wanted on the wire," and McTavish strode away, leaving the Countess in a meditative mood, looking down the track at Lorrie's dwindling train.

Lorrie, with all his old ardor, but with only a remnant of his old strength, precipitated himself against the obstacles that lay in the way of the opening of the tunnel. He directed the work from the platform of a little push-car on which sat the rocking-chair with the rockers well anchored. Whenever he wanted to stand he had to be lifted by two men, ever so carefully, and for the first week or two it was almost impossible for him to take a step. And with all the rest of the hard luck, that old shale must be fought again. The good, firm ground had run out and he was encountering a most treacherous and dismally disconcerting formation. Formerly he had been able to ride on a mule around to the eastward operations—he was going into both ends of the hill at once—but now all he could do for the farther section was to hear the complaints over the telephone wire and to call back his orders.

To McTavish, who came down to see the work more frequently than ever and to watch the young engineer grow paler and more peaked-faced day by day, Lorrie remarked, fretfully, one day:

"All I can do is to sit here and listen to those Section 2 fellows tell me how it happened and then make a roar over the wire. But their troubles over there are nothing to ours on this side. We're up against the worst formation you ever saw."

"Well, give it up then, why don't you?"

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suggested McTavish, who had grown more and more noticeably unsympathetic from day to day.

"No, sir," said Lorrie, closing his teeth on the words like a bulldog. "I haven't begun to fight this thing yet."

When McTavish went back he told the Countess that Verse would have to be taken off the work.

"These theory chaps are all well enough where they belong," he said, "on experimental work. They can cover a lot of drawing-paper very beautifully, but——"

"Why, he isn't giving up, is he?" she asked, in surprise. "He tells me he can do it, and I believe it. And he says he's getting better."

"But you haven't seen him for fifteen days," said McTavish, looking at her narrowly, while she blushed. "Has he been writing to you?"

She would not answer, and so he fumed and raged in his secret heart and sent out a request to Mr. Tufts, the Chief Engineer, for another man to take charge of the tunnel. The Chief surprised him by a descent upon him in person, demanding to know what all the trouble was about in that tunnel. He went with Mr. McTavish to the scene of operations and looked over the work with a wise air.

"Why, he's doing it all right," said the Chief when he came back to McTavish's car where the Countess sat at her desk with apparent interest in everything but their talk. "Nobody could cut into that hill any better. The timbering under the shale would hold up ten times the weight he's got there. It's remarkable how well he's done—and with four ribs broken, too! Of course, he's looking like a death's-head, but if he wants to kill himself, it isn't our fault. He's the best tunnel man we've got, McTavish, and you ought to know it."

At the words "death's-head" and "kill himself" the Countess paled. The subtle McTavish saw the color go and the beautiful head droop and he pulled at his mustache and clinched his hand nervously.

As no reply was made by McTavish to Lorrie's repeated request for new machine-drills, he ran over to Hangup three days later. There was no one in the office-car but the Countess when his men helped him in and seated him in a swing-back chair.

"Oh," she cried, when she saw Lorrie's white face, sharpened by pain and anxiety, "you must stop that work. You are killing yourself."

"No, indeed," said he, smiling, for he was mightily pleased to see her. "I feel strong enough. I may be killing my Greeks, but I'm all right myself. A couple of shots went off prematurely in the second section last night and they pulled some of the boys out in pretty bad shape—poor chaps! But we're driving right ahead, and we'll win out by the first and open up as the President has ordered."

"But you must rest—you must rest," she insisted.

"I will," he promised, "before long." He meant after the work was done, but she understood that her pleading had had the effect desired, and when he went back to the tunnel she felt that she had done something toward saving him.

The next day Lorrie was surprised and humiliated to receive an order from McTavish taking away all his old skilled hands and ordering on others with no experience of tunnel work. "This is so you can have the benefit of fresh men," ran the message, and Lorrie felt the bitter, biting force of the satire.

"He'd like to cripple me with a green crew. He doesn't want me to finish up the job. He wants to show the Chief I'm not fit for it, as he says. And there's something behind it all, too."

For a while he was much depressed. Then a new light shone in his hollow eyes.

"We've got all the material now that we want to finish up with, haven't we, Tom?" he asked his assistant.

"Yes—everything; but this green crew that's coming, they'll knock us sure."

"Wait," said Lorrie, the new light still shining in his eyes.

That night after the new hands had arrived at the tunnel and before the old ones had been taken off work, a wire went to McTavish from Camp 12 that an overcharged blast down the line at Rocky Point, half a mile from the tunnel, had covered the track deeply with débris. "It's a big slide," ran the telegram; "will take two days or more to clear up, unless we could get a lot of men to work."

"You can have all the tunnel men," wired McTavish, delighted with this chance of further crippling the ambitious Lorrie. "I'll order them all out for you."

Then he dictated to the Countess, with a significant and triumphant click in his tone, the message to Verse: "Send all your men

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LORRIE POINTED A THIN, TRIUMPHANT FINGER.

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to clear the track, new hands and old, and be sure to send the old men to Hangup as soon as the line is open."

The Countess paused a moment over her key.

"But that means stopping all the tunnel work," she said, in a surprised tone, "and they won't be through by the first."

"Never mind. I'm doing this," he replied, harshly. "I've got to keep that track clear."

"You could pick up men around here," she suggested. "There's a lot of Russians waiting to be paid off."

"Send that telegram," he ordered, turning about to leave the car, "and remember, I'm running this line."

She bowed her head meekly, and her fingers sought the key as he banged the door behind him.

At the end of three days McTavish got on an engine to run up to the tunnel and gloat over the defeated Lorrie. The engine stopped at the slide, for the track was still covered there, although 200 men were shovelling and moving rock for dear life.

"It was a bigger mess than they reported," said McTavish, "but it doesn't seem as though they'd done very much so far. Wonder who the particular idiot was who ordered that blast. It wasn't necessary anyhow. The cut was wide enough already."

He walked around the slide and, taking a motor-car, soon reached the tunnel.

"Are you going clear through?" asked Lorrie from where his push-car stood on a siding at the tunnel's mouth. He was paler than ever, but his face had lost some of its strained, anxious look.

"Through what?" demanded McTavish, darkly.

"Through the tunnel," said Lorrie, quietly.

"I guess not," was the reply. "It ain't open yet."

"Isn't it? Look!" Lorrie pointed a thin, triumphant finger through the great black throat. "Can't you see daylight through there? I can."

McTavish stared hard, his eyes all squinted up and the muscles of his mouth relaxed. Straight through the hill ran two long gleaming rails, and away ahead glared a bright round patch of sunlight focussing down fine and bringing out all the colors of the distant scrub cedars, the red rocks and the gray-green sage-brush as upon a brilliant canvas.

The dazed Superintendent drew his hand across his brow and gasped:

"But how did you do it? My orders—the slide!"

"Oh, yes," said Lorrie, laughing, "I want to thank you for sending up that other crew. It gave me a double force. I guess I pushed them a little hard. The green chaps took some heavy coaching. But they knew a whole lot about tunnel work after the first day."

"But my wire—the slide! The men were to clear that up, and the old men were not to stay. You knew that."

"Yes, I knew. You ordered them all back to Hangup. But how were they going to get there? The slide was in the way."

"But I sent another order the next morning, telling you to put all hands to work clearing the track."

"Did you? I didn't get that message until to-day. It must have started when the wire went down after the big blast and been held over somewhere. I knew you wouldn't want all those Greeks loafing about, so I thought I'd just let 'em all stay in the tunnel and work with the new hands. I knew you wouldn't mind. And the track will be clear in a couple of hours. How do you like the tunnel? Isn't she straight—a perfect level? Going through to look it over?"

McTavish said nothing for a moment. Then he rasped forth:

"You're smart, ain't you? Those wires weren't down an hour. I'll bet you covered that track on purpose."

"Won't take you up," said Lorrie, laughing. "But the tunnel's finished—that's the main thing. And this is only the 29th—two days ahead of time."

And so at noon on the first of December the first train, covered with flags, ran through the tunnel. It carried the President of the road, the General Manager and other officers, and the head men of Hangup, all in a glittering, luxurious, and overheated coach.

The Countess, sitting by the Chief Engineer's wife, a little way from where Lorrie rested in his same old rocking-chair, heard the President say to the Chief Engineer: "Tufts, I want you to look out for that young man Verse and give him all the hard work he wants. You say he is a perfect hog for it. Well, keep his stomach full. But first let him take a good vacation and get into shape. Just think—fired his doctor and worked that tunnel through with four ribs broken! That's what college foot-ball does

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for these young fellows. He's the sort. He'll be a credit to you."

The train stopped at Milford and they all got out to go uptown to the barbecue and speech-making planned by the townspeople, who were boisterously enthusiastic over the advent of the new line. No, not all of them went. Lorrie remained behind in his rocking-chair. He said he wanted a little quiet.

After a while he looked up from his paper and there in a dim corner stood the Countess looking at him. McTavish was near at hand, talking to her in a pleading tone.

"Ain't you going to the barbecue?" Lorrie heard him say to her. "I thought you said you would."

"No, I think not," said she. "I don't care for speech-making. It's not the talking about things, but the doing things that I like. Besides, I have a headache."

"Indeed. Well, I've got to go, and sit on the platform with the President and the rest. Come along, can't you?"

"I'd rather stay," she said, quietly.

And she stayed, and at last McTavish flung out of the car, sulkily.

Lorrie sat with his newspaper between them for some time, pretending to read. Then he laid the paper down.

"You shouldn't have missed the barbecue," he said, in a constrained tone, as the porter passed through. "It will be a grand affair."

"I know, but I don't care for it and I wanted a chance to tell you something. I've been awfully wicked."

"Wicked?" His brows went up a little.

"I held out the telegram he wanted to send—held it out for three days."

"What telegram?"

"The one telling you to send the men all over to the slide. When he ordered the old hands out of the tunnel and the green gang in to take their places I knew he was trying to belittle you and beat you. Then I heard of the blast and the slide and I was glad, for your men couldn't get away and you could go on with your work. But when he sent that second order, why I—I just kept it back."

"Did you?" His thin face lightened wonderfully. He tried to spring up, but settled back again with a little sigh of pain. "Oh, but you're a—you're a——"

"It was too mean for anything," she said, with flashing eyes. "He didn't want you to win. He knew how hard you had worked and under what awful difficulties—so sick and lame and all that—and yet he tried to beat you down and get you out. But he couldn't do it. That blast of yours was a magnificent coup."

He laughed with her. Then she was silent for a while.

"And I wanted to thank you, too," she continued. "I never told you—it was that Jim Lukens affair—that night he tried to get into my car." She looked down with embarrassed eyes.

Lorrie was puzzled. He never had told a soul about what happened that night.

"Then you saw—you knew he was there?"

"Yes, and I was so frightened. I couldn't even scream. I could do nothing but stand and stare out through the other window—the little one to the left. I saw everything—saw you standing guard over me—everything. Oh, I can't tell you how I—but you look a little pale. Do you need anything?—a glass of water?"

"Yes." He took the thin cut-glass tumbler from her hand and drank the water. "And I need something else more than that—a great deal more."

His eyes told her what that something was—told her so plainly that it was quite a while before she could ask, with girlish timidity and with forced matter-of-fact, "What is it—a little cordial?"

"No—you!" His voice shook with the world of love that was in it. He stretched out his hands toward her. And she came and knelt by his chair and nestled quietly there in his arms.

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Motor-Boats

The New Swift High-Powered Pleasure Craft

By PAUL SEVERING

Illustrated with Photographs

"ALL ready?" queried the captain of the auto-boat Zipalong, which had just been lifted into the Harlem for its trial trip. "Well, then, let her go!"

The man at the engine moved a lever. The machinery, which had been throbbing like that of a motor-car in leash, quieted suddenly as the propeller took up the load; and the boat shot away from the landing-stage like a torpedo from the deck of a destroyer.

"We'll do the marked mile opposite the Speedway," said the captain as the Zipalong swung in a circle across the stream. "Now, then, let her out!"

The man at the machine bent into the smother behind the engine, and immediately the little craft responded to his touch, gathering more and more speed as she neared the white mile-post on the river-bank. It was a hot, still summer day, and the sun beat down mercilessly upon the placid waters of the stream—yet we in the Zipalong were cool enough by reason of the strong breeze produced by our own flight. We bent low before it to lessen the wind-pressure, and waited alertly for the instant when we should pass the white post.

"Now!" called three voices simultaneously as we flashed past. The writer clicked the stop-watch in his hand, and we settled down patiently to await the end of the run.

Ahead of us the water was as smooth as a pond. Behind, the white wake spread away in a long curve like the tail of a comet. But even there the commotion in the water was less than might have been expected. The ideal of the auto-boat-builder is to leave no wake at all, for the more flurry the boat makes, the less likely will she be to break records. Over on the Speedway crowds of promenaders gazed in astonishment at this low, frail-looking craft that shot ahead of all other boats on the river as though they were standing still.

From a photograph by Burton.

THE AUTO-BOAT PANHARD, A COMPETITOR AT MONTE CARLO

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From a photograph by the owner.

THE STANDARD, WHICH RECENTLY BROKE THE WORLD'S RECORD.

And truly she must have looked strange to those who saw her for the first time. She was forty feet long, four feet wide, with a wedge-shaped nose and a torpedo stern—her walls as thin as paper, her bottom as flat as a floor and cut up so much toward her propeller that she might have floated in a pan of water for all the draught she had. Her gasolene engine developed forty-five horse-power. In short, she was as different from the conventional power-launch as a race-horse is different from a Percheron, and she was good for just that for which a race-horse is good—for speed and nothing else.

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MRS. VANDERBILT STEERING THE HARD-BOILED EGG ACROSS THE LINE.

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From a photograph by Burton.

THE FIAT RESEMBLES A TORPEDO IN MOTION.

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From a photograph by the designer.

THE ADIOS, HOLDER OF 1903 AUTO-BOAT RECORD.

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From a photograph by Scott.

"TIMED BY A STOP-WATCH, OUR BOAT WAS DOING OVER TWENTY MILES AN HOUR."

"Ready with the watch!" called the helmsman, as the mile-post loomed up ahead. We were now on the home-stretch of the run. The engineer gave his machine a wipe or two, the helmsman strained forward a trifle more earnestly, we all looked a bit more intently at the white post, and—the watch clicked and the Zipalong had passed the mark.

"What do you make it?" asked the helms-

From a photograph by the designer.

ZAZA, A THIRTY-FIVE-FOOT BOAT WITH A SPEED OF EIGHTEEN MILES AN HOUR.

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Photograph by Scott especially for Everybody's Magazine.

THE TUG, MAKING FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR, SEEMED SLOW.

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man, as the boat slowed down preparatory to going about.

"Two minutes and forty-five seconds by this watch."

"That is nearly twenty-two miles an hour," he said. "Well, she'll beat that after she is limbered up."

On the way up the river we had another illustration of what the auto-boat can accomplish in the matter of fast going. A tug-boat was coming down from Spuyten Duyvil, headed for the bridges on the lower river, and her captain, seeing us ahead, whistled repeatedly for us to keep out of his way. But with supreme confidence in the speed at his disposal, our tillerman darted hither and thither with little regard for the tugman's warnings. At last we moved up-stream and shot past the tug-boat just as her captain leaned out of his pilot-house and made uncomplimentary remarks about the earthly use of all pleasure craft.

"So, so," remarked our tillerman. "I'll just show that fellow a thing or two." Whereat he turned the nose of the auto-boat across the tug's wake and started back down the river after her.

Now tug-boats are among the fastest of river-boats. They are all muscle. Space which in other craft is utilized for cargo and cabin-room is in the tug utilized for engine, boilers, and other machinery, and the cut of the hull is such as to enable it to race with competitors for accidental jobs. The tug we were after, running with the tide, was making about fifteen miles an hour, yet she seemed slow indeed as we began to overhaul her. Her crew was out in force as we passed on the starboard side, but her captain disdained to look at us as we shot ahead. Fifty yards to the fore we crossed her bows and when well over, turned up-stream again. In almost a moment we had passed her on the port side, were astern of her, across her wake, and after her again on the starboard side. As before, we ran ahead of her, crossed her bow and again dropped astern. Three times thus did we spin rings around her within the mile, and then another boat came up the

Photograph by Scott.

GASOLENE-ENGINES OF FORTY-FIVE HORSE POWER THAT CAN BE HANDLED BY THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

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river, making the feat perilous to attempt again, so we let her go. Whether or no the tugman altered his opinion of pleasure craft we did not find out, for he gave no sign.

After all, it is hard to realize how very fast these frail boats can travel until you have actually taken seat in one of them. The fastest of them has made over twenty-three miles an hour by official reckoning. That may not seem very fast to the person used to travelling in a twenty-seven-knot liner, but there is as much difference between riding in the waist of a liner and in the cockpit of an automobile-boat as there is between riding on a fast train and on a toboggan. The earth itself carries us around with it at the rate of over seventeen miles a minute, but as every observable object is moving at the same speed we do not notice the motion. A liner is a little world in itself and its relation to external objects is not vivid enough to allow an appreciation of its speed, unless, indeed, you clamber down into the forechains of the ship. There, perhaps, you might be able to appreciate what it means to sit in the bow of a boat whose sides and bottom are as thin as cardboard, to see the spray rise up around you like a curtain and to feel yourself projected forward seemingly like a shot from a gun.

An automobile-boat, which few persons seem able to differentiate from an ordinary power-boat, is one in which everything is sacrificed to speed. She lies low to escape wind-pressure. Her entrance-lines forward are as fine as possible. Her deepest draught is generally at her forefoot, her flat bottom thereafter sloping steadily upward toward the stern. Her engine is usually the highest powered compatible with her capacity for withstanding strain, and since it is the gasolene-engine that has attained the highest development in the automobile, that type of engine is used. As the auto-boat is a mere racing-machine, every possible effort is made to cut down the weight. Hence she is usually a mere shell with sides as thin as three-sixteenths of an inch, and when about to race, she is, like a warship clearing for action, stripped of every bit of material that does not contribute directly to her going power.

But though this is the type of the automobile-boat in general, every designer will necessarily vary from it in accordance with his own originality. Thus, there are boats being built on the Harlem which are quite different technically from others which are in construction at Bayonne, Providence, or Syracuse, but it would be as difficult to describe in popular language what these differences are as it would be to describe the difference between the recent America's cup-defender and the sloop sent over by Sir Thomas Lipton. The Adios, the boat which held the fastest official record for 1903, has the familiar shelving stern of the torpedo-boat, whereas the Standard, the boat which holds the 1904 racing record, has a stern chopped off perpendicularly, yet manages therewith to leave the water behind it quite as calm as does the Adios.

It is very important, this matter of how the water behaves under the boat. Some of the foreign auto-boats have been photographed in a perfect smother of foam. This is spectacular for photographic purposes and doubtless it gives the owner of the boat the idea that he is getting a most exciting run for his money, but it is a positive detriment to high speed, the ideal boat being that which shoots away over the surface of the water with hardly a ripple behind. It is a deep-draught boat that leaves a turbulent wake, but auto-boats are all above the water, being made as it were to skim over the smooth surface or from wave to wave like a shell. And for this reason they are capable of high speed in even rougher water than that of the Harlem. Not long since, the Standard left Sandy Hook in company with the Monmouth, admittedly the fastest steamer in New York harbor, and in spite of the chop in the bay and the quartering seas from the propellers of outgoing steamers, the automobile-boat reached the Battery, a distance of approximately twenty miles, fifteen minutes ahead of the Monmouth. On another occasion this boat ran up the Hudson from Manhattan to Nyack and back, a distance of forty miles, in half a gale of wind and consequently through rough water, at an average rate of nineteen miles an hour, and although the load upon the engine varied constantly as the waves passed under the counter, yet the machine was not touched from start to finish of the run. In June last the Standard, which won all three races of a series instituted by the American Power-Boat Association, competing principally with the Water-Lily, a fast boat owned by Mr. Frank Seamons, covered in the second race a distance of thirty-two miles with an average speed of 23.40 statute miles an hour. This is fast going indeed.

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The American Power-Boat Association has formulated definite rules as to what shall constitute an auto-boat. It is, states the rule: "One whose rating exceeds ten times the square root of its load water-line length. Each boat of this class shall contain and be fitted with such mechanical power as will drive it astern at a rate of speed of not less than four knots an hour in still water."

Of course, all well-known auto-boats are capable of going astern faster than four knots an hour, and some of them can go faster backward than many of the old-fashioned power-boats can go forward. There is no special benefit in this except that it gives the helmsman the power, by reversing his propeller, to stop his boat almost within its length, which in case of accident might be a distinct advantage. It is the development of the gasolene-engine that has made such manipulation possible. Few persons not familiar with power-boats realize what has been done for gasolene development within recent years. If it were still the era of steam, automobile-boats as at present designed would be impossible. At a recent meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers attention was called to the relative advantage of the gasolene over the steam launch. It was pointed out that in a seventy-five-foot steam launch containing a water-tube boiler and a four-cylinder, triple-expansion engine of 175 horse-power, eighteen feet of the boat's length would have to be sacrificed to the engine, auxiliaries, and bunker space, whereas in a gasolene launch of the same length and power, only twelve feet need be utilized for engine space. The steam engine would also take up the total width of the boat, whereas the gasolene engine-room would be but five feet wide, and the saving in weight of boiler, piping, feed-water, etc., would be 15,000 pounds in favor of the gasolene-launch. Or, to put it in another way, two gasolene engines of 175 horse-power each could be installed in the space occupied by the steam engine, and the saving in weight would still be at least 10,000 pounds.

These engines are operated by spraying gasolene into a cylinder and exploding it by means of an electric spark. The gasolene expands just as steam does when forced into the cylinders of a steam engine, and drives the piston downward, causing the propeller shaft to revolve. There may be as many cylinders attached to the shaft as desirable, but most builders limit a single engine to four. If greater power is needed than can be obtained from four cylinders, two engines may be attached tandem to the shaft.

So far there have been no serious accidents from auto-boat explosions and the belief of the designers and engine-builders that there will be none, has led to the construction of some very high-powered boats. Thus though the Zipalong is equipped with only a 45-horse-power engine, the Mercedes, a boat which distinguished its maker in the recent Monte Carlo regatta, has a 60-horse-power engine, and the Lutece, which competed in the same regatta, has an 80-horse-power engine. The Mercedes has an official record of 20½ miles an hour, the Lutece 19½ miles an hour. The Standard, mentioned above, has an engine of 110 horse-power, and the Adios one of 120-horse-power. At present writing a 65-foot boat with engines of 200 horse-power is being built for W. G. Brokaw. Still another launch, 90 feet in length, is now being equipped with two gas engines of 225 horse-power each.

Whether these excessive powers will make new records is doubtful. The craze for motor-boats has caused many automobile manufacturers to embark in boat-building on the theory that engine efficiency is after all the only consideration involved in the production of speed. On the other hand, the professional boat-builder holds to it that the question of speed depends more largely on the lines of the boat, and for this reason the lines of those power-boats now on the ways are shrouded from public knowledge as zealously as the lines of a new cup-defender. And the boat-builder's side of the question has the logic of some recent achievements behind it. Thus the Dolphin, a 25-foot speed-launch designed by Graefe, with a two-cycle, single-cylinder engine of only 7 horse-power, is capable of making 12 miles an hour. Furthermore, this boat fulfils an ideal of the designer, in shooting through the water practically without ruffling it, creating no bow-wave and leaving a hardly perceptible wake behind. The Express is another boat of this character, 27 feet long, 9 horse-power, and capable of 12 knots an hour. This boat is a modification of the extreme type of the Dolphin and was built with the idea of being "comfortable in Long Island Sound in any weather."

The confessed drawback of the automobile-boat, one that will restrict it to the favored few who can afford the expensive luxury

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of a mere racing-machine, is its uselessness for any practical purpose. It may be of passing interest to know that a few very rich men intend to extract a doubtful utility from the automobile-boat by using it to bring them swiftly from their homes on the Hudson or on Long Island Sound to their offices in New York, always provided they are careful to trim ship, but the man of more moderate desires will probably prefer a motor-boat which insures absolute safety in addition to the pleasure to be obtained. After all, there is hardly a modern sensation, considered from that standpoint alone, which does not pall upon the average taste after a few trials; if there be not substantial pleasure to recommend it, the machinery will be quickly discarded and a new sensation demanded. And this applies to motor-boating as much as it does to "looping the loop." Besides, when sensations alone are wanted, people generally prefer to hire them out of hand; there are not many persons who would care to spend thousands of dollars for a few thrills spread thinly over a summer.

On the other hand, the introduction of the automobile-boat has given a new impetus to motor-boating generally. There are said to be already over fifteen thousand motor-boats in the United States. As a mere measure of the growing tendency toward out-door recreation this showing is remarkable. With the fad in full swing this year, the number of motor-boats will be greatly increased. These boats are of all classes and kinds from the small-powered dinghy, costing less than $200, to the twin screw yacht, the cost and luxury of which are limited only by the size of the pocket-book. These boats represent the healthy tendency of the movement and are therefore to be encouraged. Nevertheless, the great majority are small and the question may here be asked: If the development of the gasolene-engine has been such as to permit the average man to utilize tremendous mechanical power at small cost, why not take advantage of it to propel larger hulls? The hundred or more horse-power used to drive the fastest auto-boat would be more than enough to drive a comparatively large hull upon which a whole family might spend a summer. It would not drive it at the rate of twenty miles an hour, but fast enough at least to fulfil the purpose in view, and the amount of solid enjoyment to be obtained from such an arrangement could not be overestimated.

It is one thing, however, to contemplate the lazy joys of life on a big boat of small power and quite another to sit on that same boat and preserve your equanimity while your neighbor goes hurtling past you at a twenty-mile clip. William Gillette, the actor, who enjoys a house-boat on the *dolce far niente* plan, relates that it is wellnigh impossible for him to get his friends to remain with him throughout an entire trip. After a few miles of slow movement up the Hudson or down the bay, they invariably beg to be set ashore so that they may get back to the rush and bustle of modern life. So maybe this automobile-boat movement is more nearly the true expression of a general desire than one would think.

Boldness

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

BOLDLY adventure! For the fight is won
By him who ventures all with daring heart,
And his is peace, at setting of the sun,
Who in the struggle plays a manly part!

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A Little Sister to the East Side

By ELEANOR HOYT

Illustrated by M. Stein

JACK RAINSFORD was primarily responsible for Nancy's sociological experiment. If he had allowed her to be a sister to him, the young woman would have kept the somewhat uneven soprano of her

NANCY.

way without feeling the need of excursions outside of her own peculiar province of sociological research.

Jack is a nice boy, but he is lamentably wanting in appreciation of the fraternal relation. He had distinct and well-defined ideas concerning the thing he wanted, and a sister was not the thing.

Consequently when Nancy magnanimously offered to regard him as a brother, he declined promptly and decisively. He also said things in regard to feminine strategic methods which were more truthful than polite and which wounded Nancy deeply. To be misunderstood is always painful. Possibly there is only one thing more painful. That is to be understood.

The frank and unresigned Mr. Rainsford turned his back upon the false fleeting one and went his way.

"Youth, youth!" apostrophized Nancy from her vantage-point of twenty-two years —but her smile was a trifle wobbly at the corners. She has the saving grace of being honest with herself, and of recognizing the truth even when it drops from the lips of youth. Moreover, she liked Jack.

"He's quite right," she confided to the blue and white teapot. "I'm a horrid little cat—and I'm going to reform."

She sat up very straight and punched a down cushion emphatically.

"I hate a flirt"—even the dragon on the teapot appeared to smile.

"I'm going to do something to make people happy—chronically happy, I mean." The fine glow of purpose was interrupted by a reminiscent twinkle.

"I've done a good deal toward making people happy—in spots."

That evening Miss Reynolds was not at home to callers. Arrayed in a most becoming pink boudoir gown she sat in her own room and pondered.

At last she scrambled out of the easy chair and went to her desk. Her mind was made up. Miss Caldwell, Isabel Worthington's cousin, was one of the head workers of the Essex Street Settlement. Only a week before she had talked to the members of the Current Events Club about the possibilities

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of East Side work, the need of intelligent workers. Nancy had once conducted a dance-club at the church parish-house, with distinguished success. She would enlarge her arena and would go in for sociology seriously.

Since Jack Rainsford refused to have her for a sister, she would be a little sister to the East Side.

A letter to Miss Caldwell, and an interview with that estimable and enthusiastic woman clinched the matter. Mr. Reynolds objected, and Mrs. Reynolds had visions of myriad microbes, but Nancy has a way with her, even when dealing with parents.

The prospective sociologist bought two new tailor suits with instep-length skirts—out of consideration for her mother's scruples against microbe collection, as she explained when the bill came in. She also invested a considerable lump sum in silk stockings of a superior charm.

"Really, Nancy," protested her mother feebly.

"We'll look upon them as a contribution to the Fresh Air Fund, Mumsey. They'll be like a day in the country to the observing poor."

But in spite of a frivolous attitude toward costuming for the *rôle*, the young woman was in earnest and honestly ready to spend and be spent in the cause of the poor.

"She has a beautiful spirit," said Miss Caldwell to Dr. Braddock, her co-worker, after their decisive interview with the aspirant for a Settlement niche.

"She has a beautiful face," commented the doctor with such conviction that Miss Caldwell looked up to him sharply.

The new worker dawned upon the Settlement on the first of April. There were uptown friends unsympathetic enough to intimate that there was a peculiar appropriateness in the day chosen, but Nancy ignored the comment.

She plunged into the work with a zeal refreshing to behold, and the precinct went down before her like grain before the mower's scythe. The babies who were brought to the day nursery crowed when she took them from the little mothers. The kindergarten tots giggled joyously at the very sight of her. The boys' club suspended hostilities and became as a flock of lambs when she loomed upon the horizon. The mothers' meeting took her, figuratively speaking, to its collective bosom, the first time she poured tea for it.

"She fits in anywhere," said the delighted Miss Caldwell.

And Nancy? She was radiant. Appreciation is the breath of her being, and though she had enjoyed a very generous share of that commodity, never before had it come to her in such solid lumps.

Her heart swelled within her. She loved the East Side individually, collectively, and in family groups. Possibly she loved not wisely but too well. Her treatment of the small children was not always according to Froebel, and her principles concerning the pauperizing of the poor would have given the directors a shock had they been made public.

She was not always just, but she was generous. The East Side imposed upon her and adored her. A visit from her meant more to the sick than all the dispensary's medicine, and no tenement was grimy enough, no patient disreputable enough to appall her.

WITH HIS HAT ON ONE SIDE, HIS RED TIE FLAMING, AND HIS LOWER JAW AT AN AGGRESSIVE ANGLE . . . . .

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THE RENOWNED LEADER OF THE GOERCK STREET GANG WAS HANDING AROUND PLATES OF ICE-CREAM.

She laughed and talked and smiled her way where sociology of the noblest and most psychological type found the door slammed in its face.

Several weeks went by and the first fine careless rapture of Nancy's enthusiasm showed no sign of decline.

In the meantime the Settlement work grew and flourished in marvellous fashion. Various phenomena of the development interested the directors and workers exceedingly and furnished the theme for much psychological and sociological theorizing and discussion among the devoted band.

The boys' club swelled to unheard-of proportions. Dr. Braddock was inclined to credit the gymnasium with the progress in this line, but many of his co-workers insisted that the introduction of self-government principles, parliamentary rules, and committee work had caught the boys' interest. Nancy, who was particularly knowing in parliamentary law, thanks to class presidency at college and club presidency since, and who took a special interest in instructing the boys in such matters and in overseeing the committee work, was convinced that these new ideas and methods were the drawing card, and urged Dr. Braddock to personal supervision of the subjects, but he was a busy man and assured her that she was doing fairly well.

As an outcome of the boys' club, came a demand for clubs for the older men. Here, too, parliamentary rules were in order and Miss Reynolds was called into consultation upon everything —from the opening of a window to the drafting of resolutions of condolence for a widower.

Miss Reynolds was also mistress of ceremonies and dancing-teacher for the social clubs, and the street-corners and saloon-doors were left lonely on club nights.

"We're gathering them in. We're gathering them in," said Dr. Braddock jubilantly. "In time, this Settlement will clear up the whole neighborhood. We are getting a hold upon public opinion in the district. They are beginning to understand our motives and appreciate the opportunities we offer."

But the crowning triumph of the Settlement was the reforming of Billy Harrigan.

Billy was the leader of the Goerck Street gang, the bogie-man of the district. Small boys spoke his name with bated breath and fearful admiration. The tale of his toughness resounded throughout the whole East Side, and moved even Gas House Charlie to jealousy.

With his hat on one side, his red tie flaming, his diamond stud blazing, and his lower jaw at an aggressive angle, he held up the bar in Smooth Mike's saloon and was pointed out to visitors as a local celebrity; or he strolled down the Bowery leaving a wake of murmured admiration behind him as he passed, and setting feminine hearts a-flutter with his lordly glance.

The battles he waged and the deeds he did demand an epic strain, but for a brief season there was an interregnum in his busy life and the bird of peace brooded over him.

From the very start the Settlement had felt

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his baleful influence. He had ridiculed it early and late, had jeered boys and men out of allegiance to it, had laid traps for the tripping of converts, had played practical jokes upon everyone connected with the place. His very name was anathema to the Settlement group; and when, one evening in late April, he appeared in the Settlement library, with a high patent leather polish upon face and hair and a particularly flamboyant necktie, there was confusion in the ranks and conviction of impending disaster. The boys and girls were manifestly agitated, the young women of the Settlement were alarmed. Dr. Braddock was away. Miss Caldwell was reading a paper at an up-town club.

Nancy, arranging music upon the piano in the big club-room, preparatory to an informal concert, was confronted by Eliza Lowenstein whose short braids quivered with excitement.

"Please, ma'am, Billy Harrigan, he's here!"

Nancy dropped the music.

"No!"

"Yes, ma'am. He's fixed up awful stylish 'n' there's lumps in his pants pockets—maybe they might be pistols. Ikey says he's always got pistols by him. Onct he——"

The narrative was interrupted by the arrival of the resplendent Mr. Harrigan.

Nancy's spirits rose. He seemed to be mere man and she had no reason to be afraid of men. She had always found them amenable to reason.

She proceeded to reason with Mr. Harrigan, after her own fashion. First she smiled at him. He appeared to find the operation impressive. Then she held out her hand.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said fervently. I've wanted to know you."

The man who would not be proud to afford Nancy the privilege of knowing him is yet unborn.

Billy Harrigan was tough, but no stoic. He felt his vertebræ softening—but he squared his shoulders.

"Well, I ain't no mamma's boy. Ye can take that straight," he said defiantly.

"But I'm not making a collection of

BILLY STOOD AWKWARD BUT UNREPENTANT BESIDE THE FALLEN LADDER.

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mamma-boys," Nancy assured him. "You see there are so many things I need to know about people and things down here, and nobody could tell me everything as well as you could. I've always thought that if I only knew you, and if you'd help me—"

She smiled again, such a soft, deprecatory, pleading little smile that Billy instinctively guarded with his left. He felt that the smile would land.

It did.

Later in the evening, Dr. Braddock, coming from a political meeting, stopped at the club-room door and looked in.

The renowned leader of the Goerck Street gang was handing around plates of ice-cream, in a mild and chastened manner that would have done credit to a curate.

Miss Reynolds was superintending the performance.

"Great Scott!" murmured the doctor. "Great Scott!" but he was wise enough to leave the situation to Nancy.

Billy Harrigan was nothing if not thorough. Having changed his spots, he went in for Settlement joys with an ardor that was positively inspiring.

Early and late, he haunted the library, the club-room, the hall. He joined everything for which masculinity was eligible. He sang at the concerts, he danced at the dances, he debated, he boxed, he attended lantern-slide exhibitions, he displayed an unnatural passion for afternoon tea. Smooth Mike's knew him no more. The Bowery promenade lost its brightest ornament.

Rumors floated into the Settlement concerning certain affrays in which the reformed one still indulged, but investigation usually showed that the trouble was the direct result of difference of opinion in regard to the merits of the Settlement.

Within a short time it was thoroughly understood throughout the quarter that Bill would wipe up the street with anybody who said the Settlement wasn't the real thing, and criticism of the institution languished.

Then it was that James Donovan tripped on a torn stair-carpet, landed on his right shoulder and broke his arm in two places. The Settlement was without a "handy man," and lamentations loud and deep arose.

Nancy, young and inexperienced, did not appreciate the extent of the catastrophe, but the other workers remembered the time before the smooth-running and irreproachable James appeared above the Settlement horizon.

It had been necessary to have a man about the house, and a man of versatile talents was needed. He must be sober, industrious, amiable, polite. He must be able to run anything from the furnace to a reception for the bishop, to do any odd job from holding a baby to ejecting drunken club-members. The combination was apparently a rare one.

Incumbents rose and fell—the falling being inevitably attended by the crash of disaster—until upon a red-letter day the incomparable James undertook, out of sheer devotion to the Settlement cause and "The Settlement Ladies," to be the tutelary genius of the place. Since then the household had known something approaching serenity; the domestic wheels had run smoothly.

"We'll never find another man like James," sighed Miss Caldwell.

"Everything will go wrong now," grieved the workers.

But the Settlement had yet to know Billy Harrigan.

Even before the unfortunate James was neatly bandaged, Billy was asking for his job.

Incredulity, amazement, delight played over Miss Caldwell's expressive face. A brand from the burning and a handy man in one! It was too good to be true.

"But are you sure you understand what will be expected of you?" she asked. "There's a great deal of work. Would you be willing to turn your hand to anything that happens to come up?"

"Sure!" affirmed Billy stoutly.

"And you will stay here in the evening?"

"Ye can't lose me."

"The wages aren't high."

"Fergit it," urged Billy.

"Well, Mr. Harrigan, we'll be very glad to have you with us. When can you come?"

"I'm here—but say, me name's Billy."

When Nancy came in from a round of visits, the new man opened the door for her.

"Why, Mr. Harrigan."

"Call me Billy. I'm the new main guy. James went off in the hurry-up wagon."

His hat was on his head, there was a cigar in his mouth, but satisfaction and amiability radiated from him.

No one missed James. The new man filled the place. His good-nature was unfailing, his strength was amazing, his resourcefulness never ceased to surprise the household. He was equal to any and every emergency and a mere word from him quieted the most unruly spirits among the men and boys.

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AS A STARTER THEY CLEANED OUT DURFY'S HALL.

His vocabulary and his manners were picturesque, but, as Miss Caldwell said, that was a thing which time and association would adjust.

Incidentally she asked the workers to assist and to bend the Harrigan twig as rapidly as would be consistent with consideration for an independent and sensitive nature. From Nancy's influence, in particular, Miss Caldwell expected much.

"He seems to have confidence in you, my dear, and you have a great deal of tact. Don't find fault with him, but just let him see that it would please us to have him a little bit different in certain ways. I have a serious sense of responsibility in regard to that boy. We've done wonders with him already, and I feel that we have an opportunity to make a man of him—but don't lecture him nor preach at him. We must just show him the beautiful side of life and make him understand that that is the true life."

Nancy listened with interest and dutifully carried out instructions. Billy gradually became softer of voice, lighter of foot, more respectful of manner. He smoked only in moments of relaxation and threw away his chewing tobacco. The red necktie abdicated in favor of dark blue. Nancy was so fond of dark blue. Pink shirts gave way to white ones. Of course, white soiled easily, but the East Side has no prejudice against adjustable cuffs, and Nancy thought a white shirt and blue tie the most becoming combination a man could wear. Against giving up his hat while in the house, the Handy Man set his face stubbornly for a long time. If by chance he happened to be without his derby and the door-bell rang, he hunted up his hat and set it upon his head at an angle of forty-five degrees before going to the door.

Independence, self-assertion made that derby their stronghold. Without his hat, the erstwhile gang-leader was a Samson without his locks.

At last, even the hat capitulated, was relegated to outdoor wear, and Billy Harrigan was shorn of his aggressiveness. A child could play with him—but Billy preferred

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playing with Nancy; and, for the sake of the cause, that young woman smiled upon him and gave him much of her time and attention. Occasionally, when she had to go out in the evening, Miss Caldwell sent Billy with her. With him for escort, any corner of the slums was safe ground.

One night he took her to a Delancey tenement to see a sick woman and she decided that she must spend the night. Billy left her, carrying a message from her to Miss Caldwell, but when, tired and nervous after her first face-to-face meeting with death, she came down the stairs in the gray morning light, the Handy Man was sitting on the door-step.

"Think I was going to leave you alone in this joint? Not on your life."

"But you haven't been here all night?"

"Sure thing!"

"And my message?"

"Sent a kid with it. How's Mrs. Simmons?"

"Dead." Nancy's voice had a quiver in it.

Billy looked at her sharply. Then he tucked her under his arm.

"You come along home. I suppose you wouldn't hit a flask, but it'd be the thing for you."

Nancy didn't resent his familiarity. She was grateful for it, and she cried quietly from sheer nervousness as the Handy Man led her back to the Settlement.

It was only Billy.

Late that afternoon Dr. Braddock, going to the library for a book, saw Nancy dusting a top shelf, while Billy held the ladder and handed the books to her.

The doctor stood unseen and studied the Handy Man's upturned face. Then he looked at Nancy, and an idea had visible birth in his brain. His lips puckered as though for a whistle and he shook his head doubtfully as he turned away. The doctor is a man himself and he had suddenly had an illuminating side-light thrown upon his sociological theories.

Nancy had not seen the doctor and she had noticed nothing unusual in Billy's face. She had treated Billy much as she had treated the kindergarten children and had taken his homage as she had taken theirs. That a man's desire could cross a gulf like that between the Handy Man and herself had never even faintly occurred to her.

She had smiled upon Billy—teased him, flattered him, praised him—from sociological motives. Possibly natural incapacity for treating a man in any other fashion had something to do with her method, but she had not consciously flirted with this East Side lion. She liked Billy, liked him immensely, and she had made that plain to him. His logic being weak and his feelings strong, he argued mistakenly from the flattering premise.

Any lingering doubt had been brushed away that morning. Hadn't she taken his arm and cried against his coat-sleeve and hadn't he patted her hand encouragingly every now and then, without rebuke? Poor Billy! the eternal feminine was far beyond his sounding.

"Hold it tight."

Nancy was ready to come down the ladder.

"Come ahead."

She gathered her skirts about her and looked down at him.

"It will crumple up, Billy. I know it will crumple up. The spring's broken."

"Aw, come on. I'm holdin' it."

"It's wobbling, Billy. It's wobbling dreadfully. Yes, I'm coming. Oh!"

She came—in a heap, bringing the ladder with her, but Billy caught her and held her breathless, frightened, in his arms.

Even a Handy Man is human. The arms tightened, Billy bent his head and kissed the face so near his own.

The next instant, the width of the room separated Miss Nancy Reynolds, of West Seventy-second Street, and Mr. William Harrigan, ex-terror of the East Side.

"How dare you! How dare you!" raged the girl with the crimson cheeks and tumbled hair.

Then, dropping from wrath to pathos:

"Oh, Billy, how could you!" she sobbed.

Billy stood awkward but unrepentant beside the fallen ladder.

"How could I 'a' done anything else?" he asked pertinently. "It's all right," he added, taking a step toward her. "I'm on the square. You're the only girl I ever gave a damn for, and I want you for my steady. I want you to marry me. Don't you see?"

Nancy saw clearly, very clearly, and the up-town man with a distaste for sisters was avenged.

"Will ye? Will ye?"

He was moving toward her now.

"Oh, you haven't understood. I never dreamed of your feeling this way. I never meant to make you care——"

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"Never meant to?" There was a note in Billy's voice that had faded out of the voice of the Handy Man.

"D'ye mean you've been foolin' me all the time?"

"I never thought about your—loving me."

"What'd ye think was the game? D'ye suppose I was stuck on housework? D'ye think I was washing windows fer love of soapsuds?"

"But it never occurred to me that you'd——"

"Ye thought I was a dough man likely—thought ye could laugh at me and say sweet things to me, and make eyes at me and I'd never notice—thought I was clear out of your class, didn't ye?"

The old rough, dominant note that had belonged to the voice of Bill Harrigan, gang-leader, was growing stronger and stronger.

"An' ye don't want any truck with me, eh? You're all through. Sort of a Chinese Sunday-school proposition, an' me for the Chink."

"Billy, don't—please don't. I do like you. You've been so good to me and I've depended on you, but I couldn't think about you except as a good friend. I never thought of your falling in love with me. Truly I didn't, Billy. Please be friends—please be friends."

"Aw, hell!" commented Billy.

She heard the front door slam behind him.

The Settlement had lost a Handy Man.

The loss of the Settlement was the gain of the gang, and the night when the Harrigan returned to his own will long be remembered on the East Side.

Billy made his way to Smooth Mike's and accumulated what in the vernacular is called a load. Then he sent out a rallying call, and loyal followers, overlooking his temporary fall from grace into the paths of sobriety and sociology, gathered round his standard.

After a protracted period for rest and refreshment, the Goerck Street gang, under their old leader, started out to make up for lost time.

As a starter, they cleaned out Durfy's hall, where the Cherry Street boys were having a dance; and this preliminary whirl proved so spectacular that it not only began but closed the programme.

Eight of the gang landed in jail, one went to the hospital, the rest dispersed without leaving addresses. Billy Harrigan was among the hospital contingent, with a bullet through his shoulder and a knife-slash in his arm; but his vocal organs were not affected, and when Dr. Braddock hurried to see the one-time Handy Man, Billy expressed his opinion of toffs in general and of sociologists in particular with a force and fluency that did credit to his early training.

Out of the harvest of eloquence, the doctor gleaned certain straws of suggestion which gave him a clew to the situation.

His surprise was not so great as was Miss Caldwell's when their star assistant, pale as to lips and heavy as to eyes, presented herself in the office that evening, and announced her determination to give up Settlement work.

"I'm not fit for it," was the girl's only answer to all argument.

"And she was so successful, so brilliantly successful," Miss Caldwell said in a puzzled tone, after Nancy had gone to her room.

"But possibly a trifle too stimulating," commented Dr. Braddock, with a smile which his fellow-worker did not understand.

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The Butt-in of Jamrack

By DAVID H. TALMADGE

ILL THOMPSON, chairman of the Republican Central Committee of Lampson County, and considered a shrewd politician, turned from the telephone, astonishment and chagrin upon his face. His fingers, which held a partially smoked cigar, trembled as he raised them to his mouth.

"I don't believe it," he said, biting his teeth hard upon the cigar and making an involuntary gesture of defiance toward the telephone. "Why—why, it's impossible, I tell you—impossible—ridiculous—somebody's joking."

A mirthless smile overspread his countenance. "It's from Red Elm," he continued, in response to a murmur of interrogation; "somebody's 'phoned that Red Elm's gone Democratic for Senator."

The murmur swelled into a roar of incredulity, and the roomful of politicians looked at one another as if searching for confirmation of a hoax. Some of them swore, others laughed loudly with a hollowness apparent to the practised ear, a few groaned. Wilkerson, one of the local party's most potent spell-binders, stood upon a chair and spoke.

"Gentlemen," he cried excitedly, "if it's true—I say *if* it's true that Jim Gilson has carried Red Elm township—Red Elm, that heretofore impregnable stronghold of Republicanism, that erstwhile Gibraltar of honest principles—then Jim Gilson—a kid—is elected to represent this district in the upper house of the General Assembly—and—and may the good Lord have mercy on our souls! But I cannot believe it. I cannot but feel, with our worthy chairman, that there is a mistake, or that some poor fool of a humorist is having his little joke. Why, gentlemen, for forty years the noble citizenship of Red Elm has voted straight. Its fidelity, its unwavering constancy, has become an axiom known even beyond the limits of Lampson County. Others of our voting precincts have been at times doubtful, but never old Red Elm. Why should she change now? And more particularly, why should she change upon the legislative ticket, the main artery that supplies our gr-rand old party with the fluid of existence? And at this time, too—oh, I can't believe it! We *won't* believe it, my friends, till we hear something more."

He stepped from the chair, and the assemblage breathed more freely, encouraged by his fustian. Collins, editor of the *Lampson County Republican*, took his place. He was a small man with a squeaky voice, and used the full-armed movement when he gestured:

"Fellow Republicans, we have gathered to-night, as on many occasions in the past, to get news of the election, but we have never before had news like this. Red Elm—a township of one hundred voters, seventy-odd of whom are patriots to the core—time-tried and fire-tested—vote Democratic? No! Bill, ring 'em up again and ask for figures."

Thompson was already at the telephone. The bell buzzed. A silence fell upon the room. No one moved. Collins stood like a statue on the chair.

"Hello—give us the figures from Red Elm, can you?—yes, on Senator—Gilson—what's that?—don't go so fast—*what?*—Gilson gets eighty-nine, Rimshaw eleven—say, who gave you the figures?—Je-ru-sa-lem! it's no joke then—good-by."

He snapped the receiver into place, and seated himself at the table, nervously making figures upon a sheet of paper. Collins threw his arm out to its full length and emitted a squeak, then stepped down and shook hands mournfully with Wilkerson.

"Beats the—er—apprentice, don't it?" he moaned delicately.

"I can't grasp it," breathed Wilkerson heavily. "I suppose there *must* be a reason, but what is it? We've played the game in

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this county, Collins—you and me and Bill and some of the others—for pretty close to twenty years. We've seen Red Elm under all sorts of fire, but we've never seen her falter before."

"She doesn't appear to have exactly faltered now," said Collins; "she appears to have just naturally *not* faltered so far's the senatorship's concerned. We never needed it so bad as we did this year either."

"Let's see what Bill thinks," suggested Wilkerson, leading the way to the table where Thompson sat.

The seekers for "returns" surged ceaselessly in and out of the small room, blue with tobacco-smoke, where Republican headquarters had been established—newcomers asking eagerly for information and getting it from a dozen sources at once. At intervals the telephone bell jingled, and Thompson responded to it in person, announcing to inquirers the vote from the several precincts of the county.

Red Elm had been the last township to be heard from. Upon it had centred the hope—hope amounting almost to conviction—for the election of Rimshaw, the leading banker of the county, to the State Senate. A fierce fight had been waged for the senatorship. Every ounce of the Republican management's strength had been used in the attempt to defeat Gilson. Rimshaw was fifty votes behind when everything had been heard from but Red Elm. And Red Elm, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, had created consternation.

"Boys"—Thompson addressed Wilkerson and Collins—"I reckon there's something in Lampson County politics for us to learn yet. I'd have bet my last cent on Red Elm. *What* caused those fellows to flop?"

"Give it up," said Wilkerson.

The editor opened his mouth, but his voice refused to respond at once. The defeat of Rimshaw meant more to him than he cared to admit. "I believe I'll go home," he said at last.

"Oh, you'd better wait," urged the chairman. "We'll be getting something from New York pretty soon now. Maybe 'twill cheer us up a bit."

"Hang New York!" squeaked Collins. He buttoned his coat, pulled his hat over his eyes, and departed without another word.

"Hard hit, eh?" Wilkerson winked gravely at Thompson.

The chairman nodded and again bent his head over the table. Gradually the crowd diminished. By the time returns had begun to come in from outside the county barely a dozen men were left, and these manifested little enthusiasm upon the announcement of even the most prodigious of pluralities for their party candidates.

The Republican managers of Lampson County were all hard hit. The state of gloom into which the victory of Gilson had cast them lasted for days; and not the least exasperating feature of the situation was their inability to account for the vote in Red Elm. But on this point, for Thompson at least, light was forthcoming.

An old man drove up to the telephone-pole in front of Thompson's office one day and tied his team. Then he stuck his head in at the doorway and saluted Thompson.

"Howdy, Bill? Allow Democrats in here?"

The chairman ignored the query. "Come in, Father Jamrack," he said with some show of dignity. "How are things in Red Elm?"

The old man smiled. "Politically, or socially, or otherwise?" he asked.

"I *know* how they are politically," returned Thompson grimly.

"But you don't know *why* they are, Bill?"

"No, I don't."

"Wish you did?"

"Yes."

"That's right; spit it out plain. Thought you'd like to know."

"Do *you* know?"

"That's the way; ask right out good and sharp. Yes, I know, and I'll tell you. I reckon there's somethin' of an apology comin' to you, Bill. If it hadn't been for you, durned if I wouldn't have swung Red Elm over for the whole ticket while I was about it, 'stead of for just Jimmie Gilson."

"You!"

"Yes, me—beggin' your pardon for my modesty. I done it, Bill. Maybe you know, and maybe you don't, that Jimmie Gilson's been shinin' around our Sadie for six months, or such a matter as that—ever since, in fact, she took the job of teachin' the school at Durham Corners, where his folks live. It almost broke our hearts, Bill, when we seen how 'twas goin'; 'twas different than 'twas when Sallie married you or when the boys left home, 'cause she was the baby and the only one left. We just simply couldn't bring ourselves to bein' reconciled to it, and when Jimmie come up to our house one

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evenin' about three months ago and asked me like a man if he could have her, I was almost tempted to tell him 'no' point-blank. But I didn't; he's got a nice way with him, Jimmie has, and—and I didn't. I just says to him: 'Jimmie, when you get to be a senator of the people I'll give her to you and not before.' And he went away feelin' pretty blue. I supposed he figured 'twas the same thing as a total refusal, only more diplomatic-like; though, to tell the truth, 'twas more a joke than anything else; you recollect, Bill, I told you when you asked for Sallie that I'd give her to you when you got to be Governor of the State."

Thompson nodded.

"And you—durn you—just naturally laughed at me and married her when you got ready. I always liked you for it, Bill. But I pretty soon seen that 'twasn't goin' to work the same with Jimmie; he didn't drive over to Red Elm any more Saturdays and Sundays when Sadie was to home, and the girl got peaked and white and went off her feed bad, and doctorin' done her no good. Then I says to myself—which includes my wife—somethin's got to be done."

The old man hitched his chair closer to his son-in-law and spoke in a whisper.

"Bill, it cost me an even two hundred dollars to get that nomination for Jimmie. Pretty fair price to pay, eh? I ain't dog-sure he's worth it, but I just naturally couldn't help it. Nobody else in the party seemed to be hankerin' for it much or 'twould have cost more. Well, sir, Bill, you should have seen the change it made in that boy! From the minute he got the news that he'd been nominated, in accordance with the plan Ed Dawson with my money in his pocket had laid before him, he just simply hustled. He didn't know, nor don't yet, that I had anything to do with it; thought he'd been chosen on his merits to save the country. I reckon he won't do no harm in the Senate."

The old man lay back in his chair, chuckling.

"Well, I figured, Bill, that if Red Elm was to vote unanimous for him, he'd be elected, and so—and so I fixed Red Elm. 'Twas easy enough to do, you fellers bein' so cocksure the township was safe. You know, Bill, I ain't exactly what you'd call popular in Red Elm, spite of the fact that I've lived there close to forty years without bein' accused to my face of bein' anything more serious than a Democrat and a skinflint. Folks I've lent money to and collected from back again call me a skinflint, but my bein' a Democrat's what's set 'em against me most. Why, say, less'n a year ago, Cy Flint, that lives on the eighty just beyond the centre schoolhouse, says to Willie Downs—Willie was tryin' to get enough money onto a subscription paper to hire some celebrated feller or other to give a lecture in the schoolhouse—Cy Flint says to Willie: 'No use goin' to see old Jamrack; he won't take no interest in such intellectual doin's; the old cuss has voted the Democratic ticket all his life.' What do you think of that, Bill?"

Thompson laughed, but said nothing.

"It's queer, Bill, how one little thing'll mark the whole complexion of a man's life so far's his reputation's concerned. We moved into Red Elm in sixty-two. Previous to that, back in Pennsylvania, I'd tried to enlist in the army, but they wouldn't have me, owin' to my lack of front teeth, which had been kicked out by a horse. My wife was waitin' for me in the door with a baby in her arms—your wife, Bill—when I went home that day and told her they wouldn't have me, and she just lifted her pretty face up to the sky and says she, fervent-like, 'God bless dear old Dobbin!' Which goes to show how halos are sometimes acquired by the wicked and undeservin'. That there Dobbin was the orneriest old brute that ever wore a horse-skin.

"The war-fever was ragin' hard when we moved in here. Most of the families had one or more heroes in the army, and they were prejudiced against any healthy feller that was stayin' out of the muss. I told some of 'em how I'd tried to get into it, but 'twas plain to be seen they didn't more'n half believe me. Then, too, I was a Democrat—come from a family of Democrats—and I'd never been in the habit of keepin' my politics hid under a bushel, as the sayin' is, and naturally I got into an argument now and then, more specially when glarin' mistakes were held up to be wonderful wise moves on the part of the Government. I heard a rumor once that a man down on the town-line had said I was a copperhead, but when I went down to see him about it, which I did prompt-like, he said 'twas an error. Nobody ever called me a copperhead to my face, but I reckon a good many folks sort of looked on me as one, and their children heard things they never forgot. And that old war-time preju-

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dice, Bill, fixed my status for all time. It's a fact that till our own boys and girls grew up and begun raisin' families on their own accounts my wife and I didn't have a place to go out to for a Sunday afternoon chin, and it was hard—pretty hard on your mother-in-law, Bill. Bless her heart! she's the best— Well, Sallie's just like her, my boy. I reckon we—you and me—are the two luckiest fellows on earth in point of women."

"I believe you speak the truth, father," said Thompson solemnly.

"As I was sayin'," the old man resumed after an interval, "Red Elm township's voted straight Republican, clean down to road supervisor, so long it's got to be a joke. Other towns in the county have varied some with the issues and the candidates, specially in local fights, but grand old Red Elm's never changed. No, siree, Bill, not her! She's marched to the polls more'n once and voted for thieves and robbers and insulted the memory of Abraham Lincoln by doin' it, though she didn't look at it in that light. What's she got for it? Nothin'. Why's she done it? That's a question I've been figurin' on for some years. I've canvassed the town over from the Ashbys to the Ziggleses, analyzed every individual voter and his women-folks and made calc'lations as to the amount of genuine Simon pure political principle they had left in 'em after forty-odd years of such business, and 'cordin' to the way I figured it there was mighty little. I says to myself, these folks have got the same blood in 'em they've always had; the red in it's all prejudice; if something should happen to affect the feelin' they've got against the word Democrat, there'd be a change in the political complexion of Red Elm township and somebody'd get jarred.

"And it struck me, along with the idea of gettin' Jimmie nominated, that I'd try and see what I could do toward givin' him the vote of Red Elm and provin' my theory at the same time. 'Twas easy enough to try. All I done was to drive around the township 'lectioneerin' for Rimshaw. That's the way 'twas done, Bill. Every man I saw says to himself: 'By jing! if that old cuss Jamrack wants Rimshaw elected, I don't.' Grand, faithful old Red Elm voted against *me*, regardless of the fact, as I gathered from Collins's paper, that 'a United States Senator is at stake; not to mention a vast amount of legislation of tremendous moment to the welfare of our glorious country which makes the election of a good workin' majority in the legislature of the utmost importance.'

"I reckon I had 'em sized up about right, an' I wouldn't be surprised if there were other places than Red Elm in the United States where the political principle of the voters is like a pot-plant growin' in soil that hain't been changed in forty years. That kind of a plant, Bill, snaps off—easiest thing in the world. Anybody can break it off—if he happens to be unpopular and to have the secret respect of the community. A voter'll vote against a man he *knows* he don't like—and he'll do it every time, you bet; otherwise, not bein' intimately acquainted with the candidates, and havin' been brought up to believe that campaign stories are always lies—when told against the candidates of his own party—he marches proudly to the centre school-house each succeedin' election-day, and slaps in another vote for Abraham Lincoln, while the party ring-masters wink their other eyes. That's the way it's been goin' in Red Elm anyway; I've been watchin' it a long time."

The old man gleefully rubbed his hands together, then started to his feet.

"I must be gettin' along, Bill; Sadie and her mother'll be waitin' for us. I brought 'em up to the dressmaker's to see about a bridal gown and the other fixin's. Sallie's with 'em, I expect; we stopped at your place as we come by. You're all to be at our house for Thanksgivin', Bill; Sadie and the Senator are to be married that afternoon."

He slapped Thompson upon the back.

"Cheer up, son; I promise I won't butt in again without your permission; wouldn't have done it this time, even to satisfy my curiosity, if it hadn't been for Sadie—I can't stand it to have a girl actin' the way she did. You ought to see her now—can't smack her anywhere 'thout hittin' a dimple. Good-by."

"Good-by," returned Thompson, smiling.

But the smile passed from his face as the door closed. Presently he turned to his desk and unlocked a drawer, taking therefrom a check payable only in the event of Rimshaw's election—the banker's method of stimulating effort in his behalf. Collins and Wilkerson and others had been given similar checks, all worthless now.

Thompson sat for a time, his brow wrinkled, his upper teeth resting firmly against his lower lip. Then he drew a long breath and slowly tore the slip of paper to pieces.

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Calumet and Hecla

The Deepest Copper Mine in the World

By THEODORE WATERS

Photographic Illustrations by F. A. Isler

IMAGINE if you can a gigantic honeycomb forty miles long by fifteen miles broad, surrounded by water and penetrated by hundreds of miles of tunnels arranged in tiers one below another to the depth of a mile, and you will have some idea of the country in which the deepest mine in the world is located. Even the tin-mines of Cornwall seem puny in comparison with what is to be found under the upper peninsula of Michigan. The Cornish mines extend down 3,000 feet below the level of the sea. The deepest copper-mine in Michigan extends down 4,000 feet below the *bottom* of Lake Superior which in itself is 1,000 feet deep.

If the knife of a Cyclopes could cut the honeycomb in two, longitudinally, as Sir John Lubbock used to cut ants' nests for the purpose of observing what was going on inside, there would be revealed a wealth and a breadth of industry not eclipsed by that of any surface community. Dozens of elevator-shafts, some perpendicular, others on an incline, would be found piercing the comb from top to bottom. In them would be seen cars carrying men and metal up and down with the speed of express trains. In and out, across and back would extend galleries overflowing with activity; in some, lines of air-drills eating their way into the rock, in others the sudden bursting of blasts in the walls of the lodes. Electric locomotives would be seen hauling trains of rock-cars to the shafts, or men would be found laboriously pushing hand-cars through darkened subways. Down some of the shafts could be traced pump-lines, pipes, and cables radiating outward through the galleries so that the miners might have dry tunnels, electric light, and even telephone service underground.

For in these passages, many of them so deep that the internal heat of the earth can be perceptibly felt, men live and eat and toil and carry on the business of life apparently oblivious of the fact that they are nearer the centre of the human footstool than ever man succeeded in getting before, and are digging themselves nearer every minute; not a few men, mind you, but thousands, inhabiting these towns and villages underground, governed by laws for their peaceful regulation and provided with systems of fire protection, sanitation, drainage, and ventilation as efficient as any above ground.

In the deepest mine there are over 200 miles of tunnels lighted in part with incandescent lamps, and a complete telephone service with a "central" and eighty instruments installed in the galleries, so that a pumpman on say the fifty-seventh level can call up a friend over the long-distance wire to Chicago and tell him how it feels to live in the bowels of the earth.

But on the surface of the ground you would not suspect all this and it is difficult to realize that wherever you walk human beings are moving around a mile or so directly beneath your feet. The villages that have been built on top of the honeycomb look like ordinary villages in other parts of the country. They do not seem populous, but that is because so many of the inhabitants are underground. Only in the early morning or in the evening when the shifts are being changed and great crowds of men and boys issue forth from buildings which obviously could not have contained them all, does it seem possible that anything can lie beneath this placid exterior of open country.

Only once did I get the suggestion of depth from the surface. I was walking on the outskirts of the village of Calumet. The expanse was snow-covered, unbroken, except in spots where groups of tall buildings huddled about the openings of the mines. From one to another of these groups stretched a cable supported on posts overhead. Suddenly it began to move, slowly at first, then

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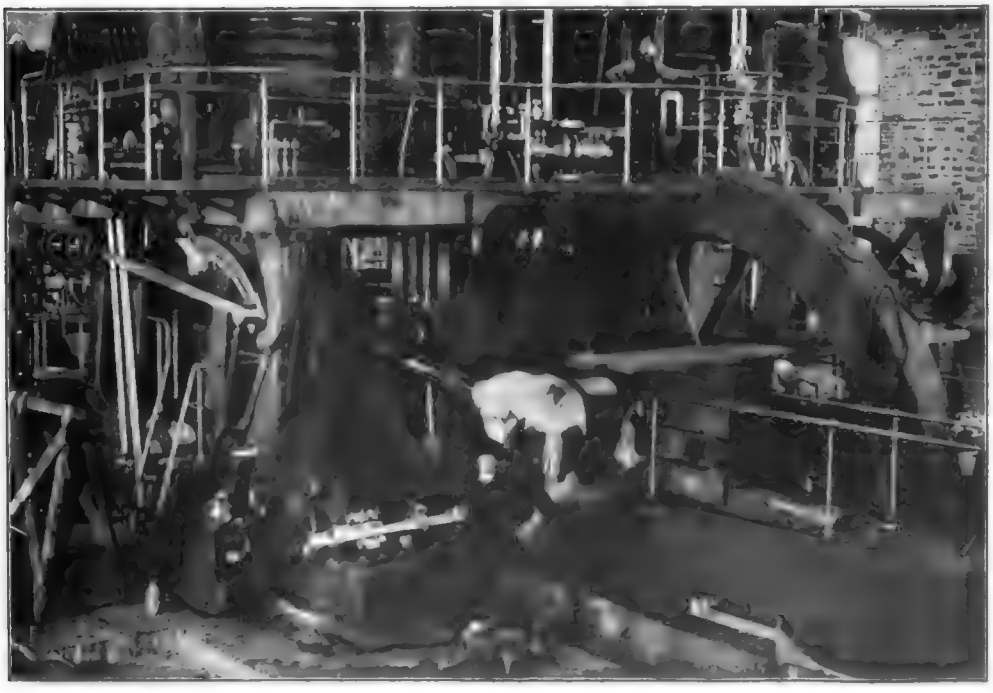
VIEW OF LAKE LINDEN, MICHIGAN, FROM A SHAFT-HOUSE.

faster and faster, the pulleys that guided it cluttering sharply in the crisp winter air. For a moment I wondered what it meant. Then all at once I knew. It was the tail rope of the deepest mine. It extended around a drum and down a shaft. On the other end was probably a car full of men dropping straight down into the earth. I watched it running swiftly for at least two minutes before it stopped, evidently at an intermediate level, for after a minute or so it went on again. This time it ran for a minute before



THE PONDEROUS ENGINES OF RED JACKET SHAFT.

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THE LIGHT AND POWER HOUSE.

it stopped and then I thought the car must surely have reached the bottom of the mine; but no, after a short wait it was off again, running down and down and still farther down. It made a long stop at last and then I knew that it had reached the end of its journey. The men in the car had been deposited a mile deep in the earth. I could not help wondering at the temerity which could intrust itself twice every day to the integrity of that slender rope, to the watchfulness of the man at the engine. They have families, these miners, who wait with meals ready for their home-coming. Suppose the rope should break? Suppose the engineer should forget?

I followed the cable-way over to one of the groups of buildings from which issued the manifold roar of crunching rock. Clambering up the stairs of a shaft-house, under which a line of freight-cars was backing and filling, I reached the mouth of a compartment-pit in the midst of a scene of remarkable activity. Great rock-carrying skips were emerging from and disappearing into the shafts with a rapidity that seemed to preclude the possibility of a mile journey between times. Noise was the predominant characteristic of the place. At a signal transmitted to the engine from below, a cable leading out of one of the holes would quiver and shake and then start up with quickening speed. From the opening would come a far-off rumble, increasing to a roar as the oncoming skip neared the surface. Judging by the cable the skip would attain a velocity approximating that of the Empire State Express. Then the up-draught would die away, the pitch of the sound would suddenly drop, and the skip, loaded to the brim with eight tons of copper rock, would rise through the trap-doors and poise above the hole with a stately cessation of movement that, in view of my very opposite expectation, was quite bewildering. Had it continued on up through the roof, its action would have been more in accordance with what its swift approach had led me to expect. Of course the speed had been slackened during the last stage of the journey, but that was not apparent amid the general noise.

One of the men told me that the skips are capable of attaining a speed of a mile a minute, and that on one occasion a loaded skip weighing ten tons, travelling at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, had been brought to a dead stop between levels in a distance of seventy-five feet. But, of course, the

TAIL HOUSE, RED JACKET SHAFT.

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CARVING A WAY TO THE HEART OF THE UNIVERSE.

man-cars are moved up and down at a much slower rate. After leaving the shaft the skips automatically dumped their loads into a breaker which reduced the size of the rock until it was fit to be sent to the mill.

Of the six compartments in the shaft, four were being used for haulage purposes. The fifth carried the great arteries that made the mine habitable for human beings—cables and pipes for telephone, electric light, steam, water, compressed-air systems, etc. The sixth compartment contained the ladder-ways extending to the very bottom of the mine. Under the law it is necessary to maintain ladders in all mines, however deep, so that in case of accident to the hoisting machinery the miners may be able to climb up.

In their way these ladders were more awesome than the skips. The shaft was covered, but the trap-door was removed so that I could peer down the hole. The first few rungs quickly succeeded one another into darkness, but a moving light far below showed that they continued on down below the limit of vision. The light came from a lamp in the hat of a workman probably making repairs, but whether it was one hundred or one thousand feet down was impossible to determine. It was not exactly a reassuring sight. The idea that the man was climbing a ladder a mile high, and the possibility of his encountering loose rungs in the darkness, invited my perturbed comment.

"Oh, that is nothing," remarked a workman. "It is not one ladder, but a succession of ladders and there are plenty of levels to rest upon. Why, the roller boys in the incline-shafts often slide down the cables to save time."

From the upper windows of the shaft-house I got some idea of the tremendous extent of the mine. The surface area of the property is 2,750 acres. That is over four square miles, or more than twice as big as the St. Louis Exposition grounds. Seventeen shafts, most of them with several compartments, pierce this territory downward, the deepest of them through nearly one hundred levels. The central vertical shaft is 4,900 feet deep. The biggest incline-shaft is 8,100 feet long. It also reaches a depth of 4,900 feet.

"See here," said a workman, pointing out of a window to a tall shaft-house in the dim distance, "that is the opening of the long incline-shaft. It drops at an angle through the ground and reaches bottom not far from the sump of this vertical shaft. All the

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space underground between that house and this is bored out in shafts, drifts and winzes full of men working. Look out of the other windows toward the other points of the compass and you will see shaft-houses just as far away. There is just as much underground activity in those other directions as in this. The stamping capacity of the plant is 6,000 tons of rock a day and it is nearly always worked to the limit. You could build a pretty good-sized hill with 6,000 tons of rock. Think of the mountain that could be built with what has been taken out of this mine during the last thirty years. Is it any wonder that the country around here is hollow ?"

The skips dumped the rock from the shaft into "grizzlies," in which it was reduced to small size and fell through to the railway-cars. An engineer was backing a long train through the first floor of the house. Men stood by the rock-bins and allowed the fragments to drop into car after car until the train was loaded. Then it steamed away down a curved track.

"He is off to Lake Linden, four miles away," said my informant. "There the rock is reduced to sand, the copper extracted from the concentrates and the powdered rock is raised on a big sand-wheel and dumped into the lake."

From our elevated position we could see acres of buildings which formed the auxiliary plant necessary to the operation of the mine. There were steam hoisting plants at the mouths of the various shafts ranging in horse-power from 1,000 to 8,000 each ; air-compressing plants among which was one little giant capable of compressing 140,000 cubic feet of air a minute to seventy pounds the square inch ; timber-mills capable of mortising and tenoning sections of whole trees for use as supports underground ; smithies equipped with steam forges, blowers, emery-wheels, and grindstones sufficient to sharpen ten tons of steel drills daily, which an army of drill-boys carry back and forth ; electric generating plants, transmitting power to the pumps underground ; paint-shops ; carpenter-sheds ; oil-houses, etc.

The movement of men and material from one to another of these buildings was bewildering in its complexity, panoramic in its breadth. Nevertheless it was an orderly movement, every phase of which bore a definite relation to every other phase. And it had the subtle atmosphere of the tremendous machine whose visible mechanism ex-

SHAFT-HOUSE AND ROCK-CRUSHER, QUINCY MINE NO. 1

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A HOLIDAY CROWD OF MINERS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

cites less admiration for itself than for the concealed principle that has quickened it into action. In this case I knew it to be the life underground. Therein, after all, lay the vital principle of this whole great machine and I was anxious to view it at once. But it was impossible just then to descend. The pressure of business is so great in most of the copper-mines that as soon as the miners have all descended to work, the man-cars are lifted out of the shafts by powerful cranes and the ways are used exclusively for the skips. Thus the miners are in a sense imprisoned underground for the day or the night, as the case may be, and thus I was compelled to start before sunrise of the following day for my descent into the deepest mine in the world.

Near one of the shaft-houses I was met by a guide and conducted to a small building in which I took off my outer clothes and put on those of a miner. The stars were still glimmering, but the neighborhood was bright enough where the electric lights shone on the snow, packed hard under the feet of the night and day shifts coming from and going to work. Mixing with the crowd, I was not recognized as a stranger.

"We had better go down with the powder-monkeys," said my guide. "There will be more room than with the men's shift. Besides, I must stop in the engine-house a moment to telephone."

While he was using the phone I watched the great engines pumping water, driving giant fans, and moving the cars up and down. The engine-house stood some distance from the mouth of the shaft and all the engineer had to guide him as to the movements of the man-car was a long sprocket-chain carrying level-indicators which moved up and down in unison with the car in the pit. I felt like asking the engineer a rather delicate question, but I put it instead to my guide as we walked toward the shaft-house.

"Is there any danger of the engineer's confusing the movements of that sprocket-chain with his personal troubles, if he has any? If it operates like some elevator-indicators I have seen, he might land us on the bottom of the mine harder than he intended."

"Oh, he is a careful sort of man," was the answer, intended to be reassuring. "But an accident something like the one you suggest did happen in the Red Jacket Shaft in 1893. The indicator slipped from the chain and the engineer wound up the drum a little longer than was absolutely necessary."

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"And ?"

"Ten men fell 3,000 feet."

I began to feel that the man on the mile-long ladder was not so badly off after all. He at least could rely on the heft of his good strong arms. But there was no turning back now. We were already entering the shaft-house and the car was waiting to take us down. It was an incline-shaft with a grade not far from the perpendicular. The car, resembling nothing so much as a giant step-ladder on wheels, rested upon tracks tied to the face of the incline. The cable held it suspended in the mouth of the pit. It was crowded mostly with half-grown boys, sitting in rows one above another. A few men, late for their shift perhaps, sat upon the lower tiers. All carried small lighted lamps, shielded in the hollow of the hand from the strong up-draught of the shaft.

As soon as we were seated on a middle bench of the car, a man pulled the start-

UNDERGROUND SQUARE TIMBER LEVEL.

ing lever. There was a wait of probably half a minute due to the precaution of the engineer, who wanted to be sure that everybody was safely aboard, and then the car began to drop with a jerky motion which, however, grew smooth and regular as we gathered speed. Darkness engulfed us the moment we entered the shaft, darkness accentuated by the flickering lights in our hands. The roar of the car-wheels made conversation difficult. I tried to peer down the shaft over the heads of the boys on the lower seats. I could see nothing, but the knowledge that we were tobogganing down a seemingly bottomless pit gave me such qualms of the stomach that I was compelled to desist. I took to watching instead the faint play of the lamplight on the rocky walls and roof of the shaft. Instantly I was beset with another illusion. I was sure that we had stopped moving and that the walls were rushing up past us. Judging by their speed, it would not be long before the bottom of the mine would come crashing up against the car. I looked back up the shaft between the heads of the boys on the upper seats. I could just see the faint glimmer of the pit-mouth, already a pin-point in the truly vanishing perspective. When I looked down again, the illusion of the moving walls was dispelled as we passed a level in which stood a man with a light on his hat.

Down, down we went, past level after level, each one a scene of strenuous activity. In some, as we shot by, could be heard the steady chugging of air-drills; in others the boom of powerful pumps. Occasionally we would catch a glimpse of men struggling to erect heavy timbers. Once we saw a trammer riding on the back of his car full of rock. More often, however, it was impossible to distinguish in passing what was going on in the level. We paused a few minutes at one of the intermediate drifts. Several boys stood at the shaft-side, and as soon as the car stopped they began tugging at some boxes that lay at their feet.

"Never mind those now," said the man on the car. "Orders is to wait until the next trip. Pass over some sticks to these lads and we'll be away down wi' us. Spry now, she has the signal."

The boys on the car leaned through the side-rail and grabbed some of the "sticks" that lay in the boxes like so many candles. One of the boys on the level evidently misunderstood and tried to hoist his box aboard whether or no. Whereupon a boy on the car calmly placed his feet against the box and pushed it back with all his might. They struggled against one another until a yell from a miner stopped them.

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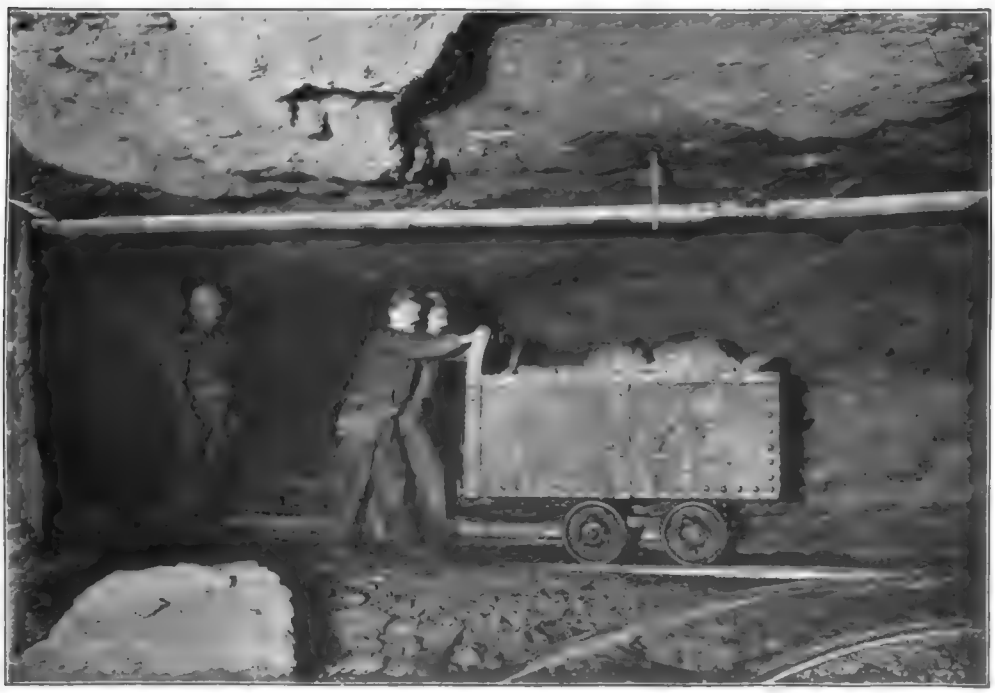
A CAR FULL OF MEN READY FOR THEIR MILE-DEEP JOURNEY



A PASSAGE WHERE THE INTERNAL HEAT OF THE EARTH IS DISTINCTLY PERCEPTIBLE

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"Ey! Stop! Bloomin' idjits! Do 'e want blow us oop?"

The boy with the box pulled it back and the car started down again.

"What are they?" I asked, indicating what the boys had picked out of the boxes.

"Blastin' sticks," replied the guide, calmly.

"Powder?" I shouted as the rumble of wheels increased.

"Dynamite!" he roared as the racket reached its height again.

"Thousand feet!"

One thousand feet in the earth; just about the depth of Lake Superior. So somewhere off to the right of us or the left, I did not know which, the deep-water mussels were hibernating in the mud of the lake-bottom. Were there wrecks out there, too? If so, they would never be seen again, for the wood that sinks to that depth becomes too compressed ever to float thereafter. And we had not yet accomplished a quarter of our journey.

TAMARACK NO. 3 HOIST

The boys thoroughly appreciated the situation. They knew at once that I was not connected with the mine and they grinned with what I considered impish glee. Two or three struck up a song, of which I caught but an occasional note, and meanwhile we continued on down through the earth.

I placed my hands funnel-fashion to my mouth and yelled in the ear of my guide:

"How far down are we now?"

He got his bearings from the next lighted level and yelled back to me:

The car now began to drop faster than ever and I experienced that sinking sensation one gets in an elevator when it is put under way too quickly. The levels lost their distinctness and became an intermittent blur and presently it was impossible to tell whether we were going down or up. This continued for at least a minute, which is an age under some circumstances, and in the present instance begot the most unpleasant visions—such as of those ten men who fell down the shaft, and the most tantalizing speculation—such as the probable rate of their fall and

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how it compared with the old ratio of "sixteen feet the first second, thirty-two feet the second second, sixty-four feet the third second," and so on. Could it be possible that *we——?* But no, the speed began to slacken and presently we came to a full stop at a level where several of the boys and all of the men got out and trudged away through a drift. I stood up preparatory to getting out. The guide pulled me back to the seat just as the car lurched downward again.

"I thought we were at the bottom," I said.

"'Nother half-mile to go yet," was the laconic response.

Another half-mile? That is, we had yet to go nearly as far as we had come. I sat back and amused myself trying to count the levels, but it was futile, as some were comparatively close together, while others were wide apart, and there was one long dark space between lodes where there were no levels at all, nothing but a stretch of dark rock rushing swiftly upward. After a long while we passed through strata where the lighted levels became frequent.

"81st!" yelled the guide.

"81st what?"

"Level!"

After that we ran slower and slower amid noises that plainly were not of the car-wheels. We stopped at last and all the remaining boys got out. This time I did not attempt to follow.

"Come," said the guide.

"At the bottom?"

"Within a few hundred feet. There is a new stope below, but they are not mining it."

"How far down are we?"

"Over 4,900 feet."

I looked around curiously. Although we had come nearly a mile from the surface, there was more lively enterprise in evidence than on the main street of Calumet. Our arrival was in a way similar to the arrival of railroad passengers in a village, some of us going in one direction, some in others, as though, indeed, we lived down there. In a hollowed area near the shaft was a gurgling mechanism which the men called a relay-pump. Sewer-like pipes led to and from it, and communications from above were transmitted from this point as from a general rendezvous. Men met near it and held conferences as they might have at a village four-corners. The whole place was heavily timbered, and a gang of carpenters were hammering away at some joists used for bracing the tunnels. Advancing, we turned into a stope, in which the chugging of air-drills indicated where active mining was being carried on.

Ahead of us walked the boys who had come down in the car, each with his lamp in his cap and a stick of dynamite in his hand. Presently they stopped before a hole in the ground and dropped into it one by one. When we came to the hole we stopped and looked down it. It was a narrow, tube-like orifice containing a ladder. Far below was the line of boys, not walking down the ladder, but sliding down, with their feet clasped around it as though it were a banister. They regulated the speed of their descent with one hand while they held the powder in the other. The line of lights in their hats took on a serpentine aspect as they slid around a bend in the winze. They were taking a short cut to the new level below.

The stope we had entered was a high one, that is, the miners had followed the vein up, drilling out the metallized rock and letting it drop away until they were now working in the dome of a great chamber at least 100 feet above the floor of the drift. The broken copper-rock had rolled down the inclined foot-wall of the lode like débris on a mountain-side, and at the bottom men were loading it into tram-cars, preparatory to pushing it away to the skip-shafts. The pounding of the drills, the sight of the miners with the flickering lights in their hats, invited us up the slope, a passage accomplished at the expense of several rock-slides which called up a protest from the trammers whose tracks became blocked with the disengaged fragments of stone.

"Hello, Cousin Jack!" said my companion, as we reached the little plateau on which stood the drills. The expert miners on the peninsula are mostly Cornishmen. Men greet one another as Cousin Jack; women as Cousin Jenny.

"'Ello!" replied a miner. "Oo's 'e got with 'e? John 'Odge?"

A miner near by, who was tinkering with a hole in the wall, growled out something at which they all laughed.

"Never mind, Jack," said my guide. "It isn't a bull-ring."

We watched them awhile and then climbed down the slope.

"Who is John Hodge?" I asked. My companion laughed.

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"A 'John Hodge' is a charge that will not explode."

"And a 'bull-ring'?"

"One that explodes in the drill-holes, but does not blow out the rock between them."

We followed the trammers who had started away with their cars full of rock. On the way we saw several timber-gangs erecting stanchions in the tunnels. I commented on the great amount of timber in the mine.

"Timbering," was the reply, "is one of the most expensive features of copper-mining. The Calumet & Hecla Company uses 30,000,000 feet a year. The Tamarack Mine also consumes a large quantity. In some mines, however, the rock is so hard as to require almost no timbering. The presence of the timber also makes it necessary to maintain an extensive fire-fighting equipment. All the big mines have their underground systems of fire protection. The various parts of the mines are bulkheaded with fire-doors which are closed on signal at the first alarm of fire, just as the bulkhead-doors on an ocean steamer are closed in the event of a collision. If necessary the mines could be flooded, but that would be ruinous to the equipment. The timber is fire-proofed with a solution of zinc chloride. There are miles and miles of water-pipes, hydrants on the levels, chemical engines waiting at strategic points, fire companies drilled into momentary readiness, and an electric signalling system to put all these into instant operation.

"In spite of such precaution mine-fires have caused great loss on the peninsula. The last big fire occurred in 1900. It was Sunday morning and the mine was practically deserted and the flames gained great headway before they were discovered. Water and chemicals were useless. The fire-doors were closed where possible and the mouths of the neighboring shafts were sealed. It took three weeks to smother the fire, but it was isolated in one compartment and the rest of the mine was operated as usual."

The picture of the miners working in one part of the mine while another was on fire suggested the question of the earth's internal heat. The air temperature of the drift was that of a summer day. I placed my hand against the wall. The rock was not exactly hot, but it was indeed warm. I knew that scientists have determined that the internal temperature of the earth rises on an average of one degree Fahr. for every sixty feet of depth. Professor Hallock, of Columbia College, found it so in a mile-deep artesian well near Pittsburg, and his finding has been corroborated in other deep wells in Europe and America. And there are spots where the rise is even greater than one in sixty. When the Savage Mine in the Comstock Lode was connected at the half-mile level with the Gould & Curry Mine, the temperature of the connecting gallery ranged from 137 degrees at one end to 145 degrees at the other. I commented upon these facts.

"Well, it is never very hot in these mines," replied my guide. "There are fans above that draw the dead air up certain shafts. Fresh cool air rushes down other shafts to take its place. The sump of the Red Jacket Shaft was 87.6 degrees Fahr. when it was opened up, but it cooled off as soon as it was ventilated."

Nevertheless it was a very curious sensation this of feeling the heat of the earth's hidden fires.

I have seen it stated since that Professor Agassiz, of Harvard College, once made a series of tests of the rock temperature in the Calmut & Hecla Mine. He placed a number of Negretti & Zambra recording thermometers in holes drilled ten feet into the rock at various depths and plugged with clay. These thermometers were read every three months. The thermometer buried at 4,580 feet recorded seventy-nine degrees Fahr., and the average rise was determined to be but ten degrees for every 223.7 feet.

At the rock-shafts we saw the trammers dumping their car-loads into the skips which came down from above and departed again with the speed and the roar of an express train. Every shaft had two tracks, and as one skip rushed up, a counterbalancing skip rushed down. The noise of their passage in the tunnels was wellnigh deafening. Once after a skip had gone below us and stopped I was amazed to see a half-grown boy suddenly slide down the still quivering cable and stop at our level. He produced a can from somewhere and hurriedly oiled the rollers which guided the cable. On his left hand was a leather "palm." The roller oiled, he placed this palm on the cable again, and straddling his feet between cable and track, slid down out of sight.

"He is a roller boy," explained the guide. "His business is to keep the shaft-rollers greased. He can work only while the skips are being loaded, so he saves time by sliding down the rope."

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"But suppose the skip should start while he is between levels below it."

"Well, if he could not jump aside, he would have to lie down between the ties and let it pass over him. The boys have done it."

Gradually we worked our way through this underground town, through its streets and by-ways, its avenues and crossways. Not all of the things we saw were startling. Many were novel merely because they were occurring so far from the surface of the earth.

"It's snowing again," remarked a pump-man, wiping the perspiration from his face. He was standing by a great bleating pump that received its electric impulse from above. He had received his information over the telephone. It was only a hackneyed comment on the weather, to be sure, but at that depth in the earth it sounded absolutely unique. The idea of talking of snow when the heat of the tropics almost was within hand's-reach.

On we walked, a mile I should say, and presently came to an abandoned incline-shaft, up the old ladder-ways of which we climbed to a level several hundred feet above. Here we saw some of the fire-fighting apparatus, a chemical extinguisher that stood convenient to hand with a sign that it was not to be touched except in case of need. Of course, we had meanwhile passed through several bulkhead-doors and once a miner gave me of water to drink which he said he had drawn from a hydrant. Often as we walked we would hear the reverberations of blasts in other levels and again we would be compelled to wait in the angles of drifts while the dynamite tore away the lode farther on. We felt the breath of the ventilating fans as they sucked up the fumes of the exploded powder. We saw and felt the sharp surface of the copper-rock where it was being exposed in the new drifts opened years ahead of the actual working capacity of the mine. Enough copper was in sight apparently to supply the needs of the world for generations to come. We even saw a streak of pure copper. It was very small and I thought very wonderful, but my companion viewed it with disgust.

"That chunk amounts to nothing," he said, "but in one mine they found a lump of it that weighed over six tons. What good was it? It could not be dug out. It would not blast. So they had actually to cut it out piecemeal with cold chisels. It cost them more than it was worth. No, we like the copper to be dispersed in small particles through the rock."

In the newly opened drifts where no mining would be done for years surveyors were measuring, gangs were timbering and laying pipes and cables, putting down tram-rails and generally making ready for the occupancy of the miners, just as builders and plumbers make new streets ready for the dwellers of surface cities.

And thus we kept it up, mile after mile on level after level. There is more or less water in these mines and it turns the powdered rock in the drifts into a tenacious mud that clings to the boots and makes walking very fatiguing. At the boundary line of the property we stopped perforce and waited at the entrance of a shaft for the noon hour when I might be taken up to the surface again. While we sat on an old powder-box I could not help again commenting upon this really unique experience of taking a stroll a mile under ground. My companion pointed through the wall and said:

"You may one day be able to walk around much nearer the earth's centre than this. In through that rock is another mine just as deep as this one, and beyond that another. And there is talk of sinking a shaft on the lands west of Tamarack, where the copper lies two miles deep. Such a shaft will cost at least $8,000,000, and the heat at the bottom will probably be so great that artificial refrigeration will be necessary to allow the miners to work in comfort.

"After all," he continued, as the rumble of the approaching man-car resounded down the shaft, "after all, the copper miner is a fairly lucky person. He is shielded from all variation of weather. His job is so sure that it is usually handed down from father to son. All the employees, of this mine at least, live in comfortable houses rented to them for a sum just sufficient to pay cost of maintenance and a profit of six per cent. They do not work on Sunday. They have a free hospital not surpassed in equipment by any metropolitan institution, and they have a death and disability fund managed by themselves, that has disbursed over $66,000 in one year and now amounts in value to $150,000. Of course, it is the result of the company's open-handed policy, but in view of the fact that there are thirty nationalities to contend with, it cannot be called unsuccessful."

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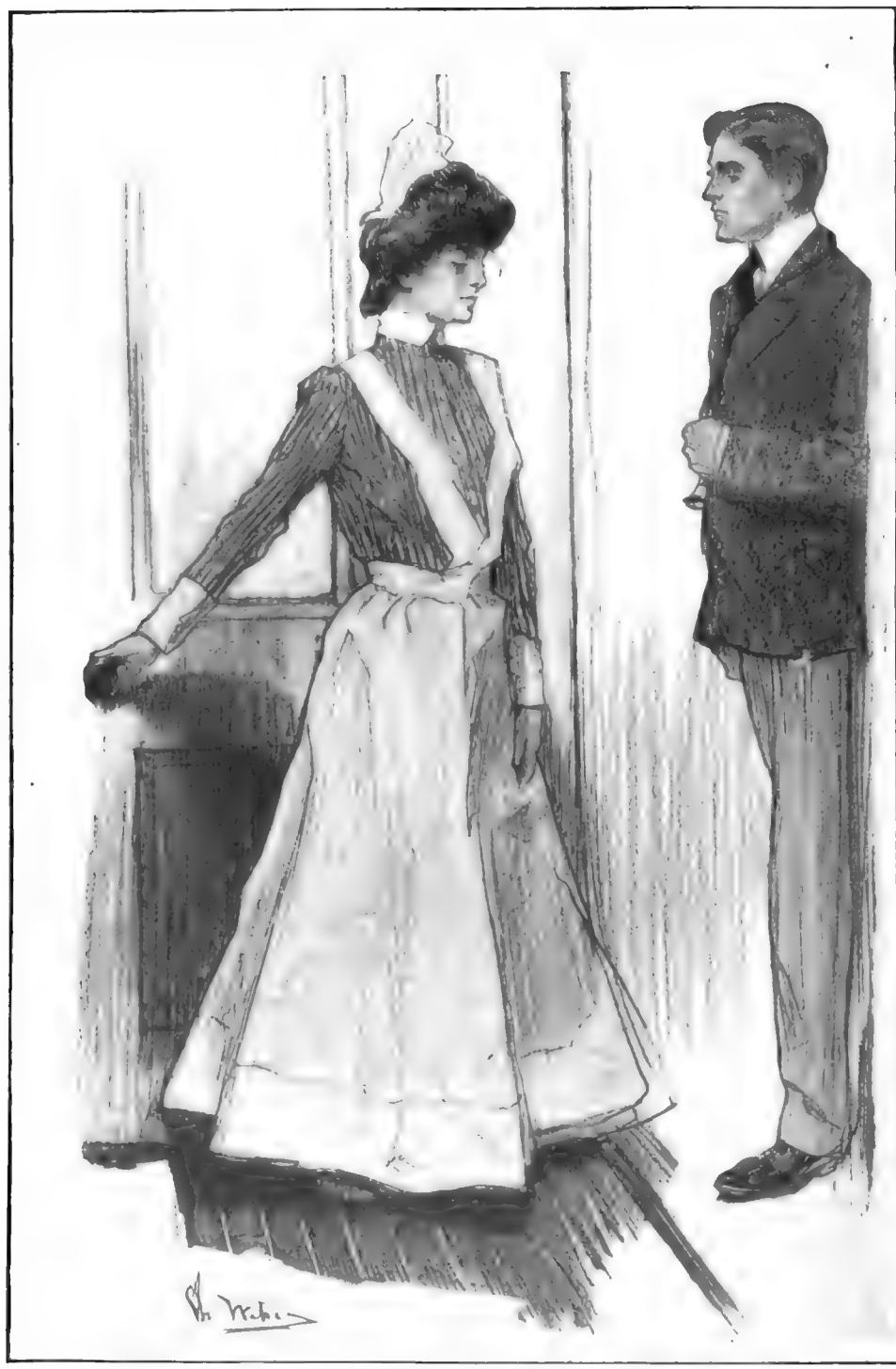

TO HOLD OPEN THE DOOR FOR ANY HALF-BAKED WHIPPER-SNAPPER.

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In the City General

By MARY MOSS

Illustrated by Charlotte Weber

BY the time that Fanny Glenn had weathered six months at the City General, the sum of her recently acquired information caused surprise even to herself. She knew, for instance, that the noble and poetical calling of nurse may contain a good deal of —detail. Such detail, in fact, as she only gathered strength to endure, from dreading even more the silent wake of contempt left by certain faint-hearted probationers, whose finer sensibilities promptly restored them cowed and unnerved to their sympathizing families.

She had learnt many appalling vagaries of the human body; the relation of life to health had been thrust upon her in its most disillusioning form. Concerning these revelations she preserved unbroken reticence. Many a night found her in bed palpitating from the sight of unalleviable suffering, broken with fatigue, outraged at the business-like indifference of doctors and nurses. The latter point occasionally found expression in her correspondence.

She knew what it meant to fight off sleep in the endless gray hours before dawn, alone in a dim ward of irresponsible spectres. She knew how it felt, single-handed, to quell one of these spectres in the throes of sudden delirium, or helplessly to watch death steal over a wan, gaunt face. And added to this physical and emotional stress was the shock of becoming the least of disregarded atoms in a huge community which expected a pretty girl to hold open the door for any half-baked whipper-snapper of a first-year medical student, and walk meekly out behind him. She had also noticed that while excellence would be taken for granted, every slip met with instant and public reproof.

By the end of a twelvemonth, however, she had achieved the comfortable state of—knowing it all, and regarded her two remaining years of service as a tuition fee due the hospital for an already finished training. Not that she grudged payment, far from it! The *esprit de corps*, the impetus of an absorbing world had caught her into its swing. Except for a rare night off at the play or a shopping expedition down town, she seldom cared to leave the hospital, where she now possessed both a best friend and a special bugbear among the doctors, also a favorite head nurse. She likewise acquired several admirers and grew to regard mild snatches of flirtation as a possible and welcome condiment to unappetizing night lunches, or tedious linen-room duty.

From a three months' shift on the men's pay-ward she emerged with a yet wider experience. To this her letters home never alluded, but a noticing person might have read between the lines a new note of flippant cynicism.

Having a brain, Fanny now awoke to the fascination of science. Intricate and troublesome fever-charts gratified her sense of nicety, a flawlessly tidy ward gave her keen satisfaction, while a messy patient seemed a crime against the laws of nature. She put by neatly docketed opinions of everyone within her narrowing horizon. Miss Rutherford, the Superintendent—martinet pure and simple. Good, no doubt, at organization, coldly just (when not misinformed), a born slave-driver, sparing neither nurses nor patients, but entirely immersed in one devouring monster, the Hospital.

Heads of wards, being less remote, were more closely analyzed. Miss Jones—hateful, but drilled and taught you well. Miss Brown—pleasant, but everlastingly slack and stupid. Miss Smith—curried favor with doctors and meanly sacrificed her pupils. Miss Elfreth—a saint on earth, but quite inaccessible to human weakness or temptation, nobly beautiful to look upon in her uncreased, ever-spotless white linens, with clear blue eyes incapable of resting on the rivalries and jealousies buzzing about her head. A lofty example, yet hardly inspiring, since

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her impersonal aloofness soared far beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. Fanny marvelled that such honest eyes should never discern Dr. Black's besetting sin of greed, Dr. White's exasperating fashion of contradicting his own orders, or revolt against Dr. Jack McGrath's intolerable, selfish worldliness. It was current among pupil-nurses that this tall, sardonically humorous Westerner, with his beak nose and onyx eyes, would operate for the sake of experiment and for that alone, showing no more compunction than if the luckless patient were already a senseless cadaver.

Ugly tales from the operating-room gained credence, as the surgeon's manner at best was of an unconciliating brevity, while his merciless sarcasm fairly pursued anyone less swift and dexterous than himself.

As chance would have it, Fanny's shift as surgical assistant neither confirmed nor contradicted these rumors, but her irritation grew chronic and acute over his purely scientific attitude toward patients, and savage rebukes for trifling shortcomings in nurses. Of course he did not scold Miss Elfreth; no one alive could find a blemish in her professional skill and unfailing perception, but the younger girl, with whom meekness was entirely an acquired virtue, smarted under sharp and frequent thrusts, in his cool, slightly nasal voice.

The morning hours were over; having left the whole amphitheatre and its equipment sparkling as a jeweller's show-case, Fanny felt at leisure to prepare for her afternoon out. She had slipped off a uniform and stood wondering if the outer air blew hot or cold, when a hurry summons sent her flying through a labyrinth of corridors, up a stair, through a winding passage, through jealously guarded doors into a separate wing, the Isolating Ward. In a small operating-room, Miss Elfreth was already making hasty preparations. Dr. McGrath, an assistant surgeon, a stolid orderly, all busied themselves, ghostly in their white masks and coverings, like a new order of cowled friars. Instruments were being set out in plate-glass trays of boiling solution —tubes, dilators, tenacula. A steam spray of acrid, antiseptic drug filled the room with dog-day sultriness.

The assistant, a young man and very knowing, threw out an occasional question as he washed and washed his hands, mechanically working the foot-pump.

In the rush of preparation, Fanny gathered that it was a tracheotomy, a child newly brought in for hip-disease and suddenly developing virulent diphtheria, a ravaging attack resisting all efforts at control.

"Not a very favorable prognosis," grunted the assistant, as they stretched a little unconscious figure on the glistening operating-table.

"Pretty far gone—he can hardly hold out another ten minutes." With unhurried precision McGrath adjusted a support under the patient's neck; he might have been reckoning how long a lamp would burn.

"Pretty badly mixed up anyhow," the assistant's tone rang kinder than his words, as he looked appraisingly at the wasted, rachitic body. "Seems playing it rather low to pull him through."

"Not much of a kid!" McGrath had chosen his scalpel with a lack of haste that told on Fanny's nerves, but all in a flash he was at work, swift, unruffled, without one superfluous movement of deft, relentless hands. Absorbedly, Fanny watched his brilliant certainty. But, oh! for a little kindness! To let this pitiful creature die would be so easy, so merciful. . . . Not much of a kid! Indeed, he told the truth, though harshly. They had dozens of these in the big Children's Ward, hopelessly doomed to incompetence and misery. Why not let this one go? For it the pains of death were already over. In Fanny's private opinion McGrath stood guilty of being more anxious to present a showy average of results than to lessen the sum of human suffering in the world.

Miss Elfreth was passing instruments to the operator, dropping used ones into trays which her pupil kept clean and ready for service. Only a monosyllable, the faint click of steel against glass, puffs from the vaporizer. . . . A gush of air from the opened trachea, the membrane was found, respiratory passages freed, hemorrhage controlled. Already breathing became more easy. A silver tube, an inner tube were fitted into the cleansed incision.

"Beautiful case—typical." McGrath was doing something with a long feather. "Pity the class miss it——"

"Will he pull through?" the young doctor asked.

McGrath was delicately manipulating the tube. "Not much chance. Nothing to go on. . . . Hullo! Wet towel, quick, Miss Elfreth."

There came a queer contraction of the chest. They were slapping the child, rotating its thin arms. So release was to come after all.

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"AND MY BEST HEAD NURSE HOLDING HANDS WITH A DOCTOR."

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McGrath watched intently. "It's all very easy to say forceps or brush answer as well"—he was unfastening his mask—"but sometimes when the tube clogs, we just have to do what they did in the dark ages, thirty years ago——"

MISS ELFRETH . . . QUITE INACCESSIBLE TO HUMAN WEAKNESS.

"Let me, doctor, I'm ready." Forgetful of routine or etiquette, Miss Elfreth pushed between doctor and patient.

"Keep your place, nurse—hold this!" McGrath stopped her brutally, roughly thrusting into her hands a discarded instrument. Unresentful of his rudeness, Margaret Elfreth obeyed with phlegmatic quiet. Then before Fanny quite grasped his intention he put unflinching lips to the tube and slowly, thoroughly sucked—one mouthful, then another—of the death-dealing membrane.

"All right now," McGrath presently announced, after bending for a few moments over a basin. "He will drop asleep before you can get him into bed. All right for today, at least."

Shedding stained aprons, the surgeons withdrew for further purification; a ward nurse and an orderly bore away the child, relaxed and peaceful. Other orderlies with mops swept up soiled linen, dressings, sponges. The two nurses set to cleaning instruments.

All at once, to her infinite disgust, Fanny Glenn found herself a tumbled heap on the white-tiled floor. Worse than that, she was crying as if her heart would break.

Leaving her task, Margaret Elfreth came over and gently stroked the girl's heaving shoulders. "Never mind, dear, never mind!"

"I'm so sorry, so sorry," Fanny sobbed, in a passion of remorse. "I never dreamt he would do such a thing. But is it worth while? I know there are preventive doses, but after all, he took that horror in his mouth, lots of it! Oh, Miss Elfreth, can it be worth the risk, for that forlorn misery of a child?"

After a pause Margaret Elfreth's voice came, level, steadied by will, as if she too might not be far from tears. "Yes, dear. Worth while and more, if it means a good life against the poorest. . . ."

Fanny shook her bowed head.

" . . . Courage is always worth while, and sacrifice!" Margaret's tone quivered with feeling insurgent. "Those things are happening every day, and they should. What else does this whole place mean unless it stands for the everlasting sanctity of human life and suffering? We, who are too near, sometimes can see only ugly fragments, our wider vision is blinded. We come to dwell on detail, to think of patients as a unit, a field for study. And then, in an illumining moment, we see the man who's vowed to care for human life remembering only his pledge, not balancing. . . ." She hesitated, then added with perfect comprehension: "If nothing else, hasn't the sight of this made the world a different place—to you?"

"Wasn't that a nuisance?" McGrath's cool, slightly nasal voice sounded from the passage. "Some day I'm going to invent the tube that never clogs." He strolled toward Margaret Elfreth. "Hullo!" His eyes fell upon the pupil-nurse.

With no attempt to hide her swollen features, Fanny looked up.

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There he stood, thin, penetrating, worldly, neither hero nor martyr.

"Too much for you, Miss—Miss—?" He did not even know her name, and she had felt herself singled out for special despite.

"Not quite that." Margaret Elfreth's smile was hard to read. "Miss Glenn thinks you risked more than—than—" Suddenly Miss Elfreth grew very white about the lips, put out her hand for support, closed nerveless fingers on empty air. As her slim, erect body wavered, McGrath caught her quickly around the waist.

Fanny only half heard a murmur that sounded strangely like—"Dear Jack, how could you?"

He stood a moment, supporting her. "Rather nasty to mention before such delicate ladies," he said; "but the whole thing made me very thoroughly and prophylactically sick, asking your pardon. So any shred of inconvenience there might have been——"

Would miracles never cease! Recovering her balance, Margaret Elfreth looked into his shining eyes. Then, blushing, she kissed him.

"Don't tell our secret, will you, Miss Glenn?" McGrath preserved his humorous, unhurried utterance. "It's terrible for the head of a ward to lie at the mercy of one pupil-nurse, and if the whole batch knew—really, Margaret"—for a brief second, on her name, his tone softened, but he went on with a mischievous laugh—"your behavior is scandalously unprofessional." Emotion with him, like sentiment of his craft, was quite bereft of words.

"I beg your pardon for being so silly," Margaret interrupted, with an effort to strike his key. "Of course it's all in the day's work. I'm glad you did it." Her stifled exaltation would out, in radiant blue eyes, and proudly carried head. "And I'm thankful that in this whole hospital there's not a student but knows that the same and more is looked for, any hour, from you."

"And my reason for begging this lady to marry me, the only one, mind you, Miss Glenn"—still holding Margaret's hand, he smiled down quizzically at Fanny—"is that you nurses are guaranteed to take a common-sense view of small emergencies. And now, Miss Elfreth, here's your smartest scholar in hysterics on the floor, and you fainting all over the place—not an instrument on to boil—

"And my best head nurse holding hands with a doctor." Could that benevolent spectator in the doorway really be Miss Rutherford?

"And the cross Superintendent conniving," joked McGrath, with a quick flush of unused color, "instead of bouncing the crowd!"

Tremulous but game, Fanny scrambled to her feet, adding a word—"And one critical little beast of a greenhorn just vaguely beginning to see an inch farther than her nose."

"What puzzled you, child?" Miss Rutherford asked in a voice of human kindness.

"I can't quite explain." Fanny's lips were still uncertain. "At first the whole place scared me. Then I decided, since it seemed hard and cruel, the way must be to make myself hard too. But that pair"—she pointed a teasing finger, though her eyes were brimming—"they've given me a glimpse of what I've yet to learn, of what under the surface it really ought to mean—living and working here—in the City General!"

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The Unemployed Rich: Their Children

By MARY MANNERS

Illustrated by J. A. Williams

WHATEVER they may say about the decrease of the American family, my niece, Mrs. Alfred Silverton, has amply done her duty by her husband and the State. She has six children—three boys and three girls—each with its reasonable complement of looks and senses, and all admirably brought up. "I cannot endure spoilt children," she has always declared.

"Dear little things," I invariably reply, "they are only young once. I can make allowances for them in *any* circumstances," and I usually finish the sentence with a sigh for the days when my own son and all my nieces and nephews were of an age to be played with and petted.

What games we used to have!—which I enjoyed quite as much as they. What Robinson Crusoe islands in the woods! What barricaded forts—defended by all Cooper's heroes and heroines, and besieged by ferocious imaginary Indians—used to be constructed in my room on a rainy day! How we waded in the brooks, and picnicked in the fields when they came to stay with me in the country, and what a treat of treats it was when I took the whole band to see Fox play "Humpty Dumpty" on returning to town for the winter! I am always at my best with children, and, though I am now a fat old woman, instead of a slim young one, I fancy I could be companionable to them still. I have no grandchildren, and I feel that my heart would go out to my great-nephews and nieces—as it did to their fathers and mothers—if only I could be thrown with them. But the birds I knew have built their nests in many strange corners of the world, and Ethel Silverton's well-assorted brood is the only one within easy travelling distance of a somewhat elderly relative. Even with them this has only been the case for so comparatively short a time that I am but now on the point of paying them my first visit. Of course I have seen the children (to say nothing of their photographs at various ages and stages of picturesque undress) from time to time, but to be really living in the house with them is a pleasure which has not yet been mine.

"We hope you will stay at least a week with us," wrote Ethel, and I, smiling as I remembered the months she clamored to spend with me when she was a child, ordered down a smaller trunk than I had intended, and proceeded to pack it with such unimportant changes of black and white apparel as an aged incubus might need for a se'n-night.

Accustomed as I had been in the old days to a vigorous onslaught of welcome from many shrill tongues and eager pairs of arms, the discreet silence of the white hall and green-carpeted staircase, which, declining the suggestion of the "lift" (thank heaven, I have still the use of my legs!), I ascended in the wake of a straight-backed young footman, struck me with dismay. Perhaps I was not expected. I had signified the hour of my arrival, but I have always distrusted the post-office—as I do most public institutions—and I felt it was only too probable that the letter had not been received. It was therefore a relief when the footman opened a door at the head of the stairs, announced "Mrs. Wilberforce," as if he had known me all his life, and retired, leaving me with Ethel, who rose from the tea-table and greeted me very warmly. There was nobody else in the room.

"Where are the children?" I inquired, as I seated myself very upright in a stiff arm-chair, untied my bonnet-strings, and rested the cup she had just given me and the hand that held it on the easy, outward curve of my waist. "Surely I am to see them soon."

"They will come down presently for a few minutes," said their mother, pleasantly. "I do not like them to be too much in the drawing-room. It is not good for them and it bores older people; don't you think so?"

I fixed her with a Gorgon eye for an in-

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HE CONFIDED TO ME HIS ENVY OF A LITTLE BOY HE MET EVERY DAY ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL.

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stant, wondering if she could really have forgotten how she and her cousins ran riot from one end to the other of their parents' houses, but she sat unmoved.

"I suppose I may go to the nursery to see them, or have them in my own room?" I observed, sipping my tea, and glaring in an imposing sort of way.

"Oh, of course," she answered, looking up brightly and speaking with careless amiability. "Only don't let them be a nuisance to you, will you?"

I snorted majestically. "If I had looked upon young people as a nuisance," I said, "I think your childhood would have been considerably duller, my dear."

"Indeed it would!" exclaimed she, getting up to give my shoulder a remorseful pat. "You were wonderfully good to us. I remember how you used to play with us by the hour—the most delightful plays! But of course we imposed upon you dreadfully. You must not let my chicks be so troublesome. They've been brought up to amuse themselves."

"I came here *principally* to make the acquaintance of your children," I declared, with some emphasis, "and I do hope you are not going to keep us apart. I want to see just as much of them as possible."

"So you shall, dear Aunt Barbara," and she ran across the room with a great rustling of petticoats and swishing of her rose silk tea-gown train. "You shall see them directly," and she pressed the electric bell which lay on the table near her chair. "That is, all that are at home. The two big boys are not yet back from school, you know."

"Cuthbert and Clarence," said I. "Yes, let me see, they are twelve! It was so odd your having twins! There were none in our family! And Ethelberta is ten, and Mariette nine, and Duncan seven, and the baby four."

"I couldn't have counted them better myself," she answered, laughing, "and I'm quite sure you've got all their birthdays put down in a book somewhere, as you used to keep ours. Tell Mademoiselle that I should like the young ladies and Master Duncan to come down now, and ask Mrs. Mason to bring the baby, if her cold is better." (This to the footman.) "The doctor ordered her kept in her room yesterday," she added, turning to me. "I'm always so worried when there is anything the matter with them. But I think she's all right to-day."

"Haven't you seen her?" I inquired, with asperity.

"Yes, of course, but I don't know much about illness. Mason can tell much better than I how she is. The doctor gives her all his directions. He comes about once a week, but I never see him unless I have to."

I was about to express my profound disapproval of this unmotherly modern way of shifting responsibility to the shoulders of hirelings, no matter how well trained, when the door opened and a flock of golden-haired fairies floated in. With an exclamation of affectionate admiration, I set down my cup and opened my arms.

The two elder girls each saluted me with a little courtesy as they took my hand, the boy kissed it, and the baby fixed me with solemn, alarmed eyes, and, at a respectful distance, bobbed up and down in absurd imitation of her sisters' graceful genuflections. Their manners were perfect, but, with the foolish fondness of the old, I had looked for something more than good manners.

"I am Aunt Barbara, my dears," I said, wistfully. "Your mother used to be very fond of me when she was a little girl, and I hope you mean to be, too. Has she never told you about me?"

At this Mariette looked troubled, but Ethelberta, who evidently prided herself upon her tact (a quality I abhor), answered: "Oh, I'm sure she has; but you see it's so long since mamma was a little girl that she may have forgotten what you were called."

"Besides," added the truthful Mariette, "mamma won't tell us about what she did when she was young because she says she was very badly brought up, and she doesn't want us to be like her."

I darted an indignant glance at my niece, who sat before me unabashed, the baby at her knee, and the boy leaning against the arm of her chair.

"Your mother was the dearest little girl in the world," I cried. "I only hope she may have done *half* as well with *your* bringing up as *her* mother did with *hers*," and I blew my nose tempestuously in violent protestation.

"I certainly shouldn't permit them to run as wild as I did," said Ethel, decidedly. "Don't be angry, dear Aunt Barbara. Other times, other manners, you know. Duncan, give that lady this cushion to put behind her" ("Thank you, I *never* lean back," I interpolated, haughtily), "and fetch her a footstool."

"I hate a carpet knight," I declared, strok-

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ing the small boy's yellow curls with irrepressible tenderness as he bent in front of me, and thinking how my own gloriously untamed colt would, long before this, have trampled a visitor's feet to jelly in the days of his hot youth.

"A carpet knight! What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Mariette.

"You'll meet plenty of them as you grow older," I said, drawing her somewhat reluctant little figure toward my lost lap. "The rough-and-ready system made finer men and women, Ethel."

"But surely less agreeable companions in the making," she rejoined. "Mariette, give me your aunt's cup. You'll have some more tea, won't you?"

Mariette promptly withdrew herself from my encircling arm, but the polite Ethelberta had forestalled her. As she came back to offer me a plate of thin bread and butter, I detained her in her turn.

"You must be very fond of your little sister," I began, just by way of opening the conversation. "Do you take good care of her? Do you teach her pretty tricks?"

"Do you mean Betty?" she asked, indicating the grave-eyed baby, who now sat placidly on the floor beside her brother, looking at a picture-book. "Oh, no! Mason, her nurse, takes care of her, and she's not allowed to learn things yet, you know; she's too little." She was civil, but her looks spoke contempt.

"But doesn't she say particular sentences and repeat little verses for you?"

"I never let the babies show off," put in her mother, gently. "They so soon learn to be pert and forward if they are allowed to attract general attention. You had better go to your supper, children. It is after six o'clock and Mademoiselle will be waiting. You can tell some one to come for Betty."

The golden-haired band at once departed as it came. The courtesies were made, my hand was again saluted by Duncan, who, except for his first "How do you do?" had spoken no word—that reached my ears, at least—since his entrance, and the door shut.

"ARE YOUR LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER BEING BROUGHT UP IN THE SAME WAY?" I GASPED.

"Is it considered a breach of etiquette in these days for children to kiss their relatives?" I demanded, drawing myself up to my full height as I rose.

"Well, I think indiscriminate kissing is a very bad thing, don't you? In old times everybody who saw a child felt it *had* to be kissed, and it was a great bore to the person and not at all good for the child. I assure you my first trained nurse never let me kiss

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the twins—so I've made rather a point of it with the others, too." But as she spoke she did kiss the fat neck of her baby, who was just being conveyed away by Mason, adding, "It's hard to resist such a nice place as this, though. Try it yourself, Aunt Barbara."

Somewhat mollified, I complied, to the extreme dismay of Betty, who was, however, too well trained to object, and made her little reverence, and waved her hand at the bidding of her nurse, in the most docile way, never taking her round eyes from my face.

"We don't dine till eight," said Ethel, seeing that I was gathering together my mantle, gloves, purse, and the small parasol without which I never travel, summer or winter. "Would you rather go to your room than sit here?"

"I think I should," I replied, stepping with my usual calm dignity toward the door. "And if it's not against any rules I should like to see Ethelberta and Mariette and Duncan again later."

"Duncan goes to bed at half-past seven, but I'll send the girls to your room for a few minutes before dinner," she promised, graciously.

I was pounding happily and heel-lessly about my room putting my things to rights when they arrived, Ethelberta curious, and Mariette more complacent than I had seen her downstairs.

"Did you unpack your trunk?" she demanded, with apparent surprise, seeing me put back the empty tray. "I didn't know ladies ever waited upon themselves. Mamma's friends never do."

"Why didn't you let the housemaid do it?" asked Ethelberta, in the tone of the careful hostess. "It was very tiresome for you, I'm afraid. And don't you want her to help you dress?"

"I prefer to do things for myself," said I, trying to inculcate Spartan principles. "I like to be independent. Do you mean to say you don't dress yourselves?"

"Never," said Ethelberta. "Why should we? We have our own maid."

Looking at the beautiful, crisp, elaborate simplicity of their white frocks, I did not wonder that their wardrobes required especial care.

"We went to stay with a little cousin once, though," cried Mariette, "who had only the baby's nurse to help her dress. It was so uncomfortable."

"And they had no men-servants," chimed in her sister, "only a waitress. I told mamma I should never go there again. I thought it was horrid."

"And I think it's horrid for you to notice such things," I exclaimed, indignantly. "What did your mother say?"

"Oh, I forget now," answered Ethelberta, easily. "Something about their not being well off, and having to live simply. It must be *dreadful* to be poor, I think. I'm glad we aren't, and I mean to marry a rich man and have town houses, and country houses, and an opera box, and a steam yacht—papa hasn't a steam yacht—and the most beautiful diamonds and pearls in the world. I'd like to be a duchess, like Gwendoline Vanderhoff's cousin, but I know we never could afford that. It wouldn't be fair to the others, anyhow. Aunt Barbara, do you think I'll be pretty when I grow up?"

I stopped adjusting my white cap and the black lace mantilla I wear over it, and directed a wrathful, reflected look at her as I stood before the glass; then, remembering that I in my early youth had suffered from the mistaken impression that I was plain because nobody had ever taken the trouble to praise me, I was about to answer her with judicious kindness, when she continued:

"Because, you see, the other day when we were walking with Mabel Giltmore I heard her governess say to Mademoiselle that if I were as handsome when I grew up as I am now, she supposed I'd make a great match. So you see I shouldn't like to go off in my looks. Mariette doesn't care a bit about that. She wants to keep a racing stable—not in her own name, you know—and never marry."

Mariette, who had evidently begun already to labor under the disadvantages of being younger sister to a beauty, signified that her humble desires lay in the direction indicated by Ethelberta.

"I am very fond of horses," she said. "Papa lets me name all the new ones. And I've taken a prize for riding. We always go to the Horse Show at Newport, and once we went to some races, and I thought I'd like to own quantities of horses——"

"If I don't marry a millionaire I shall go on the stage and be a great actress and singer, like Madame Eames," interrupted her sister, directing the conversation to a subject more interesting to herself. "I think she's perfectly splendid in *Aïda*, don't you, Aunt Barbara?"

Alas for the days of pantomime!

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"Do you go much to the opera?" I asked.

"Every Saturday, except when mamma takes us out of town to spend Sunday," returned Ethelberta, carelessly. "Then we give away the box."

Mariette wriggled. "I don't quite understand," she said. "We've had French prayers with Mademoiselle. It makes me uncomfortable to talk about it."

"She thinks religion is just for church," explained Ethelberta, "in the way lessons are for the schoolroom. It makes her creepy."

BOWING RIGHT AND LEFT TO IMAGINARY FRIENDS IN THE PARK.

"What funny dresses you wear," suddenly observed Mariette, "all high in the neck, like day-time frocks, and the sleeves so tight!"

"Perhaps Aunt Barbara feels the cold," put in the tactful one, hastily.

I'm ashamed to say that I felt unreasonably irritated and exceedingly warm.

"I should think *you'd* be cold in those thin dresses," I remarked, dryly.

"Oh, we *never* feel the cold," returned Ethelberta, with a manner that suggested a certain vulgarity in those who suffer from changes of temperature; while Mariette added, "Ethelberta won't even wear a flannel petticoat because she's afraid it spoils her figure."

"O Lord! O Lord!" I ejaculated to myself, in a fury.

"What did you say?" inquired Mariette. "It sounded like the responses in church. I like to go to church. The music gives me delicious squiggles in my stomach. I can sing hymns louder than anybody."

"Come," thought I, "this is encouraging!" and I continued, aloud, "I loved hymns, too, when I was a little girl. Do you know a great many? Would you like to say your evening hymn to me to-night?"

"But doesn't your mother—" I began, in consternation.

"Mamma doesn't know just what she believes herself," said the frank Mariette, confidentially. "I heard her say so to a lady one day when I was driving with her, and so *she* can't teach us. I don't think *anybody really* knows about those things, do you?"

"Are your little brother and sister being brought up in the same way?" I gasped, sinking heavily into a chair.

"Oh, Mason attends to them," cried Ethelberta, soothingly. "She hears Duncan say his prayers every night. But she has to be very careful because he's nervous, and he stayed awake until eleven o'clock once, because he thought there was a guardian angel hidden under the bed, and he was afraid it would bite him. Wasn't it silly?"

"Good-night, my dears," I said, faintly. "I think it must be dinner-time."

They immediately made their little courtesies, said good-night, and left the room. Perfectly obedient, outwardly civil, quick to take a hint, cared for, body and mind, by trained attendants, yet imbibing, as it were, in the very air they breathed, the faults and frivoli-

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ties, the false views and unworthy tendencies of the age.

But I would suspend judgment. I had always had an idea that a good, hot-blooded, romping play brought the best and worst of child nature to the surface. These poor little things looked to me as if they had never played. I resolved to wait until Cuthbert and Clarence came home for the Christmas holidays, get them all together at the earliest opportunity, and institute one of my old-time games. For once these little men and women should know what it means to be young!

The opportunity was not far to seek. A few days after the twins returned, beaming and blooming, but less boisterous, I thought, than becomes the youthful male, their mother went with a friend to one of those mighty concerts which begin almost before one has finished one's lunch and last until one is faint for one's lost cup of tea. It was a rainy afternoon and I tendered a solemn invitation to all my great-nephews and nieces to congregate in my room for purposes of amusement. The nurse was even cajoled into lending me the baby, whose fear of me was gradually wearing off.

I like to see the development of imagination in children, so I promised myself to leave the first suggestion of a play to them.

Duncan arrived first, brushed and attired as if for a party, though he assured me it was his "every-afternoon suit." I entered into conversation with him, endeavoring to elicit facts in regard to his character. He appeared to have some independence, for he confided to me his envy of a little boy whom he met every day on his way to school, kicking out the toes of his shoes in glorious freedom, while he, Duncan, was obliged to walk hand and hand with his nurse. He intended, he said, to ask his mother to let the footman accompany him in future, and he meant to stop and tell that little boy that *he* had a pony, which would, of course, put the boot of envy on the other leg.

At this interesting point the others joined us.

Cuthbert and Clarence wished to be rival automobilists, racing—in the two largest armchairs the room afforded—from New York to Buffalo. Failing that, they would personate Mr. Iselin and Sir Thomas Lipton contending for the Cup, the only difficulty being that both patriotically desired to represent the American side. They said they had already bet all their winter allowance on the event that was to take place in the spring, one Dumford minor, whose mother lived more than half the year in England, having ventured to assert that Lipton would win this time as "a dead sure thing."

Ethelberta wanted to borrow a long train and be a lady presented at court.

Mariette cared only to play "circus rider" on the springs of my sofa.

The baby sat on the rug before the fire, with a doll's parasol over her head, bowing right and left to imaginary friends in the Park.

"But couldn't we find a game that would include us all?" I asked, and, reaching out after old memories, I introduced them to "The Last of the Mohegans"—the noble Uncas, the fair-haired, fainting Alice, the brave, black-browed Edith, and the devoted gentlemen who attended those damsels through the numerous perils they encountered.

My audience appeared bewildered and unappreciative. Though they listened politely, their imaginations were unmoved.

In despair I suggested "Desert Island," a game that had never failed to thrill the past generation. This they acquiesced in, howbeit without enthusiasm. A tent of towel-racks and shawls was erected in the middle of my large bed (a cliff or promontory whence a beacon could easily be fired in case of the approach of a sail) and in this crouched my eldest and youngest great-nieces, still weak from shipwreck. Mariette, with a rifle-umbrella, insisted upon accompanying the men (Duncan, late captain of the vessel, and myself) in search of food. Cuthbert and Clarence, savagely denuded of outer garments, and decked in feather boas and camel's-hair shawls, their faces smeared with black and yellow paint borrowed from the wondering Mademoiselle, made vigorous Indian attacks, which were repulsed with equal spirit.

I think it was in the midst of one of these (which I must say I was enjoying heartily) that the tent collapsed and the towel-rack fell on Betty's head, raising a sad lump and causing her to cry so pitifully that her nurse had to be summoned to carry her away for consolation. Cuthbert, too, had a black eye from an encounter at close quarters with Mariette's rifle. Ethelberta's frock was torn to ribbons, and Duncan, hoarse with shouting and excitement, had just been captured and dragged howling away across the floor by one leg by that triumphant Chief, Clarence;

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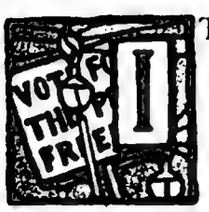
the window was open, by reason of our healthful exercise, and the fire was smoking until all our eyes watered, when suddenly the door unclosed and Ethel appeared on the threshold.

I have never been asked to repeat my visit to my niece, but although I regret Betty's bumps, Duncan's wakeful, savage-attacked night, the little girls' torn frocks and bruised bodies, and the violent colds taken by the twins, I am glad, and I shall always be glad, and take credit to myself to the last day I live, that, for one brief afternoon, those well-brought-up young people forgot themselves and their surroundings, and played as old-fashioned children used to play.

The Campaign Spellbinder

Stories of the Men Who Furnish the Mental Fireworks

By LINDSAY DENISON



IT would be easy enough to make a lazy generalization and say that all political campaign speakers are alike; that they are all as self-conscious as play-actors; that they all speak too long, and that they have less to do with the final action of the electorate at the polls than any other factor in our periodic political convulsions.

But there comes into the memory an experience of one summer eight years ago. My good friend, Captain J. Tilt Fox, took me out to the mud-bank behind the Beach Haven Yacht Club and pointed to Captain Brown, who, with his back toward us, was sitting on his heels, calking the bottom of a dory. Captain Brown, so Captain Tilt explained, was something of a reporter himself, inasmuch as he was retained to send news to the Merritt-Chapman wrecking people in New York whenever a ship was wrecked.

"Captain Brown!" he called, as we walked up behind the worker. Captain Brown grunted. He did not turn his head. "Got a man here," continued Captain Tilt; "I want to introduce him to you. He's in the same business with you."

"What business 's that?" inquired Captain Brown, not resting from the steady tap-tap-tap of his hammer.

"Newspaper reporter from New York," explained Captain Tilt, with an accent of pride which was not unpleasant to the ear.

"Reporter, hey, from New York?" repeated Captain Brown, without looking up from his job. "There ain't nothin' new for me in that, Captain Fox. I seen four of 'em once, all together. They was down here to the wreck of the water-melon schooner that come in off the hotel. They was all alike: all young, all dressed too good for that time o' year, and all asked more questions than a seven-year-old boy. I know all about 'em."

I forgave Captain Brown, for reasons that are not of interest here, in the next ten minutes. But I hope I may never forget him.

There is nothing more natural than that a public speaker should have self-consciousness and that to self-consciousness should be added some measure of vanity. The actor is constantly posing, and working upon the emotions of hundreds of strangers, who pay an admission fee to see him and who, for the moment, are very little interested in anyone else. It is not strange that he comes unconsciously to feel that he is more important in the public eye than most folks—he struts a little and demands more consideration when he speaks than the average man gets. But consider the campaign speaker—how much greater is the excuse for him. He speaks to

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thousands where the actor speaks to hundreds. He is no hireling—or, if he is a hireling sometimes, at least his audience does not know it—and he is a patriot. He is helping to save his country. (Do not laugh; ask him; he will not deny it.) He holds the platform because, in a competition of many speakers, he has been esteemed more worthy than any of the rest. Crowds shout aloud when he is led before them; brass bands go before him on the street, cheers and hand-clapping make breathing-spaces for him. Moreover, his seasons are far apart and are brief. He must make the most of them while he may. To his credit be it said that, out of the vote-hunting season, one often finds the public speaker pursuing his profession and his home life in a most modest and self-forgetful attitude of mind.

It is not quite true that the campaign speaker has no influence on the result of the election. Campaigns cost a lot of money and if they could be cheapened by dispensing with public meetings and speech-making, the work of the party-generals would be much simplified. It is probably true that very, very few members of one party are made into members of the opposite party by the force of the arguments of the campaign orators. Really, the object of campaign speaking is not the making of converts. Political oratory is a tonic for those weak in the faith; it is a bugle-call summoning sleepers to battle; it tends to make the enemy feel foolish, or afraid, or uncertain.

The one thing a successful party-manager must accomplish, in the words of the late Senator Hanna, is "to get up a holler." Brass bands help. Fireworks and torch-light parades are stimulating. Campaign oratory is used much in the same way. It stirs folks up, starts them to thinking and talking with their neighbors and helps them to remember to vote when election day comes. It also furnishes steadfast partisans with sayings and stories with which to crush and turn to confusion opponents in the corner grocery, or at the post-office. The money and energy spent in stump-speaking are not wasted. The element of strength which comes to a party by persistent and picturesque exploitation of the notion that "the smartest men are on our side" is in itself worth all the cost.

All this, of course, has nothing to do with the campaigner who is at the same time a candidate. He is not a "spellbinder," unless he is a man who would be sent out campaigning because of his abilities as an orator, even if he were not a candidate.

The candidate is sent out to put himself on exhibition. He says, in effect, to the voters: "Look me over; study my way of carrying myself, of talking, of looking you in the eye, of phrasing ideas which we have in common. Then if you like me better than the other man, vote for me." I never knew but one man who did this literally—it was the man who turned an almost certain Tammany victory in New York City in 1902 into a rout—Mr. Jerome. But this is, in the end, what every candidate-orator does. He preaches party doctrine in much the same terms that the more disinterested speaker does, but he is and must be more of an exhibit than an exhorter.

In 1900, Mr. Hanna went campaigning in the Dakotas and the Middle West, among the Populists who were looking back longingly to the Republican camp. He was not a candidate, yet he was in a position analogous to that of a candidate. Mr. Hanna was not a great speaker. But he made votes by thousands. He was the bugaboo which had been used by the Democrats for years to scare the farmers. He went out and showed himself to them; they saw a simple, plain-spoken, humorous old gentleman whom they would have liked very well as a neighbor. Fear of the Plutocracy faded from among the elements of strength in the Populist propaganda. It has not been much of a party since.

Many men who are very effective as candidates are not good speakers at all. Then again there are speakers who lose all their persuasive and stimulating power when they are pleading for votes for themselves. Seth Low, of New York, in a recent New York State campaign showed himself capable of an exhibition of dry wit, of ridicule, and of keen argument which sent people away from meetings at which he spoke comparing him to Joseph H. Choate. But Seth Low, with his fat hands clasped over his comfortable waistcoat, favoring the audience with that which a naughty reporter characterized as his "thin October smile," discoursing learnedly upon the quality of prunes used in the city almshouse during his administration, Seth Low the candidate, was neither a stimulant nor an invigorator of his own chance of being elected Mayor of New York City for the second time. The apparent exhibition of self-conscious pride was

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fatal. The great spellbinders are greatest in their seeming absence of self-consciousness.

No one, for instance, who has ever been much in the company of Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, has been impressed with anything in the nature of shrinking self-depreciation in his make-up. But Beveridge on the stump, his face aglow with righteous fervor in his cause, his long hair waving on his forehead, his full, musical voice ringing up and down the scales, pouring out one clean-cut, round-sounding climax after another in his party's praise and in scorn of the enemy—this is a party prophet who is so full of his God-given mission that he is unconscious of his own existence. Of such are the real spellbinders.

Such men as this are known wherever newspapers are read. The mere announcement that they are expected to make a speech gathers a great crowd. They are the aristocrats of their calling. Some of them have been following it for nearly two generations.

Who stands out more conspicuously among these veterans than does Chauncey M. Depew? He began making political speeches before he was graduated from Yale. With as much fire and fun as the youngest, and with all the art and tricks of voice and phrase of which fifty years of constant practice have made him master, he will, a few days hence, be whirling his arm against his side, with his shoulder as a pivot, driving home his arguments, and tossing off suggestions with that funny little outgiving gesture of his fingers which so much suggests the magician throwing out bonbons to the first few rows in his audience.

Mr. Depew would probably find it hard to pick out the best speech he ever made. He probably would never think of his speech to the Steuben County sheep, which he made at Canisteo station when he was helping Theodore Roosevelt win the Governorship of New York in 1898. But it was a wonderful speech. It was in a valley where wool was one of the staple products. Mr. Depew had spoken there in every campaign for years. He bent his eyes on a flock of sheep feeding on a hill-side a mile away. He said:

"On yon hill-sides I see the sheep of Steuben. I salute them. My heart is filled with a joy equal to that which I see shining in their own grateful eyes as they answer my greeting. When last I was here in the service of my party the Steuben County sheep dared not look me nor any other honest American citizen in the face. Like their owners, they were thin and ragged of coat—busted by the beneficent action of the Wilson tariff law.

"See the sheep. See how gallantly the rams step out; see how winsome and coy are the ewes in their pride; behold the skipping lambs in their innocent joy! The sheep know a good thing when they see one. You know, you sheep, where your friends are—that they are not in the Democratic party. No wonder you stand up on all four feet and lift such voices as Providence has endowed you with in loud acclaim for the Republican ticket. You know that these same old friends of mine, these farmers here, were selling you for a paltry dollar apiece three years ago, and that they have spent the last three months regretting their foolishness and buying you back at three dollars a head.

"The sheep know their friends. So do you, my friends nearer at hand. The sheep cannot vote, but you can. Don't forget the sheep when you vote. (Shouts of 'We won't, Chauncey!') Three cheers for William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, and the American Flag."

The farmers of Steuben are chuckling over that speech yet. It is still making votes.

Out on the Pacific coast they assert that former Vice-President Adlai Stevenson is the greatest of campaigners. Certainly he has a consummate mastery of stump diplomacy. When he was approaching Tacoma, Wash., in the course of his campaign for the vice-presidency, he asked the members of the Tacoma committee for "local points." They told him that Tacoma would be his forever if he could say something about "The Mountain," and make it clear that he believed it should be called "Mount Tacoma," and not "Mount Rainier," as the people of Tacoma's rival town, Seattle, name it. They told him true. Years have passed since then. But no man who wants the friendship of a citizen of Tacoma must speak of "Mount Rainier," or suggest that "The Mountain" can even be seen from Seattle. Mr. Stevenson thanked the committee.

"You will have to be careful," the committee suggested, "because whatever you say will be repeated in Seattle."

Mr. Stevenson was grateful again.

As he was closing the Tacoma speech, he turned and flung out his arm toward the wonderful white summit which looks down upon the city.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I cannot close what little I have to say to you without expressing, however feebly, some of the feelings which yonder beautiful peak has stirred in my heart. (Applause.) It is the most beautiful mountain in the world! (Cheers.) I have, in the past, marvelled much at the lofty purposes, the fixed determination, the brilliant intelligence of your manly men; at the beauty and spotless womanly purity of your women. Now—now—now—as I look upon that glorious summit, I understand! (Cheers.) The mountain—your mountain (cheers and prolonged applause)—has been

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an inspiration to all of you. Having looked upon it, it has given me inspiration. With that inspiration comes a deep and pervading sense of indignation. It rends me, it outrages me, it chokes me with wrath, my fellow-citizens, to know that there are those so ignorant, so debased, so lacking in honesty and common-sense, that they would call yonder summit by any other than its right name!" (Cheers, applause, stamping, and renewed cheers.)

A great mob of the good people of the city of Tacoma followed Mr. Stevenson to the very borders of Seattle, and then returned to their homes to glorify his name among themselves. A small committee even volunteered to go over to Seattle and stand by him, in case his frankness and bravery of utterance regarding the mountain should "get him into trouble" with his Seattle audience.

He spoke in Seattle the next afternoon. When he had touched on nearly all the questions of the campaign, and was apparently at the end of his speech, he turned and threw out his arm in the direction of the glittering peak rising up out of the horizon to the southward. He said:

"Men and women of Seattle: All through these inadequate remarks of mine, to which you have listened with so much courtesy, I have been conscious of a new inspiration, of an unusual moral support, of a strange and powerful mental stimulation. I should be ungrateful and mean indeed, did I not acknowledge that it came from your grand old mountain yonder. (Applause.) So mighty is that peak, so graceful and so full of dignity and power, that I cannot wonder at the ruggedness of your men, the steadfast beauty of your women. (Cheers.) And, my friends, that brings me to another topic, which is painful. I am told that there is some difference as to the name by which this mountain shall be called. (Breathless silence.) I find it hard to believe, gentlemen, that there is a man on the face of this wonderful planet of ours who is so small, so selfish, so presuming, that he dares change, not the landmark, but the name of the landmark. In your presence, here in your great Northwest coast city, I hereby make this parting public pledge, that I, at least, will never call yonder summit by any other than its right name!" (Cheers, applause, renewed applause, and great uproar.)

If Mr. Stevenson has used the words "Mount Tacoma" or "Mount Rainier" since, most diligent investigation has failed to discover the fact.

It would be interesting to know what Mr. Stevenson's fellow-citizen, Speaker Cannon, would have done under similar circumstances. Uncle Joe is one of those gifted individuals who can seem to storm through his life rough-shod—and never break an egg-shell. He talks uncouth, agricultural English, punctuated with tobacco-juice and explosive profanity. On the platform he has a thin, penetrating voice that reaches out to his hearers' ears through all sorts of disorder and over any distance. The great American people tramples on itself with the desire to grasp him by the button-hole as soon as his speech is over. His campaign clothes never fit him and one leg of his trousers is always pulled up enough to show that he wears white yarn socks. Yet scandalous things are told of Uncle Joe; they say in Washington, for instance, that no man's dress-coat hangs more smoothly over his shoulders; that no man's patent-leather shoes glisten more splendidly or are tied with a more graceful silken bow; that no man's voice is softer or utters softer words than Uncle Joe Cannon's when he attends a Washington reception. Go tell one of the Speaker's constituents that; the constituent will laugh. He will say:

"Now don't you go worryin' yourself about Joe. He don't wear them fine things because he likes to. It's just to get somethin' or other outer the people he's mixin' with. Joe's just as plain and straight as you an' I be. I feel this way about Joe: He ain't got much of a way of sayin' things an' he don't put thrills up and down your back. But he's got sense. An' if the Republican party's good enough for him, it's good enough for me."

At this moment Mr. Cannon's best friend and manager, his daughter, is taking him abroad for a few weeks' rest. If he be not back, with renewed vigor, before this magazine is on the stands, it will make a mighty difference in the strength of his party in the field.

Where, for instance, will another be found to point an argument with so much universally applicable homeliness as that used by Uncle Joe at Jackson, in July?

"Do you want to turn this government over to Gorman and John Sharp Williams? I would as soon turn my children over to a stepmother with children of her own."

It is greatly to be doubted whether there is more solemn self-consciousness of great worth concentrated anywhere in the world than there is at the top of the tall frame of Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, now the candidate of his party for the vice-presidency. Mr. Cannon, who escaped the nomination, could hardly be less like Mr. Fairbanks than he is. Yet both are spellbinders. Fairbanks has such a supereminently respectable manner of voicing great and oppressively righteous truths! He sends the members of

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his audience away sleepy, but somehow exalted with the conviction of a heightened respectability. Having heard Fairbanks, they know that they are in the only really sinless party. Fairbanks isn't electric, as Beveridge is. Fairbanks would like to have the people cheer him. He would like to see his audience moved to tears and to laughter as he wills. He seldom hears his name shouted in accents hoarse with sustained affection. But he did once.

It comes back to me that four years ago Fairbanks hoped to wear the shoes which Mr. Roosevelt has on to-day. Mr. Roosevelt visited Indianapolis. There was a procession of candidates and prominent citizens in carriages. The Governor of New York was in Carriage 1. From the station to the hall, Carriage 1 had all the sidewalk cheering. Fairbanks was in Carriage 2. After the meeting, the procession moved back toward the hotel. An unkempt, hulking man with a bull-o'-Bashan voice, burst out from the sidewalk within a block of the hall and waved his hat and roared :

"Hoo-ray — fer — Fa-i-rbanks! Fa-i-rbanks!"

The senior Senator rose in his carriage and bowed low toward the shouter. The crowd took up the cheer. A block farther on the same hulking, bull-o'-Bashan person broke through to the curbstone again.

"Hoo-ray—fer—Fa-i-rbanks!" he howled. "F-a-i-rbanks!"

Again the Senator arose and bowed over the side of his carriage, with all the solemnity of which he is capable—and that is a very great deal. Again the crowd took up the cheer. This happened seven times to the mile.

"You seem very popular in Indianapolis," said one of us to him, when we had reached the hotel.

"I am in the home of my friends, sir," responded the Senator, with becoming modesty.

The solemnity of Fairbanks is more than skin-deep. It is constitutional. For instance, he has never in his life made a speech in which he has not mentioned a graveyard or a coffin. His nomination to the vice-presidency does not seem to have broken the spell. The other day, when his fellow-citizens of Indianapolis met to express the honor they felt he had conferred upon them by accepting the vice-presidency, he began his response thus :

"Ladies and gentlemen : In yonder city of the dead, where are laid the bodies of so many of the great leaders of the Republican party——"

At this inopportune moment some carping scoundrel laughed. But unless Senator Fairbanks reads this, I doubt if he will ever know why.

Somehow, Governor Beckham, of Kentucky, is not unlike Beveridge, as far as stature and general configuration go. His voice has much of the same full-toned electric quality in a public speech. There are very few Southerners who have not that strange ability to put a thrill into their voices. But Beckham has not yet come to the belief that he would look well in marble. When he flings out his arms over a motley crowd of his people, gathered in an upland Kentucky oak-grove, there is almost a visible flash of fire in his eye, which reaches out into the shadows and brings his people up to him with a rush. The past few lean years of the Democratic Party have choked off most of its really capable Eastern speakers. It is on such men as Beckham, who live in a land where politics never lack passion in any year nor in any season, that the burden of regenerating enthusiasm must fall.

The last gubernatorial campaign in California discovered Franklin K. Lane. He was a candidate, of course, but he did things which had never been done before by a Democratic candidate. California is normally 20,000 Republican. Mr. Lane came within 1,500 votes of election, notwithstanding the most energetic efforts of the powerful Hearst influence to beat him by aiding the Republican candidate. Lane sets off no fireworks in the course of his speech-making. But he shows every single fact which is concerned in his campaign, and sets it forth as he sees it, in such a manner that the voter must see it his way. Without making any apparent effort for effect, the man gets at the feelings and the reasonableness of every man within reach of his voice as though that man were all alone with him on the other side of a dining-room table. Lane's voice is big and powerful and, moreover, flexible. His own campaign discovered him, and sooner or later he will be drafted over into the great spellbinding army this side of the Rocky Mountains.

Inasmuch as Mr. Roosevelt is to conduct a campaign of personal silence, the Administration talking will fall upon the members of

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his Cabinet, and upon Mr. Root, who has recently retired from it. Secretary Shaw is a graduate of the wonderful Methodist Episcopal conference school of politics. It is the school where one learns cordiality and caution, fervor and diplomacy, frankness and absolute concealment of purpose, all at the same time. In the Middle West Secretary Shaw is the greatest of campaigners. The temper of his audiences reminds one of those which listened to Lincoln. He talks to them in their own language; he leaves them determined as adamant to get out and support the Cause on election day. He draws out as many women as men—a mighty omen in campaigning. Attorney-General Moody might easily act as an understudy for Mr. Roosevelt, if politicians were really no more than actors cast in a stage-play. Hundreds of people at the back of big audiences who have heard him speak go away believing that they have heard the President. Mr. Moody has a natural grace and trick of eloquence. Climaxes form naturally on his lips. Tenderness sounds as easily in his platform voice as does the tone of challenge to the enemy. He knows how to bring out the cheer which will give him time to catch his breath.

Mr. Root has qualities as a public speaker that always seem to surprise those who know him only as a corporation lawyer. His argument on the platform is as clear and as convincing as when he stands before the bar of justice. But when he speaks of a person or a community in terms of affection there come into his voice a ring of warm affection and a boyish quaver of emotion which, again and again, completely swing his audience out of cold critical attention into headlong enthusiasm for everything he says or seems to say.

Charles A. Towne, for a brief space of time Senator from Minnesota, is now become of the East. But he has not changed his brain nor his manner of putting forth its fabrications. Sharper-nosed than ever and wilder-eyed, he tosses his white hair and distils vocalized vitriol for all whom he does not like—and that's most everybody. It is hopeless to try to report Towne adequately, without shorthand. He wanders along through commonplaces, interspersed with quotations from the literature and philosophy of all history, until he happens upon a store of bitter and derisive adjectives for some particular policy or man. He pours them out then as a machine-gun hurls its stream of bullets. If one catches one word in five he feels himself lucky. But he is a good show, is Towne. Bourke Cockran is not so hard to keep up with. One can lop out great paragraphs of qualification and of ornate decoration and still keep to the track of Cockran's argument and reproduce it fairly. The language would be very tiresome, anyway, without the wonderfully melodious voice and the elocutionary tricks and the actor-like gestures. Cockran is a good show, too. He gives melodrama where Towne shrieks undiluted tragedy.

And the man who is a good show without making his party ridiculous is a good campaigner. If he can draw a big crowd and says things that the newspapers are compelled to take notice of and send his audience home buzzing with politics, he has justified his presence on the stump.

Quite naturally Towne suggests Mary Elizabeth Lease. Their vituperative methods are most similar. In one of John Lawrence Sullivan's most widely circulated literary productions (of which there have been all too few) he set forth painstakingly his regret that the Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons of that day so lacked taste as to sit beside the prize-ring when her husband was battering the form of Mr. James J. Corbett. John explained that he thought it no place for a lady. He might have said the same thing of politics. But when Mrs. Lease is on the stump, she is not a lady: she is a termagant. She has the queer thrill in her voice that makes men begin to forget reason and see red. It is the quality of mob leadership. I have seen cold-blooded, mechanical stenographers, under the intoxicating spell of her hoarse, vibrant voice, forget their notes and half rise out of their chairs with clenched fists. Bryan has a shade of the same gift. He used it to make a convention nominate him, eight years ago. But this is not to be an emotional campaign. If Mrs. Lease is found anywhere on the stump this fall, it will be with the Populists. She is safest there.

This campaign is of the sort for which former Governor Frank S. Black, of New York, seems to have been born. Mr. Black is not spectacular. He has a manner of dress and a countenance that suggest the undertaker. He is a wonderful builder of phrases. There is an attention-absorbing quality in his speeches which it is hard to explain or define. For every idea that he puts out in words, he suggests another which he does not utter.

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His voice is flexible and strong and he so manages it as to give to every word that comes from his lips its proper shade of meaning. He displays no fireworks, but what he says sticks in the memory and is helpful to his fellow-partisans who lack arguments of their own.

One man certainly will not be withheld from any part of the country where Alton B. Parker needs votes—John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi. Quick of wit as a Frenchman, and as hard at driving a political bargain as the down-eastest of Maine Yankees—Williams holds his audience, whether it be hostile or friendly, and plays with it. He is as ready to laugh at himself as he is to weep with the misfortunes of his opponent. He would rather stop speaking than be dull. He has learning and has had a great many more opportunities for foreign travel than ninety-nine out of a hundred of his countrymen. But he is not puffed up. When he rises to his feet, you know that there stands a man who would understand you and like you, if he could only go off in a corner with you and have a nice quiet talk.

There will be a lot of curiosity in this campaign to hear Mayor McClellan, of New York; it is fair to assume that this curiosity will not end in disappointment. If Mr. McClellan ever took lessons in public speaking from a professional, the fact is not public property. And if there is something in his management of his voice and in his pronunciation of words that suggests such training, it is well at the same time to look the determined young man in the eye and think how weak and unconvincing he would seem, did he adopt any other method than that which fits him so becomingly and naturally. Like Attorney-General Moody, he knows how to get time to rest by drawing a cheer. As in the case of the Attorney-General, too, it never occurs to one that the words of his speech have been prepared in advance. I do not know to this day, of either of them, whether or not they memorize their campaign speeches.

There are possibilities that Mr. McClellan's spirited antagonist, William Travers Jerome, of New York City, will appear in the canvass this fall, outside of his own State. Mr. Jerome fights with all four feet and his teeth. Nothing that he dislikes has dignity nor the right to pretend to dignity. He has even been known to talk back to an audience of walking delegates. He is distinctly an emotional speaker. He leaps from idea to idea, without finishing his sentences. He insults his audiences when he thinks that a few insults will do them good. It is a queer characteristic of the man that the more he lashes an audience, the more that audience demands of him, and the longer and louder it cheers when he is through. A great deal of this effectiveness comes of his speaking voice. It tells of a man who is under bonds to no party and no man, and whose utterances no political machine manager may ever hope to restrict nor direct. Americans like spunk, especially when it is honest.

Then there is that other district-attorney, the one of St. Louis, who refused to be taken out of his own Augean stables to be pastured on the fat clover of national candidacy. Where Jerome uses a horsewhip, Folk uses a sledge. He knocks the opposition on the head as passionlessly and as steadily as does any executioner of the Chicago stock-yards.

It is a mighty army, even the aristocracy of the spellbinders. Fifty other names arise and one knows that there are as many more beyond—Lodge, of Massachusetts, for instance, scholar and fire-eater in one; Lieutenant-Governor Curtis Guild, of the same State, who paints the flag on the heavens and creates an empyrean breeze to make it wave; Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, talking broken Scandinavian in one county, cowboy dialect in another, and business in the city, and altogether simple and unaffected in each one; Web Davis, the effervescent discoverer of "William J. Brennings"; John P. Irish, the collar-less orator, who has dispensed roars of laughter and bushels of horse-sense from ocean to ocean; Bryan, whom everybody knows; Grover Cleveland, with his absolutely indifferent voice, nowadays scarcely ever changing out of a whispered monotone. There is no end of them. And their day of flourishing and glory is at hand.

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STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

THE OMNIPRESENT GERM

To impress upon the public mind the character of the disease commonly known as consumption, and to widely spread the knowledge thus far gained as to its preventability and curability, are worthy of all commendation. But there is danger of laying too great stress, as the writer in your June issue does, upon its contagious character, and of ascribing its frequency altogether to the careless habits of the afflicted. No less an authority than Dr. N. S. Davis, Sr., the Nestor of the Chicago medical profession, has declared that the germ of consumption (the tubercle bacillus) is everywhere present, and that to find soil for development it is only necessary that the system shall be in a condition of lowered vitality, unable to resist attack. In other words, it is possible for one, by pursuing a wrong course of living, to contract consumption without coming in contact with the tuberculous.

To educate the people into the belief that consumption is a contagious disease, in the same sense as diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., which it is not, is to cause its unfortunate victims to be regarded as lepers —shunned and ostracized. This idea is already far too prevalent. The large number of sufferers who seek relief in Colorado and other Western States almost invariably encounter, in their search for quarters, this blind feeling of antagonism, despite the fact that instances of the originating of the disease here are so rare as to render it practically non-existent.

The point I wish to emphasize is, that the contracting of consumption depends not so much upon contact as upon the resisting power of the individual. A healthy organism has nothing to fear; an organism weakened by sickness, overwork, or dissipation, is liable to attack, especially in those damp, humid climates in which the disease thrives.

Colorado Springs, Col. JNO. L. TOMLINSON.

THE HEALING TOOTH-BRUSH

MR. WOOD in his second article on Consumption gives some most wholesome advice about eating—"How, What, and When," but fails to suggest to those who have neglected their teeth, that they should have them restored to usefulness and that the tooth-brush and antiseptic mouth-wash habit should be indulged in freely.

It is a well-known fact that serious stomach disorders have been corrected by the restoration of the function of mastication, and that the correction of such disorders proves that fillings, crowns, bridges, and plates, must be considered therapeutic measures.

Now, you can hardly expect to chew your food properly unless you have something to chew with, nor can you expect your stomach to do what your teeth should do.

So if you desire to avoid a lowered vitality, a condition which makes you subject to the invasion of all micro-organisms, and provides a most acceptable culture for their growth, see to it that the whole digestive system which begins with the oral cavity (or mouth) is in the pink of condition.

I trust that these suggestions, which are of a preventive nature, may do someone some good.

Dayton, Ky. H. J. EMERY, D.D.S.

HOPE CURE

MR. WOOD is unquestionably right in giving especial prominence to fresh air and nourishing food as being the two most essential factors in combating the White Plague, but there is one factor which he does not mention, which to my mind is a very important one in the treatment of tubercular patients. And that is the installation of hope in the subject's mind—the idea of optimism—the thought that he is going to get well. Without this thought the consumptive is going to have a two-fold battle to fight —a fight against his own mind and against the disease. I do not refer in this suggestion to Christian Science nor any kindred beliefs, although the idea may be followed by them in their treatments, but I realize and believe that in this disease, more than any other, the idea of hope is essential to effect a cure.

Since coming out here I have had occasion to observe many people afflicted with consumption, and among this number the most hopeless cases have invariably been those who, from the moment they knew they were afflicted, gave up all idea of ever recovering. On the other hand, there are those who come out here from the East with the idea of getting well —some pretty advanced cases, too—and they have invariably improved, and in some instances entirely recovered. Especially is confidence helpful to those in the first stages of the disease. It is an inexpen-

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sive remedy, within the reach of us all, and whereas it may not always cure the sufferer, it can never fail to do some good. ROBERT H. KEYES.
Alpine, Cal.

A PINE WOODS HOSPITAL

Is consumption curable? Yes. Seventeen years ago, at the age of twenty, consumption attacked my right lung. My doctor said go to Colorado or die. I decided not to do either. I went into the "piney woods," lived in an open house, breathed pine air, exercised, etc., and got well, so that to-day I am preaching the Gospel.

Dr. J. M. Dent, when nineteen, was *given up to die* with consumption, but declined to carry out the programme. He began exercise, deep breathing, open-air life, etc., and to-day is hale and hearty, seventy years old, and an elder in my church. Other like cases I could also cite.

Keep up the good standard you have set for EVERYBODY'S, and we shall all be pleased.

Waynesboro, Ga. REV. C. I. STACY.

MILK NOT A NECESSITY

A STRONG man might endure a tent as a permanent habitation in all kinds of weather, but if it can possibly be avoided, it seems to me outrageous to expect an invalid to live in one. As an alternative, a south-front porch (8 × 25) was fitted up at a cost of $50, for my use during the day. Sliding windows were placed in the west end and across half the front (to be closed during the frequent high winds common to this climate), and an adjustable canvas curtain in the east end. In this enclosure a cot with a woven-wire mattress was hung, and proved far superior to a stationary bed. Venetian blinds were placed inside the glass to regulate sun and light, and in cold weather hot-water bottles (a coal-oil stove might be added) furnished heat. I prefer to sleep inside with all windows open, of course, and even when so weak I had to be carried, I found the change from room to porch, and *vice versa*, very restful.

A thing which goes a long way to make or mar the comfort of a patient is the food served. The writer of the article on consumption seems to overlook the fact that it is the quality and quantity of nourishment taken that counts and not its outward form. He is especially impressive on the subject of "milk," which I greatly dislike, and although I always have six good meals a day, they never by any chance include milk, and I am gaining rapidly. Super-nutrition is a positive necessity, but by carefully studying food-values, it is possible to omit any especially distasteful article of food and still attain the desired end. Anyone struggling in the clutches of this dread disease has enough to contend with, without being continually harassed by repugnant food.

Nor do I adhere strictly to the idea of absolute rest. I walk a block or two every day—being careful to do nothing that makes me pant—in order to rest and relieve the unused muscles. I drive frequently, dress neatly, keep my time fully occupied—in short, live as nearly as possible as I should if I were well. My physician is much displeased at these infringements of the rule, but I firmly believe (and my rapid recovery corroborates it) that my cheerful frame of mind and absence of all nervousness more than counteract any deleterious effects that might possibly arise from them.

Mr. Wood has outlined, as he says, the only sure way of battling successfully with consumption. *I wish it might be taught in the schools.* I have tried it for nine months, during which time I have practically lost an exceptionally severe cough, and my physician pronounces my recovery "marvellous," in spite of former neglect and many complications. So, of course, I shall always be loud in my praise of this "cure," but I shall always be insistent, because little things worry an invalid so, out of all proportion to their size, that a common-sense adjustment to the needs of the individual will add greatly to its value.

Trusting this will find favor with you and be of some help to others, I am, H. A. L.
Denver, Col.

OPENED WINDOW: BABY BOY DIES

ENCLOSED find clipping from *St. Louis Post* (edition of April 25th) relative to the subject treated in Dorothy Dix's article in your May issue.

WOMAN'S ACTION ON TRAIN CAUSES DEATH

Owing to the persistence of a woman passenger in keeping a car-window open on an Illinois Central train *en route* from Memphis, Tenn., to East St. Louis, Ill., Horace Burch, the five months old son of T. R. Burch, of East St. Louis, died on the train at Marissa, Ill , Sunday, of spasms, superinduced by cold.

Mrs. Burch started from Memphis with the child, who was sick, for home, in order that the family physician might administer to him.

A woman passenger who sat in front of her opened the window and declined to close it, with the result that upon the arrival of the train at Marissa, Ill., Dr. J. F. Campbell, of that place, when called into the coach, said the infant was in the death-throes and nothing could be done. The little sufferer died within a few minutes. E. R. RAY.
Charleston, Ill.

NEVER LAID EYES ON HIM

IN my profession I have been in many homes, some of them in cities. While in one of our cities I was called to a certain street and number.

In the room—a specimen of what had been a woman lay on the bed. Poverty and dirt prevailed everywhere. I wanted some hot water. A woman across the hall possessed the only stove, or only place to heat water, in the house. I asked this woman across the hall if I could heat some water upon her stove. She replied: "No! I ain't laid eyes on that woman in there, and you can't heat any water on my stove."

In a short time I was back at the same house and saw the same woman with the stove across the hall. But a man who had been stabbed in a gambling-den occupied the other room. This same woman asked if I wanted some water. Needless to say, I had hot water galore. I asked the woman if she knew this gentleman. She said: "No, I ain't never

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laid eyes on him, but the poor soul can have anything he needs."

Another time I paid five cents each for eggs for a woman, whereas a man in the same building could have eggs plentifully free of cost. And the woman who furnished the eggs had never "laid eyes" on either the man or the woman. It was only a question of woman's attitude toward woman.

I hope this will add to the interest of the discussion. (Mrs.) RUBY ANDERSON-BOYETTE,

Meridian, Miss. Meridian Sanitarium.

THE OTHER SIDE

I WANT to show the other side of Maude Murray Miller's account of "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman," in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE of July, 1904.

Some years since I had a severe illness, from which I recovered so slowly that my physician advised an entire change for me; and as I had relatives in the West, it was decided that I should visit them; it being impossible for my husband to accompany me, I was obliged to go alone. I left Boston at 3 P.M. in a Pullman sleeper. As night came on the porter entered and asked if anyone would be willing to exchange a lower for an upper berth, as there was a young widow on board with a babe a few months old, and as it was what is known as a "bottle baby," it would be very uncomfortable for her to prepare the child's food with the spirit-lamp which she carried, in the upper berth to which she had been assigned, while it would be comparatively easy to do so in a *lower* berth. No one offered to make the change —even when the porter added that she was returning to her Western home with the body of her dead husband, whose last wish was that he might be buried in Iowa beside his mother. Still no one responded—till finally I told the porter she might have my berth and I would take hers, which I did, and though in a feeble state of health, I am sure I rested better from the consciousness of having done as I would be done by.

This all may sound very egotistical—but I am impelled to write it, and I most firmly believe there are many women who would have done so, only none of them chanced to be going West in that car. I do not say that Mary Maude Miller's side of the case may not be true many times, but I do say that she has been unfortunate in her acquaintance with women. When I hear or read such sweeping assertions from either men or women as are contained in Maude Murray Miller's letter, I always feel like asking them if they remember that they had a mother, and that she was a woman.

Dorchester, Mass. MRS. O. P. FELLOWS.

MISDIRECTED TENDERNESS

I HAVE just read Dorothy Dix's article and I know it to be true in nine cases out of ten. I have a niece by marriage. She is so tender and kind to dogs and cats that she will pick up any stray dog or cat she finds and ship it to the ranch. (She lives principally in the city.) I am an old woman and do not like dogs and cats in the house, and I am obliged to stay on the ranch. One day she sent ten dogs and five cats here and a Chinaman to feed them; she put a basket in the sitting-room for them to sleep in, another for kittens that were expected; a box of ashes in the hall, 2 feet long, 14 inches wide, and 6 inches deep; a plate for food, a bowl for water, another for milk, another ash-box in the dining-room, and dishes for two dogs that were to be kept there. The other dogs had boxes fixed outside, and if there was anything in their way, it was thrown aside; if the cats or dogs were in any trouble, she would sit up all night and care for them. Now this woman, so tender and kind and loving, inflicts untold torture on an old woman sixty-eight years old, who cannot help herself. The dogs howl all night, the cats have concerts all over. And the odor is sickening. She says if people do not like her cats and dogs, they are not obliged to stay. She is generous to strangers, charitable to the poor, and very nice to men. Perhaps the old woman is at fault. This is the exact truth, only the old woman was sick in bed four weeks, near wild, and just talked dog, so they tell me. This tender-hearted woman came and looked at her, and said to the woman who cared for her: "Get anything she wants and charge to us." My God, one loving word she wastes on the dogs would have been worth so much more. I fear I bore you. (Mrs.) JULIA SORGENT,

Lodi, Cal. The Old Woman.

MORE POWER TO DOROTHY DIX!

IN reference to Dorothy Dix's article on "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman"—I think Dorothy comes as near to knowing whereof she speaks as anyone I know of. There is one thing she forgot to mention, and that is the scandalous (that's just the word) way women treat each other in restaurants. Here is a fine opportunity to watch their petty meanness of character. If a man and a woman enter a restaurant at the same time, watch the waitress run to take the man's order as fast as she can get to him. She will bring him a paper and wait patiently while he in a gruff voice will say: "Bring me some——"; often he will not even look at her while giving his order, and she will say: "Yes, sir," and trot willingly to do his bidding. The woman is left waiting until perhaps the attention of the proprietor is called to the fact that she is not being waited upon, and then every girl will wait to see if another girl won't take her order. If there were a "tip" in it for the girl it would be different, but there is not; the best the man does for her is to josh her in a coarse, insolent way, or make a date that he never intends to keep. The same way in boarding-houses. It makes no difference whether it is the landlady or the maid who does the work, her treatment of her own sex is the same. She will clean up cigar-ashes, empty cuspidors, put away or hang up all his clothes for the man, but if a woman made so much dirt, she would soon be told in the most forcible language to tend to her things herself or else "get out." The man will get the best towels, etc., and everything will be done to make his room cheerful for him, even though he pays only one-third as much rent as the woman. A man will be waited upon more promptly in a store if the clerks are women, than a woman would be; if you don't believe it, watch for yourself some time. Then, women don't like to rent rooms to women because they are always wanting something in the kitchen, or for some equally imaginary reason, when it's an actual fact that sometimes one man will make them

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more work than four women. So I say more power to Dorothy Dix; I wish she would get after women often and long and write fully on some more of their brutal, selfish traits and thus bring their attention to them.

LILLIAN GARDNER.

St. Paul, Minn.

THE TESTIMONY OF A MINISTER'S WIFE

DOROTHY DIX in her very unjust arraignment of women seems to have touched a responsive chord in the hearts of some whose statements in "Straight Talk" are astonishing in the extreme. One asserts that "in every walk of life woman's hand seems to be against woman." Having been a minister's wife for thirty years and intimately associated with women in all walks of life, I can recall only a few instances in which the conduct of women has justified any of the charges brought against them by the recent writers for your most excellent magazine.

I should be a pessimist of the darkest hue if I should look with suspicion and mistrust upon the hundreds of noble-hearted women with whom I have been associated, and brand them as "envious," "jealous," and "brutal." Out of that large number only a very few have deserved such epithets.

We are certainly not fostering a spirit of trust or faith in humanity by such a general denouncement of women, and I, for one, will never agree to condemn myself nor my friends by any judgment so unjust.

> Trust is the strongest bond upon the soul;
> That sacred tie has virtue oft begot;
> It *binds* where 'tis, and *makes* it where 'twas not.

MRS. MARTHA HAMILTON FINKBINER.

Colorado Springs, Col.

LOOKS THAT KILL

HOW many times have I seen a woman squeeze herself into the seat of a car so that she not only puts herself in misery by seating herself on the edge of a space that is not large enough to hold one of one-half her proportions, but inconveniences and makes uncomfortable everyone else in that row. But after a while when some of the people have got off the car she will spread herself out, and though she could make room for at least one other person without inconveniencing herself, she will let a woman (or a man also for that matter) stand, just because she will not move either one way or the other, but leaves a space on either side of her. If anyone should ask her to move over, she would look at that person, and if looks could kill—well, there would be a funeral a few days later and the corpse would be the person that asked her to make room.

But still, I do not believe such a woman is exactly "inhuman" in the full sense of the word, but inconsiderate, or better still, she is selfish—unthinkingly selfish.

CHARLES SYDNEY.

New York City.

AMERICA'S TRUE BACKBONE

THAT admirable and able article by Will Irwin in the July EVERYBODY'S offers indisputable "evidence in rebuttal" against Dorothy Dix's recent article on "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman." It presents a new and unexploited phase of the relations of woman to woman.

In almost every large city in the United States there are organizations of quiet, unassuming women, banded together for the purpose of doing for the American girl what Miss Cameron is so nobly doing for the Chinese maiden in San Francisco.

These women—the direct antithesis of the picture Dorothy Dix so skilfully paints—form the true backbone of the great American nation, and were it not for their energetic labors in breaking up this internecine traffic in human beings, it is very probable that America would not possess the high standard of morality and virtue which she does to-day. There is none of the religious fanaticism so prevalent in modern times to be found in the type of woman engaged in this grand work of rescue. She is neither fickle nor frivolous, but is kind and sympathetic to the unfortunate.

Whatever may be said of other branches of its work, it must be admitted by the impartial reader that the Rescue Department of the Salvation Army is doing an infinite amount of good along these lines in various sections of the country.

Philadelphia, Pa. LINTON PARK MARTIN.

NO INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS UNLESS THE PLAYERS ARE INNOCENT

THE writers in May EVERYBODY'S on the question of Church-membership and Amusements, as a whole, seem to be most anxious to avoid a plain, clean-cut statement. They seem to regard the question as being largely one of expediency. But what we want to know is whether it is right or wrong for professing Christians to indulge in card-playing, dancing, and the like? The Church's opposition to amusements rests upon the assumption that the pleasures of this world are devices of the devil. The Christian opposition to amusements is based not on the ground of expediency, but the idea that everything which does not lead men and women to meditate on the soul's eternal welfare, to forget earth in thoughts of heaven; everything that does not lead to prayer, to religious devotion, or create a distaste for this life and a passionate love for the life to come, is of the Evil One.

The deep abhorrence in which all "worldly" pleasures and comforts are held by the Church is abundantly illustrated in the religious history of our own country, to go no farther afield. The old Puritans fought the introduction of stoves into the meeting-house on the ground that the comfort of the body is purchased at the expense of the eternal comfort of the soul in the world to come. When a stove was put into the Old South Church, Boston, Mass., in 1783, a newspaper of contemporary date contained this significant lament:

> Extinct the sacred fire of love,
> Our zeal grown cold and dead,
> In the house of God we fix a stove
> To warm us in their stead.

In the good book we read somewhere that the worth of a tree is known by its fruit; that a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit. Now, the opposing attitude which the Christian Church has main-

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tained toward amusements, especially toward card-playing, has been almost, if not wholly, vicious in its results. It is a notorious fact that the young men who hunt out alleys and hay-mows that they may play cards for gain, who become the most inveterate card-gamblers, are those who were not allowed to play cards at home because card-playing is a sin. And in the next place, this opposition has been exceedingly fruitful in hypocrisy. A minister will denounce a game of whist and then take a turn at a game of authors, and at no point is that game cleaner than whist. A game of authors is a miserable sham. Flinch, panic, and the whole breed of "Christian card-games" have been invented so that good church-people may experience all the sensations of card-playing and yet not play cards. The whole brood of such games ought in very truth to be labelled "Aids to Hypocrisy." People who are horrified at the sight of a whist pack will play with deep excitement a game of backgammon, and when the dice fall against them get as angry as the veriest gambler when he is losing. The person who gets angry over losing a game at backgammon is every whit as bad as he who gets angry at the gaming-table. The person who plays for dear life to beat at a game of authors is actuated by precisely the same spirit as is he who plays a rubber of whist with strong intent to win. It is sheer hypocrisy to claim one is an innocent amusement fit for Christians and the other is sinful, fit only for the wicked. The fruit of this opposition is evil. What then of the tree?

Innocent amusements? There are none unless the players are innocent. To argue that because amusements are often turned to most sinful purposes therefore amusements are sinful, is no more sensible than it would be to argue that because the Christian religion has given the world the horrible inquisition, the witchcraft persecutions, the bloodiest of wars; that because it drives this person insane, causes a father or mother to slay their child, or a woman to dig her eyes out, therefore religion is an evil.

CHARLES GRAVES.

CHRISTIAN COMPETITION

I DO not know in Wisconsin a community where a movement toward church consolidation has been a success. The trouble is very much deeper than a variety of temperaments.

Again, I know many instances where two churches in a village have done much more than twice the work of one. My first pastorate was in a village where there were a Congregational and a Baptist Church. A young man took the pastorate of a Congregational Church the same month I took the pastorate of the Baptist Church. We were brothers in Christ, studied together, visited our country people together, held meetings in the country together, felt free to exchange pulpits unannounced. After three years of this delightful experience I took another pastorate. My friend who was in charge of the Congregational Church said to me: "Your church need not be in a hurry to call another pastor. Give your people a warm invitation to worship for a time, at least, with us." It was several months before the Baptist Church secured a pastor and not long thereafter this same church experienced another long interim between pastorates, at the close of which my friend wrote me and in his letter are these significant words: "I am very glad your church has secured a pastor. There is much more interest in religion in the community and my church is more active when your church has a pastor than when it has not."

I have just visited a village of 1,000 inhabitants where until eighteen months ago there was just one weak, struggling Protestant Church making no perceptible impression on the community. Another church has been organized, another building erected and paid for. So far as I know there is no unchristian competition between the denominations. It might be said that they "have provoked one another to good works," but the "provoking" has not been prominent. In an awfully wicked town, souls are being converted, both churches are prosperous, and so far as appearances can indicate, there is five times as much soul-saving, character-building work being accomplished as was accomplished before the incoming of the second church.

Wannatosa, Wis. D. W. HULBURT.

THE OLD WOMAN'S PLAN

ME and the old woman read EVERYBODY'S, and when we read what Bro. Hillis had to say on the consolidation of Churches so-called, I threw up my old hat and said it was a go; but the old woman asked me if I remembered what the seventeenth chapter of John said, and, of course, I did not remember, having never read it. So I read that chapter, and I am going to ask Bro. Hillis to read it; and I am sure he will agree with me, for I am sure that me and him are both wrong. The old woman says that, according to the New Testament, a so-called church with a human creed is not a church at all; hence, if all the so-called churches with man-made creeds were united under one big tent, you would still not have the Apostolic Church, and they would soon divide on the new creed as they have on their respective creeds, and I can see where she is right. The old woman says you can't make powder and matches in the same factory. One match will put a whole powder-mill out of business.

The old woman tells me to tell you to tell Bro. Hillis that her plan is this: That the so-called churches must manufacture the same article before they can combine without danger of an explosion. Lay aside all names and creeds of men and dogmas, and return to the Bible as the only rule of faith and practice, and, instead of making sectarians, let all the so-called churches just make Christians only, and the question will be settled.

The old woman tells me that all the divisions among the so-called churches have sprung from disputes over these human creeds. I never knew it before.

The old woman says that her plan is to unite Christians instead of so-called churches and the thing will hold. Me and Bro. Hillis are both recognized as great thinkers by all who have heard us think, but the old woman has sure got the best of us on this deal, and I am willing to turn the purse over to her if Bro. Hillis is. Her plan is union, not consolidation; union, not federation; UNION IN CHRIST, do you hear?

RAY W. TENER.

Colusa, Cal.

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Man's Inhumanity to Woman

By ISA CARRINGTON CABELL

Dorothy Dix's article, "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman," in a recent number of this magazine provoked a spirited discussion which is still going on in our department "Straight Talk." Many of our readers "beg the question." They argue that man is more inhuman to man than is woman to woman. Of course if such were the case it would not prove that woman is *not* inhuman to woman.

Below we give you an article on "Man's Inhumanity to Woman" which we ask you to discuss in "Straight Talk." May we suggest that you argue by illustration? Mr. So and So does this or that therefore he is or is not inhuman. Make your letters short.—THE EDITOR.

IN the discussion of man's inhumanity to woman no space will be given to the cruelty for which dissipation is responsible. I look upon dissipation with the strictly modern and fashionable eye, as abnormal, and treat it with the respect accorded lunacy or the new disease called "socoosis." My charge is against the average man with a preponderance of the virtues and the American's sincere reverence for womanhood, the man who is fond of his wife and really respects her. Nor have I any contention here with a genius like Paul de Kock, whose talents justified his darkening the house and lighting the gas by day on the principle that art is superior to nature; or like James Thompson, who, emulating William Tell, shot off pistols in the back yard with his only son for a target. My indictment is against sane men married to women who love them and are reasonable and intelligent. My first charge concerns their attitude to their wives in regard to money.

Now it is difficult to make the most chivalrous of men understand how a sensitive and refined woman feels in the matter of her husband's or father's dollars and cents. That beautiful simplicity of character which enables a husband to lay down his own manly pride on the altar of perfect affection and accept his wife's property because love equalizes all differences, and is a clean handkerchief to wipe out the distasteful word obligation, is not a quality of her more complex, feminine mind. The more a woman is in love with her husband, the greater her shrinking from any appeal, any demand. Ask a woman to confess to you the most dreadful moment of her existence, and she will not say it was when the clock struck forty, nor the day when her boy took scarlet fever, nor when she was suspected of a mistake in her bridge-whist score, but it was the first time she had to tell her husband that the groceries were out.

She could tell you, if she would, how she stood at the library-door, hesitating. Should she rush in and announce it, as the old nurse announced to the heroine in Kingsley's novel the news of her lover's death—"Your lad is drowned, drowned, his bonny corpse is lying in the coral caves under the deep, deep sea," or should she slip the information on to his breakfast-plate where he would be sure to find it, being of a punctual habit at meals? She felt like an anaconda, though really she was a small eater, and blushed to remember how often she had been helped to green peas and canned asparagus; and yet he too had consumed these viands, he and his large family connection.

The wife of a rich man told me that when the first bill for household expenses came in, she could think of nothing to do till she remembered that she had a small, sweet voice which might be put to service; so she engaged herself as one of the chorus in a comic opera and then went to her bridegroom and asked him to lend her the money on her salary to pay this account.

Many indeed are the ruses a mortified spirit has employed to get over this embarrassing difficulty. A missionary to her sex advises the wife to put her open, empty, yawning purse in some conspicuous place where the husband is sure to see it; some write notes, others send word by a child who has established itself in its father's regard. Anything but the dreadful "I want some money," or even the disarming "I should like a *little* money," the phrase that is rolled in sawdust and sticks in the throat as if it were bristling with pins.

And if the wife, with her legal claim, makes

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her demand for money to meet even household expenses, with burning cheeks, how much more painful the request of the daughter for a personal allowance.

Unmarried women, with rich fathers, seldom contribute anything to charity and are universally thought penurious. But the humblest wage-earner has in reality more to give. Rich men have a habit of paying for everything by bills that come in with punctuality once a month, and they are under the impression that they have performed all paternal duty, because their womenkind may buy what they like, provided it is purchased at some shop from which accounts go to "the office" and are settled on strictly business principles. But money in the daughter's pocket in the form of bank-notes or silver? There is something repugnant to a methodical business man's sense of justice in a girl's careless squandering—for so any spending at all on her part seems to him.

And yet these husbands and fathers are not intentionally cruel. Do they not work and slave all day for wife and child? Don't the women drive in their carriages and are not the dressmakers' bills paid without a groan? Unluckily, a girl sometimes would prefer riding in the street-car to driving in a landau, and it is not customary to ask the conductor to "send the bill to papa," when one has taken this popular mode of conveyance. It is not poor people who sell the handsome gowns and wraps we see in the second-hand-store windows, but the wives and daughters of rich men, who often take this way of making money to give the Sunday-school children a treat, or themselves a lunch when they are shopping downtown.

The devices of the daughters of rich men to make their own money are perfectly well known to the managers of Woman's Exchanges, which are established solely to help poor women put their work on the market. One day I was in an Exchange when a woman, evidently a lady's maid, came in and registered some embroidery in her own name. The superintendent took up the work and in a casual way asked the supposed artist to show her how to do a particular stitch. The woman pleaded lack of time and went out embarrassed and guilty-looking. "I thought so," said the superintendent. "She brings her mistress's work. Her mistress is the daughter of a very rich man, but she has no pocket-money, and the poor thing has to cheat the Exchange by selling her work here under her maid's name."

Women have a not unmerited reputation for insincerity in their management of their menkind. Sincerity is an over-praised quality which militates against peace, but people who would rather be at each other's throats and "perfectly candid and trustworthy" than slightly hypocritical and perfectly polite, are invited to try to exercise that virtue upon a man who is in the habit of asking: "What did you do with the change from the ten dollars I gave you last week?" Even a really conscientious woman will say to save a dull lecture: "I paid it for having your clothes cleaned," which is pathetically true, for she cleaned them herself. One less scrupulous will charge it to the market-score and set up the price of new potatoes.

Stinginess is really a moral invalidism to be cured by gymnastics and a course of baths. Some stingy men like to be considered generous. And nothing is more grateful to them than to play the part of benefactor to one who must have his money anyhow and could get it in a court of law, but from whose lips, "Oh, thank you, you are so very, very good to me," is as incense to a rapacious deity.

Of course, there are women who like to assume the dependent attitude, just as there are women who boast of "loving to feel the master's hand." Jane Eyre, I believe, showed with pride her wrists, bruised by the passionate Mr. Rochester. I knew a lady, rather advanced in years, who, having brought up a young man by hand and married him, ever afterward spoke of her own ancestral home as "my husband's house," and when she wanted to cut the grass, asked his permission. But these invertebrates are rare. Most women are proud; a large number, favored by their Maker, are furnished with that blessed protection, a high temper.

When to such a woman her husband comes, complaisant, expectant, with the air of an amiable but indiscriminating Providence, and gives her a check with which to buy the children's clothes, or hands her the housemoney with a "What do you say to this agreeable surprise?" manner, her whole nature rises in revolt. There he stands, smiling, awaiting the looked-for, the coveted "Thank you." For myself, I never accept the invitation when people tell me they want me to look into their hearts and see what is going on there. I went once into one heart and discovered decided disapproval of my

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own character and acts. But I am not bound to advise in accordance with this experience one of whom I disapprove. I therefore invite the "generous" husband to take a peep into the recesses of his choicest possession, his wife's heart, and see the fire of rage he has kindled there—I invite him to examine the sprig of contempt springing up out of the ashes of her feeling of injured justice.

When the husband received those very bills as his salary, did his employer stand over him till he had said: "You are so very kind. I will work all the harder next month and try, oh, so hard, not to charge you as much for my service"? I think not.

I am not one for extreme measures, but I advise every woman with a "generous" husband to die, and then let the complaisant widower come home Saturday nights with the house-money in his hands, and, summoning the hired house-keeper, stand over her, waiting for the humble and obsequious "Thank you." Not being a clergyman and so unable to tell to a dot what will become of these women in another world, I cannot guarantee that from some excellent vantage-ground they will have the satisfaction of seeing the result of their *coup*, but I take it upon myself to assure them that they will be avenged. The hired housekeeper, being paid for her service, will tell the "generous" husband that he has not handed her enough. There is very little lack of the most admirable sincerity in the conduct of one who is paid by the week, and instead of praising him for his liberality in settling his own grocer's bill, she will probably hint that he is a "poor provider," a phrase which—obnoxious to even the most penurious of men—fills him with shame, with such self-abasement indeed, that before the next house-money is due he will have tried to marry the hireling and convert her from proud independence to the position of pensioner on his bounty.

I am afraid I shall bring upon myself the charge of sentimentality if I accuse men of inhumanity to women in the absorption of their individuality. The whole world has agreed that when she marries, a woman should make her husband's comfort her first duty, and as comfort means a pleasant house and good things to eat, she must know the domestic arts. In old times, tutored by Thackeray and Washington Irving, an affectionate wife exercised these accomplishments in a white dress and long, flowing curls, accompanied by a smile. Now she may greet the bread-winner in a tailor-made costume and a neat pompadour, or robed in a glittering white satin, made decolleté—all depends upon the quality of the bread he wins—but the smile is a fixture.

And if a woman has no special bent of her own, this task of smiling is not hard. The management of a house is the average woman's natural choice of occupation. But a number of women, just as many women as men, have strong predilections for the pursuit of some special cult, like music, painting, research. If such people only had the good sense to marry those of congenial tastes all would be smooth sailing. Both would like to eat "pie and pick up" and drink green tea, and neither would care when the windows were washed.

But unluckily, as you have read in your Herbert Spencer, just as no learned Edwin ever fell in love with his Angelina because she could name her bones, so no brilliant woman chooses a man for the qualities which she underrates because she herself possesses them. The clever creature hasn't loved him because he can do the things she can do, nor even because he can do them better, but because he can roll a barrel upstairs, or is not afraid of mice nor garter-snakes.

And she did not deceive him. People in love are very humble and very self-depreciatory, and a woman with an absorbing passion for some special pursuit is sure to confess it to her lover, and add "I am afraid I don't care much about sewing," or to ask, with touching confidence: "Do you like very much good things to eat?—because I don't know how to cook."

I do not need to tell you the replies that meet these questions. He swears that he hates sewing because she can't look at him when she has her eyes on her work, and he repudiates the idea of marrying a cook, a denial which evinces remarkably good judgment, because when a man marries his cook he eats his cake—since the best cook, as Fielding found, once married, stops cooking—and you can't eat your cake and have it.

But somehow, all these protestations to the contrary, the honeymoon is no sooner over than the "note" of domesticity is struck. The moral and amiable husband, whom I think it right to impale, has no special ambition to see his wife at work, but she must be ready to work. He may care very little for material comforts, but she must be ready to make him comfortable. Anything that absorbs her attention or diverts her thoughts

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from him is regarded with suspicion. Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at night when her work as a minister's wife and the mother of five children was done. The story gains in interest when we learn that the five children were seated about the table at which she wrote and she had to stop to explain their lessons, and that the table was pine, all of which was counted unto her for righteousness.

But I doubt if she could have finished the book in an atmosphere of domestic approval if she had taken for it the best morning hours—the hours sacred to marketing; for she wrote for a cause, not to make money.

With even a good man, no matter how ardent his wife's tastes, her "duties" must come first. The butterfly she would chloroform may beat its delicate wings to powder while she and the cook together lament the "melting of the lard." He must have his fishing-trip, and fingers grow stiff from lack of practising while she bears him company. She is consumed to buy the last word of the German philologist. He "bets she hasn't read all the books she's got now."

"My life," says the poor soul, when she has come home from market, has interviewed the servants, seen the client's wife (who mustn't be offended) about a mislaid pattern, explained in a long letter to his Aunt Elvira why her husband didn't call when she was in town, entertained his mother at lunch, copied a receipt for a person who used to have him to supper Sunday nights before they were married—"my life is an interrupted sentence."

Perhaps it would not seem so pathetic—this utterance—but for her attitude when he comes home and announces that he "has work to do."

Instantly the house is as still as the grave. Finger on lip, she opens the nursery-door. "Sh—sh, children, Father's thinking." Sometimes Father thinks on the dining-room sofa with his eyes shut—no matter, his position commands respect. Only, the thought suggests itself without special intention:

Did a woman ever take a nap in the daytime and wake up to hear it described as a severe intellectual exercise which required the family to put on slippers and the children to be gagged?

"Before marriage, Morgania had been an independent little person; she had far more brains than her Howard, but Mrs. Walker gave up her entire reason to her lord." This sentence, be it said, if by chance it gives offence, is not original. It is copied from the work of a great writer and a discriminating observer—the master, Thackeray.

But there is one circumstance which changes all this. When a woman makes no practical use of her talents, her pursuits are set down as secondary. They must be followed by stealth and apologetically, after hours, as the intelligent floor-walker practises on the flute. But does she turn them into the currency which fell from the lips of her who was blessed by the fairy, wide open are thrown the doors of her liberty, up go the windows of her soul. Who says "sh—sh" now, who tiptoes, who would take up the unmanly task of sewing on the irritating button rather than bid her "interrupt the train of her thought"?

She who addresses you knows a husband who, before his wife's articles were accepted by the great firm of McX, H, & H, thought it looked well to have her sit by their child's bedside at night till he fell asleep, and lectured her if, surreptitiously, she read under the sheltered light of a student's lamp. I think he even required her to wear a long white thing that flowed, and her hair low, in the exercise of this feminine office, for he had a pretty sentiment concerning the Madonna-like attitude.

But when literature alighted at their house, bringing a check in her white hands, this fair ideal toppled. He whose slightest whimper had been met with tender solicitude, is now addressed as "Naughty boy, to disturb mamma," and when the little creature expresses the troublesome but not unnatural desire to drink, which is the habit of the young just after they are put to bed, this fond father has been known to quiet the child with paregoric.

"The Captain" (I again quote from high authority) "was the most attentive of husbands; he made all her bargains and received every shilling before he would permit her to sing a note."

And in a way, the Captain was right, only he should have had half, not all, just as every husband and wife should share money, labor, and happiness. Marriage is a partnership, and as one partner in a business house is not grateful to the other partner for paying him his portion, so a wife should not be expected to be grateful to her husband. And if she has a right to her money, she has a right to her own life, which is the gift of God.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

Men and Women Who are Doing Interesting Things

PAUL MORTON.

In accepting the office of Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Paul Morton, of Illinois, resigns the second vice-presidency of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad. For more than seventeen years Mr. Morton was connected with the Burlington system, and his managerial ability has won him a place among the leading Western railroad men of the younger generation. Mr. Morton is the eldest son of the late J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Cleveland's second Cabinet, but he himself joined the Republican forces at the time of McKinley's second campaign. He was appointed alternate to Speaker Cannon in the national convention of this year.

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Theodore Roosevelt.
From a copyrighted photograph by Pach Bros., New York.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.
From a copyrighted photograph by Pach Bros., New York.

George B. Cortelyou.
From a photograph by Rice.

Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks.
From a photograph by C. M. Gilbert.

Charles Warren Fairbanks.
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THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT; THEIR WIVES; AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

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JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER.

Alton Brooks Parker, of Esopus, N. Y., Democratic nominee for President, comes into political publicity from a Chief Judgeship, in which he has proved himself a jurist of high order. Judge Parker's career has been quiet, but uniformly successful. Having early determined on the law as his profession, he was at twenty-five elected Surrogate of Ulster County; in 1885 he became Justice of the Supreme Court; in 1889 a member of the Court of Appeals, Second Division, and in 1897 Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. In addition to his distinguished mental abilities, Judge Parker is a man of unusually fine presence and dignified courtesy of manner.

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VICTOR H. METCALF.

Mr. Victor Howard Metcalf, who succeeds Mr. Cortelyou as Secretary of Commerce and Labor, was, at the time of his appointment, a member of Congress from California, and is one of the best-known lawyers and politicians of that State. Born in New York and graduated from Yale Law School, Mr. Metcalf began his legal practice in the East. Soon after his removal to Oakland, Cal., he became prominent in Republican politics, and has been thrice in succession elected to Congress. His recent refusal to oppose the Cuban Reciprocity Bill, though urged to do so by many of his constituents, is an illustration of his characteristic independence in political matters.

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Photograph by Burr McIntosh.

NANETTE COMSTOCK, EDWARD ABELES, WILLIAM COLLIER, AND JOHN BARRYMORE IN A SCENE FROM "THE DICTATOR."

THE PLAYERS

THERE be optimists among purveyors of theatrical amusements who say the coming season will be more profitable than its predecessor, but, for the most part, the managers can see no ray of hope penetrating the deep gloom that envelops them. The optimists are few, and the prophets of evil are as cheerless as any creatures that ever walked on two legs. The public, taking heart of grace in the consciousness that it fared remarkably well in the worst season in thirty years from the managerial view-point, looks forward with complacency to another "bad year."

The croakers declare that general conditions show no sign of improvement, and the fact that it is a presidential year, which always seriously affects the attendance in the theatres, adds to the grayness of the outlook. Furthermore, Wall Street is exceeding dull, and Wall Street is the best barometer of the show business, although it is not necessary that prices be high. An active market means prosperity in theatres.

Many managers were badly bitten last season and a very considerable number narrowly escaped losing all they had. The cost of the more pretentious productions is so great nowadays that a failure may mean the loss of a small fortune. The average theatre-goer seldom knows when financial paralysis has overcome a manager; the ups and downs are so many, the extremes so great that it is difficult to follow them. There is one infallible sign of returning prosperity—bankruptcy proceedings. When a manager passes through them his affairs are looking up. So long as misfortune sits on his coat-tails he is inclined to let other people worry about his debts.

With the prospect so distinctly discouraging, producers of plays are bound to be careful in

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Photograph by Phillips, Philadelphia.

MRS. GILBERT'S LATEST PICTURE.

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Photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.

LORA LIEB AS *STELLA* IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

THOMAS Q. SEABROOK
IN "PIFF! PAFF! POUF!"

IDA BROOKS HUNT
THE PRIMA DONNA OF "WOODLAND."

Photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

EDWARD MORGAN, THE STAR OF "THE ETERNAL CITY."

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making their selections. It has been years since plans for a coming season were so long in perfecting as they have been this summer. The outlook is for fewer new plays with a higher average of excellence than usual. There is a marked inclination on the part of stars that had successful plays last season to hold on to them and seek audiences in new fields, especially until after the national election.

The experience of last season, when the classical dramas were received with so much favor, hasn't convinced managers that we really have been educated up to Shakespeare. They regard it as an intellectual rash, and they are sure it is only temporary. But there are players who can attract large audiences in the standard drama, and directors of amusements will send them forth. It should be borne in mind that there are managers who have deep personal satisfaction in giving us the great dramas with fine actors.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe should find much profit in "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," and other Shakespearian plays which may be added to the repertoire for their joint starring tour. Mr. Sothern is an earnest and conscientious actor, and, moreover, he is a wonderfully fine stage director. His highly cultivated artistic sense is shown at its best in the designing and executing of stage pictures. As for Miss Marlowe, it will be a great joy to see her in Shakespearian rôles again. Although she made a great deal of money in "When Knighthood Was In Flower"—that pleasing melodrama cleared something like $150,000 in one season—she added nothing to her artistic reputation. There be many whose judgment is worth while who maintain that Miss Marlowe is the foremost American actress. Certainly she is in the very first rank. Probably none other has studied so long and so hard to fit herself for the place on the stage she has come to fill.

Forbes Robertson will return to play "Hamlet" with two or three new plays in reserve. It is not at all unlikely that he will not need them. "The Light That Failed" pleased London audiences, but America would not have the bad dramatization, although it appreciated the star's personal work. But the people of this country who were so fortunate as to see Mr. Robertson's superb portrayal of *Hamlet* became enthusiastic over it, despite the fact that traditionists cavilled at it opprobriously. His version and his acting make "Hamlet" interesting as a play as well as a psychological study.

Also we shall have Otis Skinner in "Hamlet," unless the foremost American legitimate actor changes his mind, for he hopes this season to appear in the plays with which Edwin Booth's memory is so intimately associated. For upward of twenty years Mr. Skinner has worked with tremendous energy and singleness of purpose, and his advance has been sure and constant. He had decided to adopt the stage as a profession before he entered college, despite the opposition of his father, a New England clergyman. He began at the bottom of the ladder and his rise was rapid enough. He has a handsome face, a fine figure, a beautiful voice, a brilliant and studious mind, and what is really better than all, a good heart. Furthermore, Mr. Skinner had the advantage of long training under Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, and Augustin Daly. Surely there is no American player better equipped to follow in the footsteps of the greatest American actor.

It is to be supposed that Mr. Skinner has played *Hamlet;* one takes that for granted just as one does that every child has had whooping-cough or measles, but Mr. Skinner has never seriously challenged serious consideration of himself as the sombre Dane. He will play it admirably, because he is a fine and finished actor and one of the best readers on the stage. There is a fiction that no player has ever failed as *Hamlet*, and the general belief in it is proof of a charity so wide, so considerate as to make one stand on tiptoe to see the first signs of the millennium. Be sure that Mr. Skinner will not be a negative *Hamlet;* but one is more confident of his success as *Iago*, *Richard III.*, and in "The Fool's Revenge."

Mr. Skinner will open the coming season with the play in which he appeared last season, after his tour with Ada Rehan came to a close. It is an idyllic drama by Jean Richepin, the original French being in verse, called "Le Chimineau"—literally "The Roadster"—which Charles M. Skinner, a brother of the actor, has translated as "The Harvester."

Ermete Novelli, who, it is maintained, is the greatest actor in Europe, is coming to this country by way of South America, bringing with him his own company, scenery, and properties. He will, of course, give performances only in Italian. Those who have

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seen him declare with much enthusiasm that he is an actor of great power and remarkable versatility, and the acclaim that is given him by his countrymen, who insist that he has no equal on the stage, is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that their idol, Salvini, still lives. Signor Novelli will appear in "Louis XI.," "La Morete Civile," "Ingomar," "Othello," and possibly other plays. He will reach the United States just after the holidays.

Ada Rehan will go forth in a round of classical comedies. It is rather curious that this actress, who is perhaps better known in New York than any other player, should have found so small a following when she went out over the country. She had scarcely been seen except in a few of the larger cities, and then only for so short a time and at such long intervals that she had become a name rather than an entity, and her tours after Mr. Daly's death did not meet with the success that her standing and her abilities justified her in expecting. Henrietta Crosman, not content with the great hit of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," will offer a Shakespearian production late in the season.

Edith Wynne Matthison, whose performances in "Everyman," the fine old morality play, and in standard comedy, have given her an enviable position in two seasons, will probably branch out this season, and it is not impossible that she may be seen in a great rôle. The last twenty years have seen the development of no other actress who has impressed the thoughtful with a belief in her tragic genius as has this young Englishwoman, whose greeting in this country has been so warm that she is disposed to remain here always.

Viola Allen will again pin her faith to Shakespearian comedy, which was to be expected after the favor with which her "Twelfth Night" was received. She is now preparing an elaborate production of "A Winter's Tale," and she is confident that she will add to her fame by her performance of *Perdita*.

Frederick Warde and Katherine Kidder are to be joint stars in standard plays, so it will be seen that the "legitimate" is not likely to suffer, albeit there has been no talk this summer about William Gillette's playing *Hamlet*, or Maude Adams's playing *Juliet* to Sarah Bernhardt's *Romeo*.

Mme. Rejane will make an American tour, which will take in Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, and Havana, as well as the chief cities of the United States. It has been seven years since she appeared in this country. She will present "Zaza," "La Passerelle," "La Course aux Flambeaux," and possibly "La Montensier," her latest play, albeit small success attended it in Paris.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to be with us once again with her remarkable gowns, her tiny dogs, and the other concomitants of her greatness. This thin and intense actress has a new Sardou play, "The Sorceress," which should fit her admirably. Mrs. Pat is not distinguished for her versatility. It is promised that Charles Wyndham is coming over with Mary Moore and other members of his comedy company, but that promise has been made pretty regularly for a dozen seasons. It must be nearly twenty years since Mr. Wyndham last appeared in the United States.

Many stars were anxiously awaiting the decision of managers on July 1st, the date that usually sees the completion of plans for the first half of the season at least. Of the fifteen stars under Mr. Frohman's management only five or six knew what they were to do. William H. Crane is to have a French play which is made over under the name of "Business is Business," and the adapter will have to be a remarkably clever man to make it appeal to American audiences. John Drew is to have the Robert Marshall play, "The Duke of Killiecrankie," that met with great success in London. It was said to be the most brilliant play of the London season. The inimitable Fannie Brough, who has been with Charles Hawtrey the last two seasons, will be in Mr. Drew's company.

At the age of eighty-four, Mrs. Gilbert is going forth as a star for the first time in her stage career of sixty-odd years. So prominent is her position, so great is the esteem in which she is held that it seems like a sacrifice of her dignity to make a mere star of her. Clyde Fitch is fitting a play to Mrs. Gilbert, to be called "Granny." It is remarkable that the frail little old lady should attempt to learn a long new part at an age when memory usually is treacherous, and that she looks forward complacently to the hardships of life "on the road." It is said that this will be her farewell season.

Mr. Fitch is also cutting and fitting a new play for Clara Bloodgood, and very likely he will have two or three more ready before the theatrical year is over. Fay Davis is to have an English play, "The Rich Mrs. Repton."

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Herbert Kelsey and Effie Shannon are to appear in a translation of the powerful military play, "Taps," which has been presented in several of the German theatres, and Blanche Walsh will have a translation of "The Kreutzer Sonata," which also has been seen in the German theatres.

It is pleasing to New Yorkers to know that Daniel Frohman is to establish another Lyceum stock company, for they have only the most charming memories of the organization which reigned so long in the old Lyceum. Mr. Frohman's wife, Margaret Illington, is to be the leading lady, and the first play presented will be one of Pinero's. Mrs. Fiske is also to have a stock company, and a very strong one, with a permanent home in the Manhattan Theatre. John Mason is to be her leading man, and for the "heavy" parts a celebrated English actor who has never been seen in this country, George Cartwright, has been engaged. George Arliss, who attracted so much attention in "The Darling of the Gods," will also be in the company. Mrs. Fiske will open her season with a revival of "Becky Sharp," while preparing for an elaborate production in English of "Monna Vanna." Later she will be seen in Ibsen plays.

Truly nothing is sacred to the play-makers, from the Bible to comic pictures, but even the shocks already experienced hardly prepare one for the announcement that "The Pilgrim's Progress" is being dramatized. Stanislaus Stangé, author of many comic opera librettos, who prepared the stage version of "Quo Vadis," is making a play of Bunyan. It would seem that *Christian* had a sufficiently hard time without making him go on the stage. It is possible that his journey from the City of Destruction to the New Jerusalem may not have been more difficult than crossing the foot-lights, that the Slough of Despond may be a joyous, flower-strewn valley in comparison with the theatrical pitfalls; then, again, *Christian* may become a foot-light favorite. It doesn't seem as if Bunyan's hero was intended for a matinée idol, but one never knows. Probably it was the success of "Everyman" and of the Biblical plays that have won so much favor that decided F. C. Whitney to stage "The Pilgrim's Progress." It offers opportunity for remarkable stage effects, and one may be prepared to have the harrowing experiences of *Christian* pictured most graphically.

Mr. Stangé is going to introduce a woman into his stage version, but it isn't clear whether the adapter thinks that *Christian* hasn't trouble enough or that he wants cheer and comfort in his dark hours. Possibly the playwright holds that a stage *Christian* must have a woman to fall in love with for his greater joy and his greater pain. It will be remembered that *Christian's* wife, *Christiana*, did not make the journey with her husband in the original. The cast for the play has not been determined, but Arthur Forrest will play *Christian*.

From "The Pilgrim's Progress" to a play written by a minister may, or may not, be a long stride. The clergyman-playwright is the Rev. John Snyder, who presides over a Unitarian Church in Wellesley Hills, Mass. His maiden dramatic effort comes under the heading of what James L. Ford calls the "B'gosh drama" and W. A. Brady is to produce it this season. Mr. Brady is strong on the "truly rural" on the stage. Are not three companies going forth this year to play "'Way Down East" for the eighth season? And there were "Sky Farm" and "Lover's Lane" which added to his exchequer.

Phœbe Davies, that remarkably clever actress who has been buried in "'Way Down East" for eight years, is to have a new play, which is being written by Channing Pollock, who dramatized "The Pit." It is a story of Washington department life and is called "The Little Gray Lady." Edward E. Kidder has written a new play called "Weather-beaten Benson" for Ezra Kendall, who seldom appears in New York, although he has enormous popularity outside of it.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is to have a new Belasco play. At this writing the author has given no inkling of what its nature will be. Also he has written a new play for David Warfield. It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Belasco has not written a single failure, although many of his offerings could hardly have succeeded had it not been for his marvellous stage-craft.

George Ade will have a new comedy to open the New York season. It is called the "Cabbage Widow." Every play that was a success last season and many that gained favor long before will be continued. California is to have a remarkable visitation. It fared exceedingly well during the summer. Ethel Barrymore came back from a successful London engagement to start for the coast the first week in July, after a rest of only a week in New York. She will play "Cousin Kate" the first

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half of the season while Mr. Frohman is deciding upon a new play for her. Maxine Elliott will go to California in "Her Own Way," Dunstan Farnham with "The Virginian," J. H. Stoddart with "The Bonnie Brier Bush," Frank Daniels with "The Office Boy," and ever so many others. Robert Loraine will go to the Pacific coast in "A Little Tragedy of Tientsin," and later on he will have a new play. Robert Edeson will stick to "Ranson's Folly" until the first of the year, when he will have a new comedy that he thinks is better than any in which he has yet appeared. William Collier in "The Dictator" and Lionel Barrymore in "The Other Girl" will go on their way rejoicing. There will be two companies playing "The County Chairman," and of course Milton Arbuckle will continue to head the first one. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will come into New York for the first time at the beginning of the season, while Kyrle Bellew will stick to "Raffles" and Eleanor Robson to "Merely Mary Ann." The latter will be seen on both sides of the Atlantic.

So great was the success of the revival of "The Two Orphans" with an all-star cast that it will be sent to various cities for half a season or so. There will be changes in the cast. James O'Neil will play the *Chevalier* in place of Kyrle Bellew, and J. E. Dobson will play *Pierre*, which Mr. O'Neil played in the New Amsterdam revival. Marie George will continue as *Louise* the blind girl; Sarah Truax, who has been starring in Viola Allen's rôles, will be the *Henriette*. Louis James, who has been a Shakespearian star for years, will be the *Jacques*, and Mrs. W. J. Le Moyne the *Countess*. Clara Morris will continue as *Sister Genevieve*.

There will be no lack of musical shows the coming season. The most striking innovation will be the appearance of Mme. Schumann-Heink in a musical comedy. It seems rather incongruous that the leading grand opera contralto of the world, whose greatest beauty is her voice and who went to Europe this summer to attend the marriage of her daughter, should go forth in a frivolous musical comedy. The book is by Stanislaus Stangé and the music by Julian Edwards. Mr. Stangé evidently aspires to be in Harry B. Smith's class as a rapid-fire librettist, for he is also writing the book for the new opera for Fritzi Scheff, called "Two Roses," the music being by Ludwig Englander. Mr. Smith and Mr. Englander have finished a new opera for Lulu Glaser—"A Madcap Princess"—which is really a musical version of "When Knighthood was in Flower."

Although George Ade's newest comic opera, "The Sho-Gun," and Pixley & Luders's novel, "Woodland," have made pronounced impressions elsewhere, they have not been seen in New York and they will come to the metropolis early in the season for long runs. Jefferson De Angelis has two operas to choose from—"The Jolly Tar" and "Fantana." De Wolf Hopper will depend upon the revival of "Wang," which proved itself superior to the common run of its successors. "The Girl From Kay's," with Sam Bernard, and "The Yankee Consul," with Raymond Hitchcock, will resume their run in New York, and then tour the country.

Edna May is to return to her native land as the star of "The School Girl," a musical affair, of course. Paul Potter is one of the authors of the book, the music being by Leslie Stuart. The vogue in London of this very pretty, very insipid young woman seems to have increased with years, and possibly New York has been educated up, or down, to the point where it can approve of her. She has a part very like that in "The Belle of New York," in which she won her fame.

"The Southerners" and "Piff! Paff! Pouf!" belong to the category of "summer shows" in New York, although no effort was made to run the former through the warm weather. It will open the New York Theatre next season. "The Southerners" is one of George L. Lederer's productions, and it is remarkable chiefly in that a very considerable number of the performers are colored. Mr. Lederer possibly believes in the principle maintained by certain old-time skippers of deep-sea ships that a checker-board crew—one-half white and one-half black, divided into different watches—were the most effective workers of all and the most easily handled because of the race rivalry. The encroachment of colored folk on the stage has become so marked that checker-board companies may become common. As composers they occupy a prominent place. The music of "The Southerners" was composed by Will Marion Cook, who is colored and who is really a fine musician. He has written some remarkably pretty songs. He is a pupil of Dvorak, and he hopes some day to have a grand opera produced with a libretto by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the colored poet. The part that Cole and Johnson play in providing

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popular songs further illustrates the prominence of colored makers of music. "Piff! Paff! Pouf!" is one of the lightest, cheeriest, and most entertainingly musical of frivolous shows, thanks to energetic work after its production, and its success is enormous. It ran right through the bad season.

Edna Wallace Hopper is to return to her old part of *Lady Holyrood* in "Florodora," which will go to the Pacific coast. "The Silver Slipper" is just about to begin its season in Halifax, N. S., which shows that managers are prepared to go far for audiences. Last season this company travelled more than eighteen thousand miles and every time it moved from one city to another it was transported by a special train of from six to eight cars. Wherefore it may be seen that it costs something to run a show of that kind. There were eighty-five people in the company.

James T. Powers, whose misfortune it was to be the star of two failures last season, will fall back upon "San Toy," in which he won so much applause when the dainty musical comedy was first produced in this country. It is possible that Marie Celeste may return to the stage to play the title-rôle.

"The Maid and the Mummy," Richard Carle's latest comic opera, seems to have impressed Chicago, and no doubt it will come to New York later. The author of the book seems inclined to stick to "The Tenderfoot," which bids fair to make him reasonably rich, for after he pays himself a comfortable salary as the chief comedian, and considerable royalties as the author, there are still large dividends coming to him. It has been playing for more than a year without a break.

Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., has joined forces with Joseph Weber, and they will conduct the music-hall which Weber and Fields made famous, with Anna Held as the leading lady. Mr. Ziegfeld had a very trying season last year. He produced "The Red Feather," which didn't go at all in New York, and he spent many thousands of dollars on "Mdlle. Napoleon," in which his wife starred, and which was an utter and hopeless failure. The theatrical year was only well begun when his losses amounted to something like $200,000, with little hope in sight. "The Red Feather" was sent on tour, and it began to make money; in fact, it ended the season as a pronounced success, and it will go forth again. But nothing could make "Mdlle. Napoleon" succeed.

Lew Fields, who was Weber's partner, is to have his own theatre and to give a performance much on the same lines as those which made the old music-hall so successful. He has with him as a partner Julian Mitchell, who staged the "Weberfields" productions for so many years, and Fred Hamlin.

It is rather remarkable that since Mr. Mitchell entered the managerial field, the shows that he has produced are looked upon as his, albeit he makes no claims to authorship. The reason probably is that he plans practically the whole performance, and he has little difficulty in persuading author and composer to fall in with his ideas. The result shows in the harmony of the wonderful effects he secures. Mr. Mitchell has a highly trained, artistic mind, and he is a prodigious worker. It is remarkable how carefully he works out the minutest details, even to the smallest gesture and apparently unimportant parts of costume, yet he has small difficulty with his co-workers, except the stars, who revolve according to laws of their own making.

Mr. Mitchell is now directing the production "The Enchanted Isle," which he hopes will be as successful as "The Wizard of Oz" and "Babes in Toyland." The new spectacular play will have its first presentation in Boston. The book is by Frank Pixley, and Victor Herbert is the composer. It was said that Blanche Ring would play the title-rôle, but "Vivian's Papas" struck Chicago as being remarkably funny with Miss Ring in the leading part, and this may change her plans.

"The Wizard of Oz" apparently has lost none of its vitality, and it will go cheerfully on its way. "Babes in Toyland" will, of course, continue with a new Alan, Ignaccio Martinetti succeeding William Norris. Glen Macdonough, who wrote the book of "Babes in Toyland" and most of "The Wizard of Oz," has been engaged on the arduous task of dramatizing funny pictures, known as "Bird Centre Cartoons," by J. T. McCutcheon. They have provoked a vast deal of laughter in the Middle West, although New York has scarcely heard of them.

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The Prodigal Son

By HALL CAINE

Author of "The Manxman," "The Christian," "The Eternal City," etc.

PART III

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

Stephen Magnusson, Iceland's Governor-General, and Factor Oscar Neilsen, its richest citizen, have been friends from boyhood. The Governor marries Anna and by her has two sons, Magnus and Oscar. The Factor marries a Danish woman who bears him two daughters, Thora and Helga, and who leaves him and returns to Copenhagen. The care of her children devolves on the Factor's sister, Aunt Margret.

After some years Helga, the youngest daughter, joins her mother abroad, and at the same time Oscar, a brilliant and irresponsible boy, is sent to Oxford. Magnus, who is thought too awkward and slow to be worthy a foreign education, enters the Factor's business, and falls in love with Thora. A marriage between the two young people is arranged by their fathers, and although Thora does not love Magnus, she consents to the arrangement.

During the absence of Magnus at the annual sheep-shearing, Oscar returns from his six years' stay in England, during which, without any definite achievement, he has established a reputation for brilliant talent, especially in music. He and Thora are at once attracted to one another, and at the feast which terminates the sheep-shearing Magnus overhears their declaration of love. After a long mental struggle he promises Oscar and Thora that he will break off the engagement in a manner that will cast no reflection on Thora. Accordingly at the ceremony of public betrothal he declares himself dissatisfied with the settlement which the Factor proposes to make on his daughter and declines to fulfil his engagement. He is banished to the family farm at Thingvellir; Oscar offers himself as Thora's husband and is accepted.

Thora persuades the Factor to send for her sister Helga to assist in the wedding preparations. Helga falls in love with Oscar at their first meeting; clever and brilliant as a musician, she soon displaces Thora in his affections. Sense of duty and fear of Magnus, however, determine Oscar to be true to his engagement, and he hastens on his marriage.

On her wedding-day Thora, as atonement for jealous doubts which she has entertained of her sister, begs that Helga may accompany her and Oscar on their wedding tour through Europe, and Oscar is obliged to consent. The present instalment opens with letters from the wedding-party.

CHAPTER I

THE wedding being over and the party gone, Anna went on a month's visit to Magnus, in order to bear him company during the first weeks of his first winter at the farm, and to see that his house was in order. At intervals during Anna's visit there came news of the wedding-party, the letters being sent on by the weekly post from Government House and from the Factor's. The first to come was from England, and it was a joint letter written to everybody by all three of the wanderers. Oscar began it, with a playful review of their journey from the time of the departure by the Laura.

"As soon as we set foot on the ship we were told that Captain Zinsen had given up his own cabin to us, and from that hour to this everybody has shown us boundless hospitality, especially father's old college friends, the professor at Oxford and the banker here in London. Naturally, we know we owe everything to the magic of the Governor's name, and consequently I am cultivating an extraordinary reverence for it, though I doubt if I shall ever find it more beautiful than I did on the morning of our wedding, at the bottom of that splendid check."

"Ha, ha, the mouse knows where to come back for his cheese," said Anna.

Helga came next, with a glowing account of the London theatres, picture-galleries, and opera-houses.

"The half had not been told me, as the big Book says, and I wonder more than ever why a poor girl should be doomed to waste her life in a wilderness when she might live in a world of so many clever and beautiful people."

"M'm! It's poor work pouring water on a rock," said Anna.

Thora came last with a rather sad little note. It was all very wonderful, no doubt, but she was feeling just a wee bit homesick. Did not care so very much for operas and

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picture-galleries, so Oscar had to take Helga by herself.

"I like best to sit in the window of the hotel and look at the crowds in the square. Such multitudes! Always going and coming and hardly anybody ever speaking to anybody else! That's what strikes you at first as most extraordinary. It is so strange to think that the people in the streets do not even know each other by sight, and that every young woman who goes by has her own family somewhere—her own husband perhaps and her own children—and that she is hurrying away to them. I don't know why, but it makes me feel so lonely, and then I almost want to be back in my dear, sweet, homely old Iceland."

Magnus had to read this letter aloud—for Anna was no reader of handwriting—and when he came to Thora's part his voice thickened and broke.

The next letter came from Paris and Helga wrote the whole of it.

"Such sights! Such luxury! Such gayety! And such dreams of dresses! And then the Opera—Chopin, Verdi, Wagner, Grieg! We are at the opera every night—that is to say Oscar and I are, Thora not caring very much for music. Thora's chief pleasure is to walk in the flower-market by the Madeleine and watch the children playing, and look as if she wished she were one of them."

"Just like our Thora," said Anna.

"Neils is here—Neils Finsen, you know. Neils has finished his course at the musical college, and is connected in some way with Covent Garden and has come to Paris on managerial business. He seems to be getting along wonderfully and it makes me feel almost envious. Oh, to get on in life! To escape forever from that gray sky and all those freezing surroundings! What I would give to do it! Nothing should stand between me and success in life if I only saw the chance of it. And who knows?—perhaps I may some day! Neils declares that my voice has improved wonderfully and I am practising every day. But to have any real opportunity in music one ought to be here or in London or Dresden, and it is so expensive. I'm nearly penniless as it is, and I am feeling so shockingly dowdy that if somebody does not send me——"

The letter was to the Factor and he had cut the end of it away.

"M'm! M'm!" said Anna. "What the Misses are used to the Misses keep up." And then they ate their supper of smoked mutton and black bread in silence and rang the bell for prayers.

The third letter from the wedding-party came from Italy and it was written by Oscar only. The post that brought it had been deluged by a snowstorm and had sheltered two nights on the Moss Fell Heath. At the Inn-farm the cattle-pens had been completely buried, and Magnus and the men had worked up to their waists from daylight to dark digging a way out of the snow that the creatures might be fed and watered.

"The world will be white with you in Iceland, but here in Italy the roses are in bud, and the sky is blue and the air is balmy. What a glorious time we have had of it! We came down from Venice, the city of silence and dream, through Florence, the city of sunshine, and Rome, the mother of cities, to Naples, the city of song. Italy seems to set all Europe to music! Lovely and beloved Italy! If only someone could do the same for Iceland! Rugged, gaunt, grand old Iceland! But wait—only wait—perhaps somebody will do it yet!"

"Ah, Oscar, Oscar," said Anna, "it's easier to count twelve mountains than to climb one."

"Helga is enjoying the trip tremendously. Out every minute of the day and making friends on every side. Thora does not seem so well, poor child, and she hardly cares to go about. We are going on to the Riviera next week and thence back to Iceland. I must, of course, be home for the opening of Althing, but Helga is grudging every day. It is now two o'clock in the morning and we have just returned from a Veglione—that is to say a masque ball—this (yesterday) being the last of Lent. Flowers, streamers, confetti, and such dresses! Helga looked magnificent in a pale blue chiffon of the latest model and was, out of all comparison, the belle of the evening. Poor Thora did not care to go, so she stayed in the hotel and went to bed early."

The last letter they received from the wanderers came on the first day of spring when the thaw had set in, and the water was running down the discolored snow on the mountains like tears down a wrinkled face, and the sheep were beginning to lamb. It was from Monte Carlo and was written by Thora to Anna herself.

"This place is so, so beautiful, Anna, yet

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I do not think I like it very, very much. The houses are all splendid palaces, but they don't seem so homely and comfortable as the little houses in Iceland. I dare not say this to Oscar, lest he should think me ungrateful, and certainly there is no fog nor mist here, and no big white waves, because the sea is always blue; and, of course, the trees are so wonderful and the blossoms so beautiful! Sometimes they have a carnival, and then wagon-loads of flowers are flung about everywhere; but next day it is quite pitiful to see the lovely roses that have been trampled upon being swept up in the streets.

"In the afternoon a band plays in a garden and you drive in a carriage round and round it. At night you go to a restaurant—bigger than the Artisan's Institute—and there another band plays while you eat your dinner—two or three hundred at once, and all the ladies in low dresses. After that you go to a casino where all is silent and rather dark and people sit round tables and play cards for money. Everybody plays cards here because everybody seems to be always taking a holiday."

"Ah, but the Devil never does," said Anna.

"It is shocking to hear, though, how much is sometimes lost in a moment. Last night Oscar pointed out a pale-faced young man who had gambled away the whole of his estate—larger and more valuable than the Inn-farm itself. They say he had not intended to play at all when he went into the room, but the fever mastered him, and he could not resist it."

"Ay, ay, we don't see the ruts when the snow covers them," said Anna.

"It made me feel ill, and I couldn't stay any longer, but Helga wished to remain, so Oscar put me in a carriage and I came back to the hotel and went to bed. I do wish Helga were not so fond of such places. She is, however, and as a consequence Oscar is compelled to go with her, although he does not want to, and sometimes he comes back very depressed. Since we came here his sleep has been much broken and his manner very restless. I shall be glad when we leave this place.

"But we have had such a wonderful time altogether, and Oscar has been so kind to me, and I have been so happy. All the same I shall be glad to be home again, to see all the dear old faces—yours and Auntie Margret's and father's and the Governor's. I suppose Magnus does not talk of me now—does he? How is Silvertop? Tell Magnus to rub his ears for me and kiss his rough old nose. What a romp we'll have over the Heath some day! But I suppose I must not romp too much now, must I? It is so strange, Anna—there are hardly any babies about this place! Not like Italy, where you see them everywhere, with their poor little legs wrapped up like a mummy's.

"We are to be back by the first of summer, and I'm counting the days already. Give our love to everybody, and if anybody asks after me in particular say I am so well and so happy."

The loom in the hall lay idle on the night when Magnus read this letter. Nobody spoke until Anna lit two candles and gave one of them to Magnus, saying:

"Here, you're tired, and no wonder, being up before daybreak."

At the door of his bedroom Magnus paused, candle in hand—

"Mother!"

"Well!"

"Do you think she *is* so very happy?"

"Our Thora? God knows, my son!" said Anna.

CHAPTER II

THE snow was gone and the pale ground was green and golden with the raiment and the jewels of the spring when the Laura dropped her anchor and the little boats that had gone out to meet her came back with the news that the wedding-party had arrived.

The Factor's big white boat had been sent off instantly to fetch the three ashore, and when it was coming back there was a good deal of curiosity as to how they would look after their long journey. Oscar, who was standing in the bow, was seen to be sunburnt, and slightly older-looking, having grown a small, fair mustache which was curled up at the ends. It was observed by somebody that he wore the latest pattern of waistcoat and carried an Italian cloak over his arm. Helga, who was standing in the middle of the boat, looked a shade more buxom, and wore a new French hat. She had a kodak swung over her shoulder and was looking at the people on the jetty through an ivory-framed field-glass. And Thora, who was sitting in the stern in the costume in which she went away, with Mag-

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nus's white bear-skin across her knees, looked a thought thinner than before, but her face was bright with smiles though there were tears in her sparkling eyes.

When the boat came alongside, the salutations were lusty and robustious. Such laughter! Such chaff! Such prolonged handshaking and clapping on the back! After the Governor and Factor had kissed Thora they found that their cheeks were wet, but Helga was as bright as the day and Oscar made everybody happy. He shook hands all round and hailed even the fishermen and boatmen by name. "He doesn't forget an old friend, eh?" said an old fellow with bare feet. "Trust him!" said another in rags.

Then away they trooped to Government House, where Anna was waiting in apron and hufa at the door of the porch. Thora cried for joy at sight of her and had to be carried off to her bedroom. And when Aunt Margret came in her oiled ringlets and Oscar would have kissed her, she beat him off with a playful pat on the cheek, and saying, "I must see what you've done with my child first," ran straight upstairs.

Helga went up also to take off her hat, and then the Governor and Factor carried Oscar into the drawing-room, where the Bishop, the Sheriff, and the Rector joined them. Maria brought in coffee and chocolate, and the old men charged their pipes and plied Oscar with questions. The Governor asked about English politics, the Factor about custom-house duties, the Bishop about the Vatican, and the Rector about the excavations in the Roman Forum.

Oscar answered all of them with a dash and emphasis that had the look of knowledge and the effect of wit, and then glancing off the heavy ground of fact, he went tobogganing down the slippery slopes of fiction, with amusing tales of their travels and the ridiculous things that had and had not happened to them.

All his stories told, every time he pulled the trigger his pistol fired, and the old men laughed until they cried. "What a boy he is!" "He plays with every finger." His high spirits affected them like sunshine after dark days, like a breeze after a calm at sea, like the first swing of a boat after the first dip of the oar. He was the same reckless, irresponsible, lovable prodigal as before, and it was not until afterward that anybody remembered that there had been a hollow ring in his hilarity, a false note in his joy.

Helga came down to the drawing-room and the men received her with a shout.

"How plump she has grown," said the Governor.

"She has certainly filled out on the trip," said the Factor.

"Hasn't she?" said Oscar. "Just what she wanted—all she wanted."

"Nonsense! Let us talk of something serious," said Helga.

Thora came next with Anna and Aunt Margret buzzing and humming about her like bees. She had changed to her old Iceland dress—just for remembrance—and now that she could be seen without her veil she was undoubtedly thinner, and she had a pinched look about the nostrils and a feverish spot in the middle of her cheeks. But her face was shining with timid smiles, and she was overflowing with gratitude.

"Anna has given us such beautiful rooms, Oscar, the big one overlooking the road and the long one behind it, though I don't know what in the world we are going to do with two."

"Oh, don't worry yourself about that, dear—we may find a use for them by and by," said Anna with a knowing nod of the head, and then the color flew up to Thora's eyes like a flag of distress, and the men began to smile.

Anna was smiling also and making signals to the Governor and chuckling to him behind her hand. "Is it so?" "Yes, indeed, I asked her upstairs and it's just as I expected." Then the Governor in his turn began to chuckle and to whisper to the Factor. "No, is it a fact?" "So Anna tells me." And then they chuckled together, until everybody laughed at them.

CHAPTER III

NEXT day Oscar and Helga spent many hours in a round of return visits while Thora, who was still tired, stayed at home and received some of her old schoolfellows. One of them, who had been the beauty of her day, had married a farmer fifteen miles away and borne him three children. It was all work, work, work with her now and the once bright girl was a slave.

"Ah, Thora, how lucky you were not to marry Magnus," she said.

"Do you think so?" said Thora.

"Why, yes, Thora. And then everybody

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says Oscar is going to be such a distinguished man."

It was the spring caravan time, and Magnus himself, who had brought his work to the Factor's, came late in the afternoon. Thora thought he looked brawnier and bigger than ever, and she could not help seeing that his hands were coarser and his nails chopped off square. But his voice was as soft as it used to be, and he was shy and even nervous.

The light was low when he came into the drawing-room, and looking closely at her face he asked three times over if she was well, until she laughed as she gave him the same answer again and again. Then he laughed too, and after that they got on better, and exchanged all the "newses."

Silvertop was in good condition; he had got his summer coat and looked splendid; in fact, he had been fed too well and was getting a little over himself and would have to be taken down a peg or two before Thora rode him again. Ah, well, she wouldn't want him just yet—not *just* yet—and Magnus had better keep the rascal at the farm a little longer.

"But what a time you've been away," said Magnus.

"Haven't we?" said Thora. "Five months, nearly six."

"Six months come Tuesday week," said Magnus.

At that they both became confused, and Thora began to show some photographs taken by Helga on the journey.

"How beautiful! How wonderful!" said Magnus. "But I wonder your ship wasn't floating on the pumps, as they say, before you got her back to harbor—it must have cost a good deal of money to see all these places."

"It must," said Thora; "travelling is so expensive—especially when there is more than one to pay for."

"And then there was Helga," said Magnus.

"Yes, indeed, there was Helga. But the checks which father and the Governor gave to Oscar seem to have been sufficient for all of us."

"Still, I cannot understand how he made it pay for everything."

"No, it isn't easy to understand that, is it?"

"Venice! Rome! Monte Carlo! How you must have enjoyed your journey!"

"Oscar did—every day of it."

"And you, Thora?"

"I'm not a good traveller—I soon tire of sight-seeing, and if it hadn't been for Helga——"

"So you are not sorry you took Helga with you?"

Thora faltered a little and then said: "Helga was able to go sight-seeing with Oscar when I had to stay in the hotel."

"But were you not lonely while they were away?"

"Perhaps—sometimes—just a little—being so much alone, and among so many strange faces."

Magnus, who seemed to be absorbed in the photographs, said almost unconsciously: "Poor little thing!"

Then the flag of distress ran up to Thora's eyes, and she answered hurriedly: "Oh, it was my own fault. Oscar always wanted to stay with me, and if it hadn't been for Helga——"

But a little catch came into her throat and she had to stop, whereupon Magnus said:

"And I hoped you were so happy!"

But then Anna brought in the lamp and the light relieved the tension. Yet, being able to see the photographs plainly, Magnus laid them down and Thora put them away.

He left early, having a long ride before him, and Anna followed him to the door.

"Is Thora quite well?" he asked in a whisper.

"As well as can be expected under the circumstances," said Anna.

"And is Oscar kind to her?"

"Kind? Oscar? Why ever should you ask that, Magnus?"

"She looks so pale, so depressed."

"Oh, that's often the way with young wives in her condition. Haven't you noticed anything—anything particular? Our Thora will be a mother before long."

"And is that all that's the matter with her?" said Magnus.

CHAPTER IV

THE summer session of Parliament was to begin almost immediately, and Oscar plunged straightway into preparations for his campaign. He was to move a resolution asking that the Acts of Althing should henceforward be promulgated on the last day of the session, as in the old times, from the ancient Mount of Laws at Thingvellir. It was to be his maiden speech and much depended

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upon it. Before he wrote it he went over to the Factor's to discuss with Helga its scheme and argument. After he had written it he went over to the Factor's again to read it to Helga, and obtain the benefit of her suggestions. And when he had committed it to memory he went over to the Factor's a third time to rehearse it before Helga. It was Helga first and last, all day and every day, until the day of the opening sitting.

"Helga is a great politician; but you care nothing about politics, do you, Thora?" Oscar would say. And Thora would swallow the lump in her throat and answer: "No."

Thora and Helga were both present when Oscar took his seat. They occupied the Governor's ante-room that opened off the parliamentary chamber. The galleries were crowded with spectators, and there was much curiosity when Oscar rose to speak. Thora felt a little faint at the first sound of his voice, and she would have fled away if she could have done so, but Helga held her to her chair.

"Hush! For goodness' sake be quiet," she whispered. "You'll make him still more nervous."

The speech was a great success. It was an appeal for the preservation of the old order—for all that made Iceland what it was—the land of saga and song. Even the party of progress who thought much of it moonshine were carried away by the fervor and enthusiasm, the poetry and passion of the young speaker. When Oscar finished there were volleys of applause; the people in the galleries were clapping their hands, and Helga was standing up and waving her handkerchief, but Thora was covering her face and crying into her gloves.

The resolution was passed unanimously, and Oscar was made chairman of a committee to carry out the necessary preparations. This work occupied all his spare time during the six weeks of the parliamentary session. It took him to the Factor's every day, for Helga was full of schemes for the great ceremonial. Being in Parliament every morning and at the Factor's every afternoon, Oscar was nearly always from home and Thora saw little of him. Every night he returned with a mouthful of apologies and a torrent of explanations. They had been searching the sagas for the exact course taken by the procession in the old days, or they had been selecting the flags to hang over the rocks, or they had been composing a hymn to celebrate the occasion—Oscar had improvised one in a moment and Helga had written it down.

"And how has my little baby been going on all day long? Lonely? What a shame! I'm sorry—very, very sorry," he would say.

And then Thora would answer: "Don't think of me, Oscar. You have your work to do, and I only wish I could help you like Helga."

But in the long hours of loneliness, when her head was on her hands and her feet were in the fender, the poor little soul would sink and the tender heart grow bitter. Only Anna would be with her then, comforting and consoling her, and pretending to be blind to what every eye could see.

"Anna," she said at length, "when Magnus was here he asked me such a strange question."

"What was that, Thora?"

"He asked if I wasn't sorry that Helga had gone with us on our journey."

"And are you?"

"Sometimes—perhaps it is foolish—but sometimes I think that I am."

"I know. I think I know. And it isn't foolish of you at all, dear. Oscar is doing wrong. I must speak to him—I must speak to him severely."

"It isn't Oscar's fault, Anna. Helga is so selfish."

"Yes, she takes after somebody else in that way, Thora."

"She was always taking Oscar away from me when we were on our journey."

"But your journey is over now, and he must mend his manners."

"Ah, no! That part of our journey isn't over yet, Anna. Sometimes I think it has only begun."

"You don't mean to say that Helga is trying to——"

"Helga has no pity. When she once gets hold of anybody she will never give him up."

"You think she is trying to get hold of Oscar?"

"I think she *has* got hold of him."

"You mustn't say that about your husband, Thora!"

"Oh, I don't blame Oscar. Helga is so beautiful, so clever. She has every advantage over me."

"Now that's just where you are wrong, dear. There's one point in which our little Thora has an advantage over Helga and over every other woman in the world."

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"You mean with Oscar?"

"Yes, with Oscar—you are going to be the mother of his child."

"Will that make any difference?"

"Any difference? I should think it will indeed. My poor mother used to say: 'When people are married it's the children who keep the pot boiling.' "

"You mean that when my baby is born Oscar will come back to me?"

"Certainly I do."

"And that he will never go away from me any more?"

"Never! Oscar has always loved children—wait till he has a child of his own and see."

"Well, you are his mother—you know him best, Anna."

"Trust me, Thora! It isn't a good well if water has to be carried to it, but when the child is born Oscar will begin all over again."

"You think that? Really? You think Oscar will love me again for my baby's sake?"

"Any man must if he has a good heart—and Oscar's heart is good whatever his head may be."

"Indeed, indeed it is, Anna."

"He must love the mother for the sake of the child, and the child for the sake of the mother."

"How sweet! How beautiful!"

Thora's own eyes were now like the eyes of a child—so full of wonder and love. She fell to counting the weeks that must pass before the fulness of her time.

"Nine weeks—hardly nine—eight—think, mother, only eight. How I wish it were even less! I used to look forward to that time with anxiety and dread, but there is nothing to be afraid of if so much good can come out of a little pain—nothing really—now is there?"

CHAPTER V

In this sweet hope Thora comforted herself for four weeks, and then something happened which disturbed all her calculations. It was the eve of the proclamation, and the committee of which Oscar was the chief decided to visit Thingvellir, in order to complete their preparations for the ceremony. On this errand Helga was to go with them, and having so many things to attend to, they were to sleep all night at the Inn-farm and return the following day. When Oscar announced this programme a sudden change came over Thora's patient and submissive spirit.

"Then I must go, too," she said.

"You? You, Thora?" said Oscar. "Why, what can you be thinking of? Thirty-three miles away—in that desolate region—without a doctor or a nurse—and so near your time, too. Impossible! Quite impossible!"

"Then Helga mustn't go either."

"But Helga is so useful, so necessary."

"I don't care. If I cannot go with you, Helga shall not do so either."

"My dear Thora, this is so unlike you. But as you please. I shall be ashamed to tell Helga and explain to the committee, but still, if you wish it— No, no, you must not cry. You must not disturb yourself. My little woman must keep herself very quiet while I am away—very, very quiet."

Two hours after Oscar had gone Helga came to Government House. Thora was alone, and the sisters faced each other for some instants without speaking. At length Helga said:

"Well, I trust you are satisfied. Now that you have shown your foolish jealousy and made us the talk of the town, I trust you are satisfied."

"Oscar said I was to keep myself quiet, Helga, and you know I ought to do so."

"Oh, you can excite yourself enough, it seems, when you wish to express your paltry feelings. Because I have sympathized with Oscar and tried to help and inspire him, you who have never sympathized with him and can never help him, because you cannot understand him, and he is beyond you—you must come with your petty spite——"

"Helga! you have never been kind to me—never since you came home a year ago—but now you are cruel."

"Am I? Perhaps I am. And perhaps I've gone through enough to make me so."

"You speak as if your disappointment of this morning in not going with Oscar were a great and grievous matter, but you don't seem to remember how often I have been disappointed in the same way."

"Oh, I dare say you think you are much to be pitied."

"I don't say I'm to be pitied, Helga, because I know it was my own fault at the beginning. But I do say I've never known a moment's peace since you came from Denmark. I persuaded father to send for you

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because you were my sister, and I wished you to share my happiness, but you have never shown me any sisterly feeling—never. On the contrary, you found me happy, and you have made me miserable. You have done your best to render life intolerable to me."

"I thought you said you were not to excite yourself, Thora?"

"It is you that are exciting me, Helga, because you are always inflicting the sharpest tortures upon me and hurting me where you know I can bear it least. From the first you tried to take Oscar away from me—you know you did. You tried to do it before our marriage, and you have tried to do it ever since. You were not even ashamed to try during our honeymoon, and you are trying now, because you have lost all sense of loyalty and justice, or remorse, or even shame."

"Oh, yes," said Helga; "you think you have been a great martyr. But would it surprise you to hear that somebody else has gone through a still greater martyrdom? You accuse me of having inflicted tortures upon you—what of the tortures you have inflicted upon me?'

"I, Helga?"

"Yes, you! You speak as if I were the sort of woman who draws a man into her net, who tears him away from the wife he loves and drags him down to his death. You would have been nearer right if you had thought of me as another kind of woman altogether—one who is herself the sufferer—who is shut out and cut off, and must remain unmatched and unmated because the man who loves her is married to someone else."

"Helga!"

"Oh, I should have had mercy on your condition, but you would not let me. And now, if you wish to hear the truth, I will tell you."

"And what is the truth, Helga?"

"The truth is that Oscar does not love you at all—perhaps he has never loved you."

"Helga, how dare you? The falseness of what you say is on the face of it. If Oscar has never loved me, why am I his wife? What advantage had he to gain by choosing me instead of you? What compulsion was put upon him? If he did not love me, why did he marry me?"

"He married you out of pity and from a mistaken sense of duty, because he had contracted to marry you, and he thought it only honorable to go on with his bargain. But he loved somebody else and so sacrificed both of them."

"It's false, Helga, it's false, and it is only your vanity that makes you say so."

"Oh, you must not suppose that I am saying this without a certainty. I had it from himself——"

"Himself? He himself——?"

"From his own mouth on the eve of your marriage."

"On the eve of his marriage to me, he told you——"

"He told me that he loved me. And since then if he has not said it in words he has said it in other ways again and again. He loves me still——"

"No, no, it is not true."

"He will always love me."

"It is not true, it is not true."

"And he loves you no more than a man loves his dog or his horse, or the man of the Bible days loved the handmaiden of his wife."

"Helga, for shame! Are you without conscience or truth that you can lie to me like that? If Oscar had never loved me, do you think I should not have found it out long ago? And if he loved you, do you think I should not know it? I who am bearing his child?"

"Oh, you needn't taunt me with that, Thora. Yes, yours are the lips that kiss and kiss him, but it isn't the lips that matter—it is the love behind the lips, and that love is mine, and every time he kisses you the kiss is meant for me."

"You lie, Helga, you lie."

"What do I care if you are the bondwoman who bears his child? The child will be my child, and when he is born he will have my face——"

"No, it is not possible."

"It is, it is, you know it is."

Thora gasped for breath. Then an extraordinary change came over her that made her almost unrecognizable. The patient and gentle woman seemed suddenly possessed by a demon. Something strange and horrible seemed in an instant to enter into her soul. The homicidal impulse which takes hold of wild animals appeared to assail and conquer her. One moment she stood facing her sister, convulsed and livid, and then in a voice that was hoarse with rage and shame she said:

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"Very well, if that is so, and if my child is not my own, if it has been conceived in the love of another woman, and I am only the bondwoman who bears it, then—then—then—it shall never be born, or if it *is* born I—I—I will kill it!"

With that she burst into a peal of laughter, and fell on to the floor.

The noise brought Anna into the room, panting.

"What have you done to her? What have you said? Thora! Thora!"

"I will kill the child. I will kill it, I will kill it!"

The wild, shrieking laughter continued and increased until the Governor came running from his room. He listened for a moment to the mad, homicidal cries and then said: "Let us lift her up and carry her to bed. Helga, go for the doctor and for Margret Neilsen. Tell them to come quickly. She's in labor—there's no time to lose."

CHAPTER VI

All night Thora tossed about in a strong delirium, which expressed itself in the one, wild, homicidal cry. Aunt Margret came and found Anna in the sick room. The Factor followed, and sat for hours with the Governor in his bureau below.

The doctor, Dr. Oddsson, never left Thora's side. He did not conceal the gravity of her condition. The delirium was due to premature labor. Such homicidal mania was rare, but not unknown, in the cases of young mothers. It generally originated in some startling event, perhaps a great loss, or a great shock or a grievous disappointment. Doctor Oddsson questioned Anna, but she knew nothing to account for Thora's seizure. He asked Helga, but she said little.

Helga was obviously in a state of terror. Her face was deathly pale and her lips quivered. She could not be got to leave the house. When the Factor returned home at ten o'clock, being powerless to do anything, he could not tear Helga away. It was observed by all three attendants on the invalid that Helga did not ask to be admitted to Thora's room. "A sensitive girl," thought the doctor. "She knows better than ask *me*," thought Anna. But she seemed anxious to help in any menial way, no matter what.

When there was nothing else to do Helga sat in the drawing-room, still wearing her cloak and hat, and listening in fear to the mad cries overhead. In the long, dark hours she was a prey to the most agonizing thoughts. She was feeling like one who had committed a murder and asking herself what would happen if Thora died. At one moment there came a moment's joy out of the darkest possibility, and she saw herself as Oscar's wife. But this was a devilish temptation and it was banished by a poignant memory. That was the memory of the black hour when (before Thora's marriage) she had told Oscar the secret of Thora's birth. Oscar had been repelled, and in the same way he would fly from her (however much he loved her) if he thought she had been an instrument toward Thora's death.

Beyond the physical agony of those wild cries which came from the chamber overhead, beyond the pangs of a troubled conscience, and beyond the pain of the sisterly love and pity which overcame her and surprised her in these dark hours, Helga suffered from one overmastering terror—the terror of what Oscar would say to her when he came back. He had been sent for; there would be no need to tell him anything.

Oscar arrived at midnight, covered with dust and sweat. Somebody opened the hall-door to him. He did not stop to see who it was, but pushing through the house came first upon Helga in the drawing-room. For a moment they stood face to face, like guilty things—she was trembling from head to foot. He was breathing heavily.

"How is she now?" he asked.

"No better," she answered.

He heard the cries from the room above.

"Is that she?"

"Yes."

"Oh, God!" he muttered, and began to load himself with reproaches. "I should have taken her with me when she asked me. Why didn't I? I might have known what would happen."

Helga had expected that he would fly out at her, and she could have borne any insult, but this she could not bear.

"It's all my fault," he said. "I have been a fool—a weak, selfish fool. Oh, Thora, my sweet, innocent, long-suffering Thora, forgive me, forgive me!"

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Helga could not endure the house any longer. She felt like a criminal and wanted to escape. Leaving Oscar with his head on his arms over the cushions of the couch, she slipped out and went home through the dark and silent streets alone.

As the first streaks of dawn were fretting the sky above the glaciers of the Eastern Fells, the delirium abated, and there came a period of conscious pain. Anna ran in to Oscar to tell him of the change, and then downstairs on a similar errand to where the Governor lay in his shirt-sleeves on the sofa in his bureau.

"She's herself at last, thank the Lord, and the doctor says she's going along as well as can be expected."

Two hours later, as the sun rose on the little town, and the fiord and the fells were crimson with his glory, the angel of peace came down to the house of pain, bearing a babe in her arms.

With a smile and an outstretched hand, the doctor entered Oscar's room and said:

"I am happy to congratulate you. A girl —a beautiful child."

"But Thora?"

"She is weak, but quite at ease, and as well as can be expected under the circumstances."

"Thank God!"

"And now go to bed yourself, Oscar, and sleep if you can until this time to-morrow."

"I will—I will—thank you, doctor—thank you, a thousand, thousand times."

Meanwhile Anna was in the bureau telling the glad news to the Governor, and then running about the house to find someone to take it to the Factor.

"*I'll* go, mother," said a voice from the kitchen.

"Goodness! is that you, Magnus? When did you come?"

"About eleven o'clock last night."

"Then you were here before Oscar?"

"Golden Mane gallops fast, mother."

"And what have you been doing in the kitchen?"

"Carrying the wood and boiling the water for Margret Neilsen."

"Then you must go to bed now—you'll be sleepy."

"Not I—I can lie awake six nights, you know, when the lambs are coming."

"Well, a lamb has come to-night, Magnus," said Anna.

"God bless it, and the little mother as well," said Magnus.

CHAPTER VII

THORA slept until midday under the combined effects of exhaustion and a sleeping-draught, and when she awoke the evil spirit which had possessed her like a demon and made her unrecognizable had gone, and she was her own sweet simple self once more. But the struggle had been a terrible one, and if the better part of her soul had conquered, the frail body which had been its battlefield was a waste of weakness. She was pale and thin and her blue eyes were large and liquid.

Before opening them she heard from the back room (which had been transformed into a nursery) the sweetest, most thrilling sound which ever comes to a woman's ears, a sound which sums up into its joys all the ecstasy that the human soul can know, a sound which no woman in the world has ever heard but once—the first cry of her first child.

Thora opened her eyes and saw Anna knitting by her side.

"Is that baby?" she asked.

"Ah, I thought you were awake," said Anna. "Yes, Thora, that is baby. Margret Neilsen is bathing her."

"Bring her to me. Tell Aunt Margret to bring her immediately."

"By and by, dear, by and by."

"No, now! If she doesn't bring baby this instant I'll get up and go to her."

"Hush! You are to be very quiet and not to excite yourself. And as for getting up, the doctor says if you stir out of bed within a week, goodness knows what will happen."

"Yes, I know. I am very naughty, and you must forgive me. But I've not seen baby yet—not really seen her—and if you will bring her to me I will be so good. I will not excite myself at all—not at all. You shall see how quiet I can be."

"Well, if you promise me, faithfully promise me," said Anna.

"Wait! Sit down again, mother. Sit here by the window. I have something to ask you first. Does she—does baby resemble anybody?"

"Resemble anybody? I should think she does indeed. I have never in all my life seen a child so like its mother."

"Like me? Oh, bring her! Bring her! I can't wait a moment longer."

Anna went into the nursery and told Aunt Margret that Thora was awake and calling impatiently for the child.

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"But she'll want to take her," said Aunt Margret.

"Trust her for that, if she's a mother," said Anna.

"But will it be safe? Is she quite herself again?"

"We'll chance her," said Anna.

Aunt Margret gathered up the baby in its long clothes, and with its feeding-bottle at her breast, carried it into Thora's room, and stooping by the bed, she said: "There! Look at that now!"

"Give her to me, give her to me," cried Thora, stretching out two trembling white arms.

"Carefully then, carefully," said Aunt Margret.

There was no need to fear: Thora gathered her child to her breast with the free and daring but gentle touch that comes by nature to mothers of every species.

"My baby! My baby!" she whispered, and her pale face overflowed with joy. "Yes, she *is* like me. I can see it myself. But why doesn't she open her eyes? Is she asleep? That cannot be, because she is still sucking. Coo-coo! Isn't she beautiful? How foolish of me to say that! And yet it's true. Coo! My baby! My bootiful, bootiful baby!"

Through all this broken jargon—the divine foolishness of motherhood—the two elder women stood by, trying to cackle and laugh behind their black silk aprons, but finding it hard to keep back their tears.

"I'm so glad baby is like me," said Thora, after a pause, and she gazed down at the child with looks of wonder and love. Then her delicious selfishness took another turn and she said:

"Mother, don't you think Oscar has slept long enough now?"

"Doctor Oddsson said he was to sleep until to-morrow," replied Anna.

"But couldn't you waken him up for a moment—just for a moment, to come and see us as we are now—baby and me—would it do him much harm?"

"No, but it would do *you* a great deal—you would overexcite yourself, and then, my gracious, I *should* get into trouble."

"Oh, no, I will be quite calm—I promise you I will be calm. And Oscar can come in his dressing-gown and then go back to sleep. Do call him—do—please do—Anna, Aunt Margret—mother!"

They could not resist the pleading voice, and Anna went off to Oscar's room. Oscar was awake.

"How is she now?" he asked.

"Still a little weak, but getting stronger every hour," said Anna.

"And the child?"

"She's got it in bed with her and wishes you to come and see them."

"I'll come at once."

"Dear Thora! She is happy at last. I have never seen anybody so happy. And nobody ever deserved happiness more. Just now when I left her she had the eyes of a child. But she is still on the brink of life and death. It wouldn't need much to make her take flight from this world. Therefore watch over your words, Oscar, and don't say anything that will agitate her."

Oscar promised, and then followed his mother into Thora's bedroom. At the threshold he heard the soft "Boo-oo—Coo-oo" of motherly endearment, and then saw the shining pale face on the pillow with the tiny red one below it.

"My poor Thora," he said, kissing her forehead, "you are not suffering now, are you? A little pale perhaps and a little thin, but better, are you not?"

"Look!" she whispered, uncovering the child and having no thoughts to waste on lesser matters. "Whom is she like, Oscar?"

"Like! Do you ask me whom she's like, Thora? Why, she's like—ridiculously like you!"

"Kiss me, Oscar. Put your arms round both of us, dearest. That way—so."

But at the next moment the baby was crying and the older women were protesting loudly.

"Come away, you great, clumsy creature," said Aunt Margret.

"No, no," cried Thora. "It wasn't Oscar. He never hurts anybody. It was I, auntie," but Auntie, making no terms with such heroics, took the child out of bed and proceeded to rock it, face downward, across her knees.

When the baby had been hushed to sleep they fell to the discussion of its name. Oscar was for "Thora," but Thora herself said no, that was her own name, the name Oscar knew her by, and therefore she could not share it even with her child.

"Then what do you say to Elin?" said Oscar.

"Beautiful! Anna, Aunt Margret, listen! Say it again, Oscar."

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"Eleen."

"Isn't it lovely as Oscar says it?"

So they decided straightway that Elin it should be, and next came the question of the godparents. Thora was for Magnus ("Poor Magnus"), and Oscar assented. But when Oscar in his turn nominated Helga the sunshine died off Thora's face, whereupon Anna gave him a quick glance and began to make a noise.

"Then Magnus for godfather and Aunt Margret for godmother," said Oscar, and so it was agreed.

"And let us have the baptism to-day," said Thora.

"To-day?" cried Anna. "Why, Thora, a child is never baptized on the day of its birth except when it is going to die."

It was now Aunt Margret's turn to make a noise, and this she did by wakening baby in rising suddenly, and protesting that Oscar ought to be turned out of the room and Thora left to rest.

"Yes, yes, that's true," said Oscar, and kissing Thora again, he followed Aunt Margret and the baby into the nursery. When they were gone and the door had closed on them, Anna leaned over the bed and whispered:

"There! Didn't I know what o'clock it was striking? Hasn't Oscar come back to you? When he kissed you, didn't you feel that all his heart was yours?"

"Yes, it is true," said Thora. "But will it last, think you?"

"Certainly it will last. Last night he was reproaching himself with all sorts of things, and to-day he is like a man who is beginning over again a new life."

"You think so, Anna? You really, really think so?"

"Indeed I do. Depend upon it, he'll not lose sight of that baby for five minutes in the day. And he'll never look at her but he'll think of you."

"How happy I am, Anna! I have never been so happy before—never, never!" She took a deep breath and closed her shining eyes to ease the beating of her heart. There was a moment's silence, and then in another voice she said: "Anna?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Last night—when I was so ill—didn't I say——"

"Hush! That's all over. We'll not speak of it any more."

"All the same, if I could die now—now when I'm so happy—and baby too——"

And then Anna sank into a chair, trembling from head to foot.

CHAPTER VIII

ANNA was right about Oscar and the baby—he could not willingly allow it to be out of his sight for any five minutes of the day or night. When it was to be bathed he felt it necessary to superintend the operation, and when it was fed he was compelled to keep watch and ward. He had a thousand fears of accidents that might happen to it, and became dizzy when it lay naked on the edge of Aunt Margret's lap. If it cried while he was in the dining-room, he leaped upstairs four stairs at a time, and if anything fell on the floor above he turned pale and trembled. Sleeping in the room next to the nursery, he kept his door open at night, and if the baby was fretful, he watched Aunt Margret to and fro (being afraid to carry the child himself) as if she had taken too much laudanum.

Two days passed in this way and he was never once out-of-doors. Thora overheard him in the adjoining room, coaxing and scolding Aunt Margret, talking or laughing to the child, and her heart overflowed with happiness. "But will it last?" she asked herself.

Meantime Helga, sitting at home, shut out from these joys, was feeling herself neglected. On the third day Oscar had a message from her, saying she wished to see him on an important matter and asking him to come round immediately. He could not resist it. The little scented envelope drew him like a magnet. Going out for a walk, to think of what he should do, every step took him in the direction of the Factor's. Within half an hour he found himself in the little sitting-room overlooking the lake, and Helga was standing before him with head down, more meek and modest but also more irresistible than ever before.

"I have a confession to make to you," she said, "and if you are angry with me, I must bear it."

She had been the cause of poor Thora's sudden illness. Stung by the disappointment of some days ago she had gone across to Government House to reproach her sister with the humiliation she had put upon her. Perhaps she had said too much, and more than was true, and she was sorry and ashamed. She could wish to ask Thora's

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forgiveness, and if Oscar would do it for her——

"With pleasure, Helga," said Oscar. "But all's well that ends well, and why should we say more on this subject?"

"There is another that I wished to speak of," said Helga, and then came the real burden of her message.

Poor Thora's delirium had been homicidal. She had threatened to take the life of her unborn child. What a frightful thing it would be if out of her weakness and hallucination she should attempt to carry out her threat!

"But that's all over now, Helga," said Oscar. "Since her baby came, Thora has been as gentle as a lamb, and running over with tenderness and love."

"So I thought until this morning," said Helga. "But father tells me your mother sees signs of dementia still."

"Good heavens!" cried Oscar.

"Everybody appears to have heard of it except you. I thought it was wrong to keep you in the dark, and so I've told you."

"Thanks, Helga, it is good of you, and if poor Thora is still suffering in that way——"

"There can't be a doubt of it, Oscar. She told your mother she wished she could die, and baby with her."

"She must be watched—the child too. There must be nurses night and day."

"Is that enough, Oscar? You know how cunning people are when they are suffering from dementia. And then a child is such a little frail thing. Its life might be snuffed out in an instant."

"You mean that baby should be removed?"

"It might be safest—for a time at least. It might come here—I should take the greatest care of it. But it needn't change its nurse—Aunt Margret must come home soon in any case."

"It must be done, Helga. It would be too awful if anything happened to the child. I should go mad."

"And then think of Thora. It would be ten thousand times more terrible for her."

"Poor Thora! It will break her heart," said Oscar. "It seems as if I am doomed to bring pain and grief and death to her."

"We must be cruel only to be kind, Oscar. But don't act on my advice only, and for mercy's sake don't say I suggested anything. Ask somebody else."

"I will."

"The Governor?"

At the mention of that name they paused and looked at each other in silence, as if a ghost had passed between them.

"Any news from Monte—I mean Copenhagen?" asked Helga.

"Nothing yet, but I am in daily fear of something happening."

"Whatever happens, I shall never forget that you did that for me, Oscar."

She held out her hand to him, and he took it, kept it for a moment, then kissed it passionately and fled from the house.

Later the same day a conference of the family was held at Government House to consider what ought to be done. The Governor and the Factor were there, and Oscar and Anna. Aunt Margret came down last, having left one of the maids in charge of the child.

"Magnus is in the nursery, too," she said. "He came up with wood for the stove and Thora heard his voice and now they are talking through the open door."

Doctor Oddsson had been called into consultation and he gave a guarded opinion. Such forms of homicidal mania were due to weakness and were usually transient. Since the night of the confinement he had seen no signs of it himself, but if Anna had seen them he would not take the responsibility of opposing the step that was suggested.

Anna rocked herself and moaned and said that after all she could not be certain. She might have mistaken what had fallen from Thora. Perhaps the poor child had been thinking of something quite different.

Aunt Margret was now of the same mind but much more emphatic. "I don't believe a word of it," she said, "and I'm sorry I ever doubted her. Thora is a Neilsen, and she wouldn't hurt a hair of the child's head."

"This is no time to indulge sentimental feelings," said the Governor. "If Thora is suffering from dementia, however transient, we must protect her from the dangers of her weakness."

"I agree, Stephen," said the Factor. "I'm sorry—I'm sorry for my daughter—but I agree, I agree."

"That is our duty, our plain duty," continued the Governor, "first to the child who is the offspring—at present the only probable offspring—of two families, and next to the poor young mother herself, than whom no one would have more right to reproach us if we failed to do it and a disaster occurred."

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"No one, Stephen, no one," said the Factor.

"It seems so cruel, so dreadfully cruel," said Anna.

"But it's all for Thora's own good, mother," said Oscar.

"I know, Oscar, I know, yet it's cruel for all that."

"But I should like to know who's going to do it," said Aunt Margret. I'm not—I tell you flat."

"Then Anna must do it herself," said the Governor.

"No, no, don't ask me," said Anna.

"Why not? Who so proper to do such an act of mercy and love? And Oscar, too—Oscar himself if need be must carry the child over to the Factor's."

Oscar's lips whitened and quivered and his heart clutched at his ribs.

It was decided that the child should be taken from the mother that night, as soon as she was asleep and the house was quiet.

"But she goes to sleep with the child at her breast and always awakes when it wants the bottle," said Anna.

"I'll give her a draught—she'll sleep until morning," said the doctor.

"Oh dear me! Oh dear me! I shall feel like a thief," said Anna.

"Or like a murderer," said Aunt Margret.

CHAPTER IX

The sun was shining into the bedroom when Thora awoke with a slight flush in her pale cheeks and a look of happiness in her eyes, and saw Anna rocking herself sadly by the bedside.

"Where is baby?" asked Thora.

"Presently, dear, presently," said Anna.

"Where is she?"

"Lie quiet, Thora. You shall hear everything by and by."

"But tell me, where is my little Elin, Anna?"

"Promise me not to excite yourself, Thora, and I will tell you all about her."

Thora raised herself on her elbow and said, with quick-coming breath: "You don't mean that you have taken her away?"

"There now, you are exciting yourself already, Thora!"

Thora thought a moment and then she said: "I am sorry I said that, Anna. It was very, very wrong of me. I know you wouldn't hurt me for worlds. But why don't you tell me where my little girl is? She's in the nursery, isn't she? You took her away from me in the night, and now she's asleep in her cot—isn't that so? Or perhaps Aunt Margret has taken her down to the door. There! isn't that she—that child crying in the home-field? Or was it somebody else's baby in the road? Speak, Anna! You are only teasing me, I know. But I'm so weak, so foolish, and my heart is beating like a drum."

Anna continued to rock herself and to moan: "Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Thora watched her for a moment with eyes that filled with fear, and then called in a shrill voice: "Aunt Margret! Aunt Margret! Aunt Margret!"

"Aunt Margret has gone, Thora," said Anna.

"Gone! Aunt Margret has gone? And my baby—has she gone, too?"

Anna only rocked herself and moaned: "Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Thora struggled to raise herself in bed, but her cheeks whitened and her eyes rolled, and with a loud scream she fell back fainting.

The maids came running into the bedroom and opened Thora's clenched hands, while Anna bathed her forehead.

"What have I done? Oh, those doctors! Little they know of a mother's feelings. It will kill her in any case. My poor child! My poor child! Come then, come then!"

Thora recovered consciousness after a moment and looked about her with dazed eyes.

"Oscar!" she said, "I want to see Oscar."

"And so you shall, dear," said Anna, and she sent one of the maids across to the Factor's to fetch him instantly. Oscar came upstairs four steps at a stride and entered the room like a rush of wind.

"My poor Thora!" he said, with panting breath, and he leaned over the bed to kiss her.

Thora's eyes, which had been dry and hard, now melted and grew wet. "Oscar," she said, "your mother has sent our little Elin away—stolen her away in the night—and I am so weak and faint I cannot get up to follow her."

"Ah, no, dear, not mother," said Oscar. "Lie quiet and I will explain."

"Fetch her back to me, Oscar. I love my baby. I cannot live without her."

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"I know you love her, Thora, and I promise you that you shall have her back in due time."

"No, no, dear, now."

"Not just yet, Thora; but I give you my word for it that baby is safe. They are taking every care of her."

"What *right* have they to take care of my baby?" cried Thora. "She's mine, I must have her back. I *will* have her back."

In Thora's flashing eyes, which changed the character of her whole face, and in her voice, which was husky with rage and hatred, there was something of the fierce animal that has been robbed of its young. Oscar shuddered at sight of the convulsed and livid face, but he answered gently:

"Thora, if you give way to feelings like those you will make yourself ill again, and then baby will never come back to you. If you will only listen, I will tell you everything. You were very bad before baby came, and doctor feared you might even do some harm to her. Therefore to save you from pain and shame I took her away from you for a little while—only for a little while—until you were better and more sure of yourself, Thora."

Then a great silence fell on Thora's bewailing, and she said, in a husky whisper: "So it was you, Oscar?"

"Well—yes, dear, it was I—but what I did was for your own good—yours and our little Elin's. And if you will only wait, only be patient, your baby shall be brought back to you, and we shall be happy."

Thora's wet eyes dried of themselves, but it was a glassy and smileless light that came into them.

"Where is my baby now?" she asked.

"Not far away, in fact at your father's. Aunt Margret wrapped her in a shawl and I took her across myself."

"Then you gave my child to Helga?" said Thora.

"Well—yes, I gave her to Helga. But Aunt Margret is there now. And besides, I intend to go over myself off and on all day long—so you are not to worry nor be anxious about anything—not about any single thing. You understand everything now, dear, do you not?"

"Yes, I understand everything now," said Thora.

The glassy, smileless eyes continued to look up at him, but he mistook the light that shone in them.

"That's a good girl," he said. "Everybody will be delighted to hear that you are so reasonable and resigned, because everybody thought you would be inconsolable—everybody except Helga."

"Helga?"

"Helga said you would be yourself within an hour, and she was right. Helga knew you better than any of us."

"Yes, Helga knew me better than any of you," said Thora.

Then he sat on the end of the bed and chatted gaily on many subjects, while Anna, crying for joy of the change in Thora's spirits, called for her breakfast and coaxed her to swallow some of it. He talked of his work—of the work he was going to do when he began, which would be soon, very soon now. Then of his ambitions in Parliament, and finally of the Proclamation. It was fixed for the day after to-morrow, everybody was going to it and the town would be empty. As for himself he had made up his mind to stay at home with Thora, but seeing that the celebration at Thingvellir had been his idea, and that he had taken such a prominent part in it, people were saying it would be a thousand pities if he could not be present.

"Then there's the anthem, you know," said Oscar. "I've been rehearsing the choir and they're very shaky, but if I thought the organist could hold them together, I shouldn't go in any case."

"What does Helga say?" asked Thora.

"Helga? Oh, Helga? Helga says I *must* go," replied Oscar.

"So do I," said Thora.

"You do? Really? What a sweet, unselfish soul it is, to be sure!" said Oscar, and, kissing Thora on the forehead, he ran back to see Elin.

The glassy, smileless eyes on the pillow followed him out of the room, but their light was the light of despair.

CHAPTER X

GOING out of Government House, Oscar came upon Magnus, who was standing at the foot of the staircase, riding-whip in hand, and with Golden Mane at the door of the porch. By the dark cloud on Magnus's face Oscar could see that his brother was in a sullen and rebellious mood, and to avoid hostilities he saluted him and tried to run on.

"Wait," said Magnus.

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"Another time," said Oscar.

"Now," said Magnus, and laying his big hand on Oscar's arm he drew him back into the hall.

Oscar flushed up at the indignity and said sharply: "Well, what is it?"

"Oscar," said Magnus, "I heard what passed in the bedroom."

"Then you were listening?"

"I was."

"You are not ashamed to say you were listening on the stairs—on your hands and knees perhaps—to my conversation with my wife?"

"I would have listened on my belly if need be," said Magnus, and his face darkened more and more.

"May I ask why you listened?" said Oscar.

"Because I could not do otherwise."

"How so?"

"I had given my word to be here when wanted."

"To my wife?"

"Yes."

"You will excuse my saying, Magnus, that it would be a much better and happier thing if you attended to your own business."

"This is my own business. Oscar, you must give the child back to Thora."

"Really, Magnus, you are taking a most unwarrantable liberty. If you were not my brother——"

"Pshah! Give the mother her child."

"Good Lord, man," said Oscar, breathing hard as if he had been running, "do you really think I am going to allow an outsider, even if he *is* my brother, to dictate to me what I shall do with my family difficulties and to travel all the way from Thingvellir to conduct my domestic affairs? What right have you to mix yourself in my business—the business of my wife and me?"

The cloud that contracted Magnus's face grew darker every moment, and he said:

"You ask me what right?"

"I do."

"I loved Thora Neilsen."

"You think it necessary to tell me that?" said Oscar. "To remind me that she threw you up for me?"

"That's a lie, Oscar Stephensen."

"Strong!" said Oscar, with a laugh, but he was trembling visibly.

"I gave her up when I could have kept her to her word. I decided in favor of the girl's happiness against my own. I gave her up to you that you might make her happy. Those were the terms on which I gave her up to you, and what is the result? What is the result, I ask you? You have allowed another woman to take her place."

"Another woman?" said Oscar. "Is that the way you talk of her own sister—of Helga?"

"Sister or not, she has tortured Thora by every art her selfish soul could think of," said Magnus. "That's what she has done, and you have helped her, and the treasure I valued more than my life you have flung away."

Oscar made a cry of protest, but Magnus bore him down with a torrent of words such as never came from his silent lips before. "Do you think I don't know what kind of life you led that poor, unhappy child while you were away—you and the girl together? And now that her baby comes and her husband returns to her, as he *must* if he is a man, you let her sister's scheming heart rob her of her only happiness."

Again Oscar with his whitening lips did his best to laugh. "Magnus," he said, "it is impossible to be angry with you. Apparently you do not know that it was with the consent of the family and by the advice of the doctor that the child was taken from its mother."

"Bah! Do you think I don't know who suggested it? Do you think I don't see her object? Do you think I don't hear her pitiful pleas—the same as if I had listened to them? The little innocent is in danger of its life! It must come to her—*she* must take charge of it. Why? To bring you back to her feet—to attach you to her at any cost. And you like a fool fall into her plans—because you want to—because you don't know yourself nor your wife nor the woman that isn't worthy to tie her shoes."

Oscar winced under Magnus's words, for they cut him to the bone.

"Oscar," said Magnus again, "you will give the child back to the mother—it will be best, I promise you."

"I have my own opinion of what is best," said Oscar, bridling, "and if I think that for the time being mother and child are best apart——"

"Oscar Stephensen," interrupted Magnus, "you will give the child back to the mother."

"And if I refuse, by what right will you command me?" said Oscar.

"By the right I acquired when I gave Thora up to you," replied Magnus.

"And by the right *I* acquired when she

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became my wife I will do with her child as I think right," said Oscar.

At that Magnus lost all control of himself.

"Is she a dog that you can take her whelps?" he cried.

"The law gives me the right to dispose of her offspring as I think proper," said Oscar.

"Then damn the law," cried Magnus. "And if you are deaf to my entreaties, I—I will——"

"Go on," said Oscar. "It will not be the first time you have threatened to break the law."

"You are breaking that poor girl's heart, yet you talk to me about breaking the law. But I'll do more than that. If you will not give the child to its mother, I will take it by force and give it back to her myself. And if any man tries to prevent me, no matter who he is or what he is, by God, I'll break his teeth down his throat."

Flinging down his riding-whip, Magnus had taken a step forward and lifted his clenched fist into Oscar's quivering face, when a cry came from the head of the staircase: "Magnus! Oscar! Magnus! Magnus!"

It was Anna. She ran down and put herself between the two men—the slight, lithe figure and fair head of Oscar, and the burly form and swarthy face of Magnus, both panting hard and livid with rage and hate.

"My sons! My sons! For shame! For shame!" she cried. "Every word could be heard in the bedroom, and Thora is crying her eyes out."

Magnus dropped his arm and fell aside a pace or two as if rebuked and ashamed, but Oscar stood with an unflinching front where his mother had found him.

"Magnus—Oscar," continued Anna, "if you both love the poor girl who is lying helpless upstairs, isn't that a reason why you should be friends and not enemies? And then think of me, my sons. I am your mother. Surely the sons of one mother can live at peace. I nursed you both when you were little ones, and if there should be strife between you now, and blows and perhaps bloodshed, it would kill me—I could never survive it."

Then she turned toward Magnus and said, as well as she could for the tears that choked her:

"Magnus, you mustn't be angry with Oscar. He is your younger brother, remember. You and he slept in the same bed when you were children. And when he was a boy you used to carry him on your back and fight all his battles."

Magnus groaned and turned again until he stood with his back to his mother, and thinking he was not to be moved, she faced about to Oscar.

"Oscar," she said, "you must make peace with Magnus. You must, if only for Thora's sake. Remember, *you* have got her, Oscar, and if it is true that Magnus gave her up to you, although he loved her himself, think of the sacrifice he must have made for both of you! Perhaps he loves her still, and has condemned himself to life-long loneliness because he has lost her. And perhaps he weeps his heart out for her, the long nights through. Love that suffers like that has a great excuse, Oscar. Doesn't it give him a right to look to Thora's happiness? And if he thinks she is suffering for the want of her little Elin——"

Oscar's throat was hurting him, and in a husky voice he said: "She shall have the child back, mother. If the doctor says it is safe, she shall have the child back immediately."

"There," said Anna, "that's fair—nothing could be fairer than that, Magnus. Come now, you must shake hands with Oscar."

She put her hand on Magnus's arm, but he did not move.

"Magnus," she said, "your mother's love may be all that is left to you now, but it will last long, my son. You need not give it up to anyone, and no one can take it away. After all, a mother's love is best. It will cling to you and comfort you whatever you do and whatever the world may do to you. Magnus, you must make friends with your brother—your little brother—for your mother's sake, Magnus——"

Magnus turned about and saw Oscar before him with broken face and outstretched hand. Then his own hand swung out, drew back, swung out again, and at the next instant the big, burly fellow had flung his arms about Oscar's neck and was sobbing over him like a child.

Two minutes later Magnus was on his way home, cracking his long whip over Golden Mane's flying head and whooping and galloping like a madman.

(To be continued.)

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Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah

The Son of His Father

By LOLA SCOTT

HIS name was Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah, or Man-who-fights-lightning, but he himself was very little. He was attired in his most striped blanket, his reddest calico shirt, his most intricately embroidered moccasins, leggings, and breech-clout, his necklace of elk-teeth, his necklace of bear-teeth, his necklace of magic beads. His face had three stripes of paint on each cheek—a red one, a blue one, a yellow one—a scarlet circle on each temple, and numerous fantastic little marks and crosses decorated the remainder of his countenance, all put on with his father's most æsthetic skill. And every mark and stripe was a symbol of the family escutcheon, as it were, each being indicant of something Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah's progenitors had done in the hitherto, or of what he and his posterity would accomplish in the henceforth.

But he was very unhappy, nevertheless. He sat on the end of his father's rickety old wagon, and his tiny black eyes looked absently over the prairie, and his chubby legs swung listlessly back and forth as the wagon jogged along. For Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah was on his way to the School, to the place to which the big pale-face Major, who was the Great Father's Agent in the Reservation, had decreed he must go, and his heart was heavy within him.

Had he not heard of the great stone school-buildings, of the hated clothing, the cutting of one's hair, of the work—squaw's work—one had to do, and, worst of all, of that quintessence of insult and injury, the pale-face institution of baths? Who was this Great Father who was more powerful than the Great Spirit himself? For the Great Spirit did not intend that there should be a School. Anyone could see that; and did not the chief and the medicine-men and all the wisest braves say so? Who was this Great Father that he could make the children go when their fathers and the Great Spirit himself did not wish them to go?

Late that afternoon Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah trudged up the walk that led to the School. His heart was going with slow, jerking thuds that made his whole body tremble, but legends of warriors captured by hostile tribes and disembowelled, tortured at the stake, flayed alive, but scorning to give a sign of fear or pain, and his father's encomiums for those who face danger without flinching, came to his mind. So he held his head very high and his back very straight, and looked as stately, considering he was such a little Indian brave, as the lordly father who stalked along so formidably just in front of him. And no one would have guessed that his legs were shaking very much indeed.

A half-hour later Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah was sitting in a big chair in an upper story of one of the stone buildings. He was all alone. His father and mother had gone down the road to prepare a camping-place for the night, and the pale-face who had been talking with Puk-koo-che had lifted Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah into the chair and bidden him stay there until he returned. Then he had gone out. A wild idea of slipping down the stairs and running far away seized Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah for a moment. But no,

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that was no use. The marshals would get him. They always got one. So he sat and waited.

Presently, down in a remote part of the lower story, someone touched caressing fingers to piano-keys. Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah straightened up eagerly. He had the savage's love of music. This was low and slow and plaintive with minor chords. It was like Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah's own music, nature's music, the cries of the woods and the fields, which always come in a minor key. As he listened, Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah's mind went away from the School. The real music touched only his subconsciousness. Instead, he heard the wash of the water around the gypsum rocks in the shallow bed of the little creek in his woodland home; the boom of the big yellow river as it swirled the driftwood around the sand-bars; the prairie wind crooning through the jack-oaks; and the music of hot white nights, when nothing stirs and nothing sounds, except the strange voices of the silence singing softly to themselves, so softly that perhaps only a dreamy little Indian boy, lying in the grass and looking up at the stars, can hear.

Downstairs the player finished the selection, paused for a moment, then began another. The pause, however, brought Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah back to the School. But the dream-music still came to him, and with the realization of his surroundings, and the music insistent in his ears, a homesickness too strong to be borne, and a defiance of the white man and all his ways welled up in the bosom of Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah—a defiance of such might that in the "ways" even marshals were included. He would not stay! He tightened his breech-clout determinedly, slipped from the chair and padded out of the room.

By a succession of, first, two or three breathless steps forward, then a terror-smitten pause and glance around, he managed to accomplish the length of the stairway and part of the great hall beyond. But suddenly there came a heart-stopping sound from somewhere behind him—a door had been opened and closed with a bang. Looking back, he saw the pale-face who had bidden him stay in the chair coming down from the upper entrance of the hall. Defiance died within the bosom of Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah. The fate of Ho-wish-row-pa shot through his memory, Ho-wish-row-pa, who had been one of the strongest, finest young men of the tribe, but who had done something that displeased the Great Father, so the soldiers had taken him off to the fort. And one day Ho-wish-row-pa had tried to run away and the soldiers had shot him!

The similarity between his own offence and that of the lamented young brave was horrifyingly evident to Man-who-fights-lightning. The blind instinct of concealment seized him, and half unconsciously he darted through a side door standing partly open near by, but halted just inside the room with a panic-stricken suddenness. There was a pale-face in it, a pale-face squaw, sitting before the piano whose strains had been his undoing. His moccasined feet had made no sound on the carpeted floor, however, and the squaw had not noticed him. Fearing to go forward lest he attract her attention, and not daring to retreat for fear of encountering the pale-face brave, he shrank behind the door, fixing his eyes on the crack to watch for the brave's approach.

But no one came, and at last he took courage to look away long enough to adjust his disarranged blanket. As he did so, his glance fell on the wealth of paint-stripes across his breast. His soul grew sick. He recalled legends of warriors captured by hostile tribes and disembowelled, tortured at the stake, flayed alive, but scorning to give a sign of fear or pain—remembered that he was the son of his father. The pale-faces would get him—they always got one—they would find him hiding and they would think him afraid—afraid of them! They would laugh and say "umkaw" (coward). He straightened up fiercely. They should not! He would go back. Let them do what they would! Was he not the son of Puk-koo-che?

The pale-face squaw was still playing when Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah, fired with the emulation of legendary heroes, shakily but determinedly emerged from behind the door. But pianos were novel to him, and for a time curiosity submerged his fear and his resolve. He paused, unconsciously drew back into the shadow of the door, and interestedly watched the squaw's quick fingers; then, attracted by certain adornments on her fingers and her wrist, he looked up at the squaw herself. His glance of mild curiosity changed to amazed incredulity. He stared, then inspected the squaw carefully from head to foot, then fixed eyes again on her head.

A few red-haired people Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah had doubtless seen on his sojourns among

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the pale-faces, but their hair had been of moderate and common hues, and he had not differentiated them from the others of blond pale-face mankind. But the squaw's hair was of no mild nor ordinary rubescence. In the light its big soft pompadour and heavy coil were like copper; in the shadows, like amber. To the marvelling eyes of Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah it seemed verily scintillescent. He regarded it with open jaws and admiration beyond expression. He even looked down doubtfully at his own tresses. At last the pale-face squaw, with that mysterious sense that warns one of an unseen presence, turned and saw the grotesque little face watching her from behind the door.

She had recovered from her astonishment, and, with much amusement, was questioning the Indian lad, who, recalled to the grimness of his destiny, and with the black waves of ignominy closing him round, stood in a state of petrifaction before her, when there came an exclamation from the hall. The dreaded pale-face brave appeared in the doorway.

"So this is where you are, young man," he said, severely, but with merry eyes.

"You were looking for this little red man, were you, professor?" said the pale-face squaw. "I looked around a few moments ago and found him listening to my music with the most flattering attention."

"Oh, so that was it, son?" laughed the professor. "Well, I thought you had taken French leave." And Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah, understanding the conversation well enough to realize that, thanks to the pale-face squaw, in the eyes of the world he was still worthy of his ancestors, with the aptness of those ancestors for perceiving an opportunity, saw that it was the decisive moment. In his joyous relief and his timidity, words failed him, but he stepped forward and made a stately assenting "saluer" to the pale-face brave, who laughingly took him by the hand and led him out of the room.

That night when Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah lay ready for sleep, he looked quite different from the lad who had gone to sleep in his father's tepee the night before. His moccasins, his breech-clout, the paint, and nearly all of his hair were gone. Over the foot-piece of the first bed he had ever lain upon, hung a pair of stockings, a suit of underclothing, a shirt, a dark blue coat, and a pair of dark blue trousers; and beside the bed stood a pair of shoes. But down the front of the coat there was something whose beauty somewhat reconciled him to the despised pale-face clothing—two rows of brilliant brass buttons. Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah's shorn head felt decidedly strange, and his body still tingled from a thorough rubbing after a particularly searching pale-face bath; but he was quite contented, nevertheless. For by his bed stood the pretty red-haired music-teacher of the school, who had come up to the dormitory to see how he fared.

The pale-face squaw stood and looked down at the new clothing, at the white bed, and the small, dark head on the pillow, and thought of a brown, blanketed figure that she had seen that evening squatting in the doorway of a tepee. Smiling down brightly at the round little face, she bent and smoothed the pillow under the dark head. Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah looked up at her with softly shining eyes. There was gratitude, love, adoration in his heart for this pale-face squaw, who made music like that of the woodland and the prairies, who had hair like the flames that dance round the edges of the camp-fire, and who, albeit unknowingly, had saved him from the worst fate that could befall a brave of a tribe that had once been a maker of history. And, although he was a very little boy and not much skilled in the ways and words of the white man, the instinct of his sex was strong within him, and casting back over his experiences and through his limited vocabulary, he did his best. As the squaw bent over him, he reached up and touched her hair softly.

"Damn fine," he said, shyly.

The pale-face squaw straightened up with a gasp, then she smiled with all her dimples, and slipped her arm under the sturdy little shoulders beneath the coverlid and gave them a squeeze.

The whistle blew for "lights out," and in a moment the room was in darkness except for the moonlight. But the white squaw did not go away. Still smiling, she stroked the shorn black head and began to sing softly, in an odd, weird, minor key, half-crooning, half-wailing. It was the lullaby that Indian mothers of Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah's tribe oftenest sing to their children. Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah lay very still and listened with breathless delight. But the squaw sang on, and gradually the brass buttons, shining in the little triangle of moonlight that fell over the foot of the bed, grew dimmer and dimmer; the lullaby grew fainter and fainter. Wa-shun-lah-ga-lah was asleep.

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Young Mr. Yan

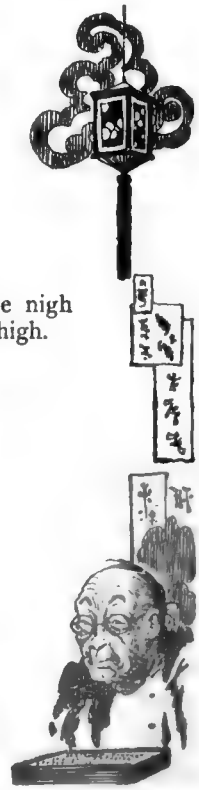
By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

YU can take a Chink away frum 'is hup,
'Is lanterns an' gals an' pigs an' chop,
Yu can dress 'im up in yer Christian clo'es,
Put texts in 'is head an' hymns in 'is nose,
But yu'll find, when he's actin' a dead straight part
He's a Chinaman still in 'is yeller heart.

Lend me a dime, boss—thank yu kind.
Not for opium, d'yu mind,
But a man must eat. Yes, young Mr. Yan
Was raised by hand on the mission plan—
'Merican talk an' 'Merican dress.
Wore 'em proper? I should say yes.

Yan got anxious to be a toff,
So he took 'is blouse an' 'is pigtail off.
Wore pink cuffs an' purple ties,
English overcoats, gentlemen's size,
Ready-shine shoes like the 'ristocrats,
Auburn gloves an' Panama hats.



Wasn't a dude on the Frisco line
Had pants more creased or a coat more fine.
Often I seen him—whole she-bang—
Struttin' at night through the coolie gang
Where the punk-smoke blew from the joss-house nigh
An' the little Chink fiddles squeaked long an' high.

Yan's old man was a Canton Chink;
Stuck to 'is joss like meat an' drink.
Long silk skirt an' little black queue,
He prayed to 'is father—believed it, too—
So he didn't take stock in the mission-school
An' spoke of 'is son as "hip big fool."

Old man Yan kept a lottery-shack—
Restaurant front an' game out back.
Sat at 'is desk an' glared through 'is specs
At the guides an' the tourist rubbernecks,
As proud as a god an' rich as a Jew
(For reasons that him an' the Sargeant knew).

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The Chiny gals of the felt-shoe sort
Wasn't for young Mr. Yan, the sport.
He ran with a gal named Miss Ah Ti;
Shirt-waist lady with hair fluffed high
An' French-heeled shoes on 'er little feet—
Lived with white folks on Washington Street.

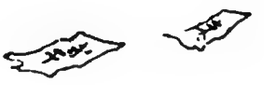
Civilized pair they was an' grand.
She played the pianna to beat the band
While Yan sang "Vi'lets" an' "Promus Me"
In a chop-suey tenor that reached high Z.
They spoke good English an' grammar, too,
Most as proper as me an' you.

Old man Yan, when he heard the news,
He jumped plum out of 'is gun-boat shoes,
For he'd bought Yan a wife in Chinytown—
Eight hundred dollars—fifty down
An' a hundred more for a marriage-feast.
It was disappointin' to say the least.

So he sent for 'is offspring after a while
An' yippi-ki-yi-ed in high old style,
But the boy got sassy an' said that they
Would skip an' git married in San José.
That was the night that the Yups broke out
For the highbinder killin' you read about.

It's a long tale, boss, how the row began
That set 'em to gunnin' for old man Yan.
They'd given the job to a moon-faced boy,
A genius for killin', named Ng Ah Poy
Who went to the Clay Street lottery-shop
An' found the old gentleman smokin' 'is hop.

'Twas an easy job—jest a single shot
That tumbled the smoker out of 'is cot,
Where dead as a pig on the floor he lay—
Murderer, whisked by 'is friends away,
Sank like the ghost of a pipe-dream, down
Into the cellars of Chinytown.



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Young Mr. Yan? When they come an' said
That the shake was up an' 'is dad was dead,
It was easy to see he had clean fergot
'Is ancestor worship an' all that rot—
Say, how can a Christian un'erstand
When a Chinaman smuggles a gun in 'is hand?

. . . . . .

'Twas Waverly Place on a Sunday night.
As I talked with Kelley by yonder light
A bunch of coolies tumbled pell-mell
Out of the Wong Fook fan-tan hell,
An' right in their midst came a short-haired swell
With a Christian hat an' a Christian shell.

Somp'n was doin'. The crowd closed thick
As the grip o' death. Then there barked out quick
The forty-eight calibre *bang—bang—bang!*
And a dead man tumbled out of the gang.
He was a innocent, moon-faced boy,
The genius for killin', named Ng Ah Poy.

The watchman's whistle piped over the square—
The cops came lopin' from everywhere;
Chinks began to scatter an' climb
Forty directions at a time,
Into the basements, into doors,
Into the stairways over stores.

Young Mr. Yan with 'is smokin' gun
Led the crowd in the general run.
See that joss-house? Turned up short
Into yon little, black, greazy court,
Where he sunk like the ghost of a pipe-dream, down
Into the cellars of Chinytown.

What has became of young Mr. Yan?—
You can take a Chink away frum 'is fan,
Away frum 'is lotteries, fiddles, an' joss,
Yu can give 'is queue to the barber, boss;
But yu can't git down to the roots that start
Frum the yeller base of 'is yeller heart.

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Little Stories of Real Life

The Coveted Prince Albert

By Belle Kant

SOLOMON COHEN ran his hands fiercely through his shock of gray hair and stormed back and forth in the dormitory. Through a veil of tobacco-smoke the two old men on the sofa watched him indifferently, but Mrs. Marks, the matron, raised a silence-imploring hand against his harangue.

"My brother-in-law's cousin is a director of this home," he shouted hoarsely. "I will see that he hears about the way you have divided the things. He has a say about them, surely, if any has. If I don't get that Prince Albert coat—if I don't—*you'll* see. There will be trouble, Mrs. Marks!" He thrust his bullet-head forward aggressively, and, his breath and bluster giving out, sank into a chair.

"You can't deny that we have an equal right to it," said Hyman Mendel, one of the occupants of the sofa, after impressively clearing his throat. He was a lean, stooping old man with a long, white, patriarchal beard. His bald head shone like ivory. "David and I have a right, too, and Daniel Stern—peace be upon him!—if he were alive could also claim it. The bundle of clothes was sent to this room for distribution. You got the shoes and hat that you wanted, and David the underclothes, and I the knitted jacket. But *that*"—he pointed to the frock-coat that the matron held, a garment frayed at the edges and plentifully besprinkled with spots, but smooth and satiny still with the gloss of expensive broadcloth—"truly, Mrs. Marks, you know that I have need of it."

"Yes, yes, I understand," the matron cried impatiently. "But if I give it to you, hear the fuss that Mr. Cohen will make."

"Of course, Mr. Mendel, who walks to the synagogue with Mrs. Marks every Sabbath morning, must get the best always from the clothes that are sent here," Solomon sneered. "But if it is given him, Mrs. Marks, I go and tell my brother-in-law's cousin."

David Hertz, the little hunchback, was the only one in the room who had not spoken. From beneath a black skullcap his mournful, childlike, brown eyes looked wistfully at the coat. How often he had seen just such, about the prosperous forms of the pillars of the synagogue. No member of the Home for Aged Hebrews possessed so fine a garment. That was why Solomon and Hyman were wrangling so for its ownership. David had no hope; he had not even put in a claim against the stronger opponents; but he could not help wondering earnestly if beneath its voluminous folds his deformity might not be less noticeable.

"When Mrs. Marks was re-elected it was on account of her well-known justice and ability," Hyman went on pacifically, striving to fan a spark of independence in the depths of the matron's mind. "She has the trust and confidence of the president and the directors, and if she sees fit to bestow the coat where——"

"Nonsense!" snapped Solomon. "That is what you said when she gave you Daniel Stern's silver-headed cane."

"But you already had one cane."

"That has nothing to do with it. And this I will have! It *can* be made to fit me if the buttons are moved."

Hyman turned to the matron and spread out his hands appealingly. "Now, Mrs. Marks, does he speak the truth? Is not the coat almost as if it were made for me, while he looks like a—like a—like an over-stuffed sausage in it?"

"Sausage, indeed!" Solomon retorted. "It hangs around you as it would around a stick. I have the figure to wear a Prince Albert, but *you*—you look in it like a sausage-skin which is emptied of all the meat. I——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Cohen," David here interrupted gently. "Here are three collars, number seventeens, that Mrs. Marks gave

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me. I can't wear them—they are too big. If you could use——"

"Yes," Solomon ungraciously accepted them. He was gathering his forces for another word-war with Hyman.

Mrs. Marks looked helplessly about. There seemed no avenue of escape, and two very determined men noted her every movement. Finally, plucking up courage, she went to the door and hung the coat on a neutral hook.

"I must see about dinner," she said, heedless of their remonstrances. "In the morning I will decide which of you is to have it —not until then."

The late afternoon shadows crowded the bare dormitory, with its gray-blanketed beds and fly-specked walls, a last ray of golden sunlight glittered on the glass over the picture of the Praying Jews at the Temple of Jerusalem. The three old men gathered about the table where, for years, they had played a silent, evening game of cards. Besides his own, Hyman held a dummy hand that took the place of Daniel Stern, the fourth inmate of the dormitory, who had died the week before. The coat of contention was behind them, and except for an occasional grunt from Solomon all trouble seemed at an end.

At Minyon, the sundown prayer of mourning that they held for the comrade whom

death had taken from among them, seven of the ten old men who gathered in the snuffy parlor suspected nothing of the tempest that grumbled in the bosoms of two of their members. David, the smallest of the bowed figures garbed in praying-shawls, had forgotten for the moment the treasure that was not for him, and, swaying to the rhythm of the sing-song Hebrew, beat his breast in a very agony of religious ecstasy.

Hyman officiated as rabbi. His sonorous voice rose and fell in measured cadence. The others droned through their responses unmeaningly; but, moved by the poetry of the words and the promises they contained, David, seeing with eyes that passed the boundaries of the dark, close room, left his crooked, hampered body for the time being, and, like the other Psalmist, lifted his voice in joyful praise.

The odor of Sabbath eve's dinner crept in to them as the Minyon ended. Solomon shut his prayer-book noisily. Hyman hurried from the room almost before the mumbled "Amens" were over. When Solomon and David reached the dormitory they found him brushing busily at the coat that hung upon the door.

Solomon snorted. The red in his face purpled darkly. For an instant he watched Hyman's deliberate movements. Then he chuckled ironically, and, taking his own clothes-brush from the bureau-drawer, began sweeping the other side of the frock-coat. His eye was that of the fighting cock, but Hyman smiled at him.

"You are good to help me clean the coat," he said guilelessly. "I am getting it ready for the Sabbath."

"When I shall wear it with my silk hat," retorted Solomon.

"Well—we shall see what we shall see." Hyman's smile deepened and became enigmatic.

The spirit of the bully in Solomon was daunted by this show of prophecy. He turned on the unconscious David.

"You! Did you see Mrs. Marks give him the coat?" he demanded.

"What? The coat—I don't know." David's dreamy brown eyes looked vaguely at Solomon's angry countenance. "Mrs. Marks didn't give it to me."

"No, I guess not." Solomon laughed brutally, and David shrank from his mirth as from a blow.

Hyman looked with sudden friendliness on the hunchback, and lent a hand in knotting his necktie.

"Prince Albert coats are not meant for such as you, David," he said. "The dinner waits. Let us go in."

But after he and Solomon had left the room, David Hertz laid his wrinkled cheek caressingly against the folds of the smooth cloth coat for a moment before he followed them to the dining-hall.

When the long feast of the Sabbath eve was finished, the consecrated bread blessed

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and munched, and the wine drunk, the three gathered in the dormitory and resumed their game. The strained relations continued, however. At last Solomon could stand the suspense no longer. He flung down his cards and scowled savagely at the others.

"I want you to understand that I get the coat!" he cried. "I say, I get the coat! And I wear it when I go to the synagogue and when I visit my brother-in-law and my brother-in-law's cousin!"

Hyman did not answer, but again he smiled in an aggravatingly knowing fashion. Solomon's bravado died in the silence, and he turned sulkily back to his cards.

They had been long asleep in the dark, tobacco-scented dormitory where Solomon's snores and Hyman's asthmatic wheeze chorused with the slow, deliberate tick of the clock. A stray beam from a street-lamp fell across the wall and hovered on the sombre breadths of the Prince Albert coat. The rattle of a wagon over the cobbles set the brass candlestick on the marble mantel-shelf tinkling with faint, metallic notes.

The creaking of a board at the foot of Solomon's bed awoke him. He sat up, staring stupidly into the darkness. On the other side of the room Hyman stirred also. Stretching his long arms, he opened his eyes and looked at the something that moved in the blackness across the floor.

A little hunched figure, with the sure steps of the sleep-walker, came from the corner where David's bed stood. The night-shirt hung in pitiless, revealing lines over the bent back as the small form came from the shadow into the ray of the street-lamp. The watchers, held by the superstitious fear of a hasty awakening's bringing death to the somnambulist, did not move, but noted with strained intentness each of his actions.

David felt confidently over the wall until he encountered the Prince Albert coat. He took it down, stroked it, and flicked off an imaginary dust-speck. Then, sighing as a child in slumber, he slipped into its great folds

"He—he—he is dreaming about it, so much does he want it." Solomon could contain himself no longer, and his hoarse whisper reached Hyman. "See! See, what he is doing now!"

David had found his way to the bureau. With trembling hands he buttoned the Prince Albert and fondled it as it draped about him. It fell to the length of an overcoat, and at the bottom his white night-shirt bordered it grotesquely.

"Peace be with him!" Hyman murmured piously. "The Lord God of Hosts watches over him. Think of it, Solomon Cohen! To want a thing so much that one rises up at the midnight hour and finds it in his sleep!"

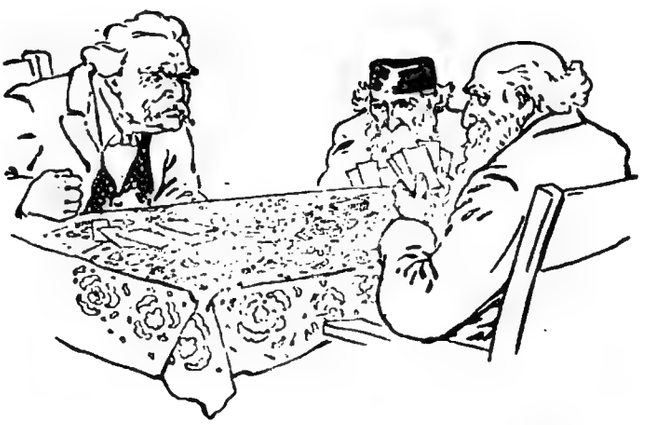
David was pacing to and fro in the bare space before the window. He held something tightly under his arm that Solomon peered at as he passed his bed.

"It is his prayer-book, Hyman. He thinks he goes to the synagogue. *Ach, du lieber Gott!* To want the coat so bad, so bad, and yet say no word about it. Hyman, I—I am willing he should have——"

"Yes, and I too," Hyman broke in. "When he wakes we will tell him."

At ten o'clock the next morning the little procession from the home wended its way to the synagogue. David headed it, walking beside Mrs. Marks. His wistful, child-eyed face beamed with a bewildered delight. About him hung the Prince Albert coat, loosely, like a robe almost, and reaching to his heels. On his head was Solomon's silk hat, a bit of the newspaper band that had been used to make it fit him, protruding behind over his thin gray hair. He carried his prayer-book in one hand and Hyman's silver-headed cane in the other.

After him came his two benefactors talking amicably, following with smiles—half



of pride and half of a protecting, almost paternal, love—the strange little figure that went before them.

"It is not such a very great deal that we did for him," Solomon confided. "But think of it, he cried for joy. Have you ever seen one made so happy before, Hyman?"

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Mary's Baby

By Helen Lockwood Coffin

MRS. BRONSON gave two sharp, quick raps at her neighbor's door, and walked in without waiting for a response or an invitation. She seemed less thin, less nervous, less excited than usual; the wisps of her hair were more aggressive because of their recent acquaintance with a curling-iron, and she gave evidence in several ways of some sort of a change for the better in the weather of her life. "I thought I'd just come in and tell you that John and I have made up," she announced, seating herself in the first chair that came handy; and her voice was not quite so high, not quite so intense as was its custom. "Seeing that all the neighbors know how we've been going on, it appears kind of like the right thing to tell you we've made up. Seems strange not to be fussing at each other, too; we've been at it off and on ever since we were married. He's queer, John is—well, yes, I guess you'd call him queer. At any rate, he ain't a bit like me. Of course, I'm always kind of poetical in the way I think things out to myself, and I always said John and I was like two little pieces of mosaic that were side by side but didn't fit together—both of us with angles, you know, so that there were lots of cracks left between us. That's the way I've kind of explained it to myself—I've a way of expressing things sometimes; not in rhyme, you know, but just in the way I fit words to my ideas. I had a good many people tell me I ought to have been literary—but I dunno. Maybe if I'd had some help along that line when I was young, I might have developed; I had a sister who was musical—why, she could play things from the great composers and improve on them—add runs and trills to them, you know, and everybody would say how much better her way was than the way it was written. But somehow I didn't take much to music—nor to art, either; I tried that a little, too. That's how I came to marry John—trying these different things and not finding any of them that suited me exactly; and so not having anything particular to do just when he asked me to marry him, I thought I might as well get married as to do nothing. And I knew he was different from me then, but I thought it wouldn't matter; I thought all folks that got married were different from each other, and that they grew alike somehow, after they'd lived together awhile. But John and me—well, I guess we are too unsimilar. Seems as if everything I like, he wants the other way. Now, I'm fond of company, and I like to go and have a good time; and John, he'd rather sit around home and go to bed early. And I like change and variety; I don't want to always do the same things in the same ways; I want things different, even if it's only putting the bureau in a new place when I sweep the room; but John wants everything left in just the same identical spot it was in before—he says it mixes him all up to have the furniture changed around. I like to hurry through things and get them done; and John likes to putter and take his time. And so it goes. I was an awful long time getting used to it after I was married, but after a while we sort of settled down to it, and though we weren't real happy, we didn't quarrel much.

Then Mary came, and we was both of us disappointed. John wanted a boy, and I found out, as soon as she was old enough to show up her personality, that Mary was for all the world like her father. You know it would have helped a lot to have a girl like me—sociable and full of fun, and bringing a crowd of young folks around every evening, and keeping things gay. But that wasn't Mary's stunt. Well, she grew up some way or other, and I did for her the best I could, she not being the sort of girl I could understand—quiet, you know—but what's the use of telling you about Mary? You know her 'bout as well as I do. And then she got married; and of course I thought that for once she'd have to do things the way other girls do them; and I cut out everything I could find about weddings in the papers and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and I laid my plans to have a regular good-style wedding. Well, you know how those plans came out—Mary stuck for just the simplest kind of a home wedding, and wouldn't even have a marriage-bell of roses, or any attendants, or even come in herself in a procession. She and Tim were right

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out there among the folks all the time, just as if they wasn't a pretty near bride and groom; and you know how they just stepped up before the minister when eight o'clock struck and were married, all so quiet that some of the guests didn't sense anything about it until it was pretty near over. I felt awful bad about that—folks thought we didn't know any better, and Mary being the only child, we'll never have another chance to show them.

But Mary was John's child, so what else could I expect? When I said something to him about it that night, he said if Tim and Mary was tied good and tight, he should think that was all that was necessary. And then I got to feeling foolish, some way or other, with Mary gone and us two alone in the house, just like when we were married ourselves. Seems like everybody always feels kind of sentimental and thoughtful after a wedding anyhow—or I always do. And this being Mary's wedding, it was more so. So that night I said something to John about our going back to our own first days together—oh, I said something or other about our taking another honeymoon with the young folks, and he said he couldn't just now—he had to go down and tend to the furnace. Of course he didn't mean anything, and I know he didn't now; but I was provoked at him clear through that night. Seemed as if everything that hadn't quite satisfied me in all our life together just riz up then, and took me by the throat. I run over all my grievances to him, and I told him that I'd stood it just long enough. I said if he was so busy he couldn't talk with me when I wanted to talk with him, he could just wait, then, for I'd never say a word to him again as long as I lived. I don't wonder you looked surprised—I haven't ever told folks how we came to get to not talking to each other before. But that's what I said, and I kept my word, too.

It was hard work sometimes—when John was sick that time last year you know, and I had to take care of him. Why, when I wanted to ask him how his headache was, I had to write it out to him on a piece of paper. And I couldn't leave him for anyone else to take care of either—I knew there couldn't nobody do it like I could. You know how it was when his own sister tried it; first thing she did was to move that little table in his room right over by the bed; she said it was more convenient to have it there to keep the medicine and things on. I was mighty glad I found it out before John woke up and saw it, so's I could put the table back where it belonged. We always kept it over by the window, and I knew it would bother John dreadfully to have it moved.

But you see his sister didn't understand.

And then when Mary's baby came! My! We thought for a spell there that we was going to lose Mary and the baby too; we was both of us over to Mary's most of the time, John and me; he walking up and down the hall, and me walking up and down the parlor, and both of us waiting and waiting for news from Mary's room. Well, they both came through it all right, and I didn't break my word.

When Mary and her family moved away it was worse than ever. There was Mary's letters that I wanted to talk over—everyone was telling some new thing the baby was just learning to do. And after a while, Mary wrote how the baby was beginning to talk—said she had learned to say "Grandpa" and "Grandma," and then came the baby's picture. Dear little thing! And dear little picture! I kept it setting up on the parlor table and I'd go in right often and look at it, and so did John. I tell you, sometimes it was hard to keep still—with him and me both in there, looking at that picture of the baby that doesn't belong to one more than it does to the other of us! But I kept my word.

Then you know I made up my mind to go over and see Mary. Of course it's quite a little trip, but I had saved money enough out of my allowance—John's always been a first-rate provider; I'll say that for him, and I ain't never been scrimped any as far as money was concerned. So I just wrote a note and sent it down to the store for him just before I started down to the depot. And when I got down there to take the train, there was John waiting for me, and he was going to Mary's, too. He paid my fare, and kept watch of me all the way, and I was real glad to have him along, because we had to

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change cars, and I always was a little bit timid about travelling alone. But I didn't say anything to him, and he didn't say anything to me. After a while we got there and Mary met us, and we three walked up to her house, Mary talking first to one of us and then to the other, and both of us talking to Mary. Well, of course we was both of us glad to see Tim and the baby; and we both made a lot of the baby. She was a loving, cuddling little thing—one of the kind that likes to snuggle down in your lap, and have you love her. She played around and was friendly with both of us, but I could see she took special to John. And you ought to have seen him! He was like a new man playing with her! They went together up to her nursery and he took her riding on his back, and then he played he was a bear; and then she made a horse out of his foot; and all the time the two laughing and cutting up fit to kill! Then after a while they quieted down, and Mary and me tiptoed to the door and peeked in to see what they were doing. The baby was sitting in John's lap, telling him stories in that funny little jargon of hers that nobody could understand, seemed like. But John was understanding her all right, and they both looked happy.

John glanced up when we came to the door, and so did the baby. She waved her little hand to me and said: "Grummer, tell Grumper a story." I wish you could have seen her when she said it—she's just the dearest baby! Well, Mary looked at me then and so did John, and then I looked at the baby.

John said, kind of soft like: "She don't seem to mind talking to me, Maria," and I—well, I broke down then—I couldn't help it. It did seem so kind of sweet in that baby to bring us together that way, and she not understanding it either, of course, she being so young.

And—it's real foolish of me to think of it in that way, I suppose, but John and me had a sort of a honeymoon right there. As I expressed it to myself, the moon was a little late in rising, but we had it after all.

The Hatred of Giovanni

By Myra Emmons

"I SEE you have a rival, Giovanni!"

John Morton indicated with a smiling nod and glance the slim, big-eyed Italian girl who had set her opposing news-stand on the other side of the L stairway, not thirty feet from Giovanni's.

"Oh, si—yeh—si," admitted Giovanni, shoving a copy of *The Day* at Morton and giving him two coppers in change. Giovanni's tone, discreetly modulated by business necessities, did not match the gloom in his eyes.

"She'll be getting all the trade."

The Italian showed his white teeth in a helpless smile.

"Notta yore?" he questioned, ingratiatingly.

"No—no; I'll have to stand by an old friend."

"Tanka — '*grazio* — tanka." Giovanni's eyes brightened and he nodded *addio* gayly, the trail of his smile winding itself as greeting around his next customer.

Before the morning rush was over Giovanni's nerves, muscles, and faculties were badly overworked. With his customers he must exchange gay, jovial converse in his best English, interspersed with friendly smiles of varying warmth, Giovanni's smile having a distinct cash value; while in volcanic Italian he kept up an intermittent fire of remarks intended to reach the ears of his presumptuous rival and if possible drive her from the territory she had invaded. It was confusing. He was in danger of misdirecting a glare toward some customer and alienating him forever; yes, of driving him over to the enemy.

His wrath abated only at such times as a sombre blaze from the girl's heavy-lidded eyes showed him she had heard. Then he chuckled with the brutal *insouciance* of youth, and gave his features and voice a few minutes' rest.

No one had any sympathy for poor Giovanni. That was the worst of it. Men whom he had served for months, early and late, through heat and cold, jeered at him openly.

"Better looking than you, Giovanni!"

"She'll bust your trust, Dago!"

"Not this mornin', Ginney! I'm going to patronize the opposition, I am!"

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These insults Giovanni was expected to take amiably; aye, even to rejoice gallantly in the success and spontaneous popularity

of the girl. The injustice of it rankled. She had not earned it!

To smile when he wanted to curse was hard, though Giovanni could not have told why, not being skilled in psychological analysis.

Giovanni's animosity deepened with the cold weather.

Mater gratiae! Was it not bad enough for son of Italia to stand freezing on this horrible corner, without having his income cut in two by a girl! Just when he was getting such a snug sum in the savings-bank toward that little shop he meant to have some day!

Misericordia! How cold it was!

Slapping himself and dancing, cursing, and calling on his saints, Giovanni nursed his wrongs.

Women should stay at home! There was other work they could do, without interfering with men!

Ah, yes! Coffee! That was good! He would dash in to the little bakery next the corner and get a cup of it, steaming hot! He could keep an eye on his stand from the window.

"Yes, indeed! So hot it'll scald you if you're not careful. Bad day for people who have to work out-of-doors. Coldest in twenty years, they say. Is the little girl there this morning?"

The bustling, round, red-cheeked proprietress handed him a thick cup of the smoking, black liquid and peered out of her window for a glimpse of Giovanni's unloved neighbor; but the girl's stand could not be seen from that angle.

"Oh, si—yeh; she—a tha! Betta she—a be a—home!"

"Poor Francesca! She has no home."

No home! Giovanni had not thought of that! True, he had none himself, but for a man it is not so bad. Besides, after he got that little shop started—who—who could tell— Well, the dear God is good, and the blessed Saint Joseph is powerful!

But a girl! To have no home!

"I'll send her out a cup of hot coffee if you'll take it."

"Si—si," assented Giovanni eagerly, his injuries forgotten, with the sudden generosity of his kind and race.

He had not stopped to think of Francesca's wrongs.

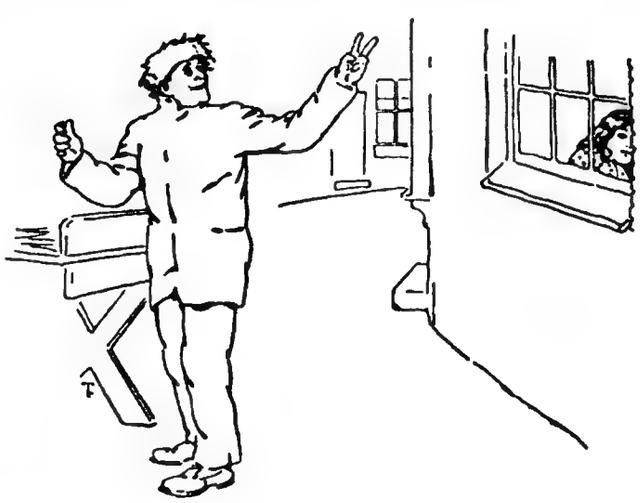
"No!" she said, proudly, forcing herself to look away from the delicious drink. Ah! Mother of love! Why did it smell so good!

Giovanni nearly spilled it in his surprise. Then he nearly threw it away in his anger. The cruel insult to his overtures!

His wrathful stare at the haughty, pinched, purple, averted face discovered two uncontrollable tears, bursting from beneath Francesca's thick lashes and likely to freeze on her cheeks as they fell.

"Ah, please! It is so good! *She* sent it! It is not that *I* give it. I only carry it. You would not send it back to her! Here, I leave it. I go."

Francesca turned to him in amazement at his pleading tones. The warmth of their native tongue had hitherto come to her from his lips only as hot gibes and taunts. She



forgot to hide her tears. Giovanni refused to see them, dashing back to his own stand with unnecessary devotion to business.

"Ah! Blessed Mother! To cry! That is

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painful! Such a little money she had, too! Not like I thought, much. They not always buy, those men, when they stop by her stand! Bah!"

He took the cup away.

The tailor, whose little shop-window looked directly out on Francesca's stand, had remained a friend of Giovanni, tried and true. He had not deserted to the feminine standard. He grinned at Giovanni through the glass, and the act had a result he had not anticipated.

"Ah, yes! That is good! I will make him take her in there! That is warm. She can watch from his window."

The tailor grinned harder, and even laughed aloud.

"I do not know! That is her business, to stay out there. Maybe she quit now, and leave you the trade."

Strange how hateful our motives sometimes seem, when we see them in others! Giovanni's face fairly grew hot.

"No, no! She will freeze. She does not think to come in. She is proud! She would not ask. You let her come. I give you free paper every day this week! Mother of God! Think how cold!"

"I let her come," said the tailor, good-naturedly setting a grimy chair where its occupant could look out on Francesca's stand.

Too proud and dazed and frozen to seem even grateful, Francesca permitted Giovanni to enthrone her.

"I take care of your papers. You can watch me," he laughed joyously. He did not resent her probable suspicions now. He was too sure of his own motives, and too well pleased with the deliciously comfortable feeling inside that was resulting to him from his new rôle.

Dancing and skipping back and forth between the two stands helped to keep Giovanni warm. Whenever he made a sale for Francesca he faithfully held up the money for her to see, and soon she motioned to him, with a faint little smile, that he need not do that any more.

She was trusting him! Good! She was beginning to look warm and comfortable. The purple in her face turned to burning velvety-red, and her eyes glowed with half-frightened happiness in answer to Giovanni's pantomime and the tailor's friendly talk. How pretty she was! What eyes! What a fool he had been!

The end of the long cold day brought Francesca such unusual gains that she shyly laughed at Giovanni.

"No! That is not right. You give me too much."

"Ah! You can count your papers. Why should I give you too much?"

Truly, Francesca could not say. She blushed. How silly she was! Yet she was never able to make that day's business figure out straight.

In spite of the tailor's sly grins and not inaudible chuckles, Giovanni boldly left the shop with Francesca.

"I walk to your home," he said, a new guile in his heart.

"I have no home."

It was not an appeal. It was the simple unreserve of the poor.

"Where you live?"

"With an old woman. She has a shop. I work for her at night."

"You like that?"

"What can one do?"

"It is sad to have no home."

Ah! The Blessed Mother! Why did he talk that way? Did she not know how sad it was? Did he wish to make her cry again? He had been so kind all day! She stole a strange, questioning look at him.

"I too, have no home."

Ah! Now she understood. That was sad, too. Her big eyes brimmed sympathy.

"I shall have one. Soon I shall; and a shop. I shall not stay out-doors."

A pang shot through Francesca's heart. Yes, that was the way with men! They could make more money, and knew how to have shops and—and—homes——

She looked up at him, and then swiftly looked down when she found his eyes regarding her intently.

"We—you and I—we could have home together," he said simply. "You like that?"

"I—I—don't know. I—" Her voice trailed off, tremulous and vague.

"You think of that."

He took her hand reassuringly. It seemed to him a long time since he had had an impulse to throw the coffee at her, but he had a dumb, masculine sense that perhaps he did not deserve her unquestioning confidence just yet. It was his turn to look appealing. Francesca smiled at him, timidly.

"That is good! Maybe you think yes. To-morrow, maybe," eagerly, being Italian.

Then they both laughed, and walked on, hand in hand.

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

PRESIDENTS AND BABIES

A TIME-HONORED but rather peculiar way of honoring distinguished Americans is to name babies after them. How many thousands or hundreds of thousands of George Washingtons, Benjamin Franklins, Thomas Jeffersons, John Quincy Adamses, Martin Van Burens, and Abraham Lincolns have been or are in circulation! Even secondary dignitaries like Lewis Cass and Winfield Scott have had godsons innumerable. There were Hayes babies and Garfield babies in their time. There is a whole line of little Grover Clevelands. Small Theodore Roosevelts are doubling their strenuous fists and yelling for the moon. Were there many miniature Samuel J. Tildens? Somehow, one can hardly believe that. There are plenty of William J. Bryans. The quickest work at this sort of nomenclature was done at Indianapolis, where a child was named after Judge Parker, about the very moment of his nomination at St. Louis. The young gentleman in question is named Parker Drinnin. His name is here given in the belief that if he grows up, so genuine an opportunist, so timely and up-to-date a person, cannot fail to be prosperous or great.

THIBET pefers to be unsociable. She does not want an English Resident at Lhasa. England says she must have one. Colonel Younghusband starts on a "mission" to Thibet. On "the roof of the world" the Thibetans do their best to welcome English missionaries with bloody hands to hospitable graves. Before the fight, it was reported that the "mission" would be withdrawn. After the fight, the English Government declares that the "mission" must proceed. This is the regular John Bull manner. Mr. Broderick, the Secretary of State for India, calmly informs the House of Commons that the expense of the Younghusband expedition has risen from $250,000 to $1,500,000 a week. "Missions" come high, Mr. Bull must think, and pretty frequent demands are made upon his purse. It is difficult not to sympathize with the Thibetans, who are minding their own business and only ask to be left alone. But the day of "hermit nations" is over. Whether Great Britain can hold Thibet when Russia's hands are free again is another question. Russia knows how to deal with Orientals. Great Britain's foreign policy is a story of almost continual bunglings.

THE SLOCUM DISASTER

THERE has been a great outpouring of adjectives over the disaster to the steamboat General Slocum. Something like a thousand lives were lost, and it is clear that nothing was done that ought to have been done for the protection of the passengers. But all this flame of indignation seems excessive. Probably it has died out by this time, and the attention of a wise and long-remembering public is fixed upon something else—the newest thing in murders, the latest horse-race, or the standing of the clubs in the two baseball leagues. The Slocum was as good as, or better than, many old tubs which ply in the waters of New York Harbor. The system of steam-ship inspection is as useful as last year's almanac. It is beyond the facts to charge the owners of the burned steamboat with unusual rapacity and heartlessness. They didn't want to burn anybody, or drown anybody; and though they may well be punished, they are only more unfortunate, not more guilty, than plenty of other steamboat owners. The American people gets into a spasm of anger at some particularly flagrant case which merely illustrates the American recklessness, careless-

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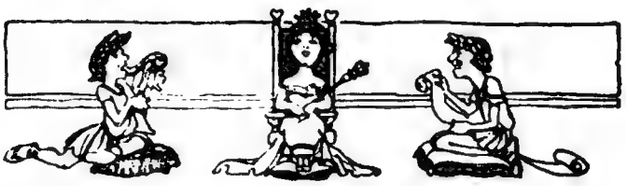
ness about human life, fatalistic habit of taking chances. We take our lives in our hands, daily and gayly. When "Fate calls our bluff," we wriggle and whine and yell tremendously and demand that somebody be sent to the lions immediately.

HOW LIKE A GOD

THE commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne last July was perhaps a little noisier business than would have pleased that sensitive, solitary, and fame-eluding genius. That shy, proud spirit could not rejoice greatly in the "tributes" of the present race of literary men, as remote as possible from him in originality of imagination and fastidious perfection of style. But there is something attractive in the proposition to erect a statue of the Salem romancer, if a man like St. Gaudens could be induced to undertake the work. In form and features how like a god! In dignity, in splendor of eye, in a majestic intellectual beauty that had about it something remote, as of another sphere, Nathaniel Hawthorne was unapproached by any author since Goethe. That glorious head should be repeated in a thousand busts and casts. Especially in New England, where, perhaps, more attention has been given to the cultivation of mind than of "personal pulchritude." By his looks as much as his books, Hawthorne stood apart, a sort of sublime solitary.

WHAT THE WORLD OWES

STATISTICS published by the Department of Commerce and Labor show that the Commonwealth of Australia, young as it is, has the greatest public debt of any country in the world. It is more than a billion, $278 a head; and heads are far from being as frequent as they are needed in Australia. Japan owes only $206,000,000, or $4.73 per capita. Rich and frugal little Switzerland, supported by her manufactures and her crop of tourists, comes next at the low end of the scale. Her total debt is $15,000,000, only $5 a head. Next among the small debtors are these United States, which owe $925,000,000—$11 a head. Considering the different populations of the two countries, the burden of debt in Venezuela, which follows the United States in smallness of per capita debt, her figure being fourteen, is many times that of her Yankee friends. Fourteen dollars would be a fortune for some of the Indians and mestizos. Besides, the United States is mainly its own creditor, whereas the Venezuelan debt, like those of most other South American countries, is largely held by foreigners. France has the greatest of public debts, $5,856,000,000—$150 a head, but it does not hurt her, for she pays the interest to herself. The public debt of Great Britain is $3,885,000,000—$92 a head. Great Britain is the largest creditor of some other countries: Turkey, Egypt, Argentina, for instance. The Russian debt is about five hundred million less than Great Britain's—$24 a head. The German Empire owes $698,000,000, to which must be added the collective debt of the different German States, amounting to $2,687,000,000; in all, $60 a head. Italy owes two billions and a half; Spain, $2,000,000,000, per capita debts of $84 and $110 respectively. China pays seven per cent. on part of her debt; the United States two per cent.



A WELL-KNOWN bit of mediæval manners lingers in the annual Court of Love, which was held in Sceaux last summer. Mistral, the Provençal poet, presided. Several minor French poets, crowned with leaves, walked about the park and recited poems, to the delectation or surprise of a crowd of Parisians. Mlle. Irma was crowned Queen of Love, and sang some Provençal songs. One envies the talent of representation, the contempt of ridicule, the fidelity of these performers to an outworn, aristocratic ideal. Troubadours in the twentieth century seem some hundreds of years behind the times. Troubadours performing their poetical functions in public, in presence of a crowd, deserve the crown for courage as much as for poetry.

DYNAMITE AS A FARMER

AT Pendleton, Ore., and on several farms in the eastern part of the State of Washington, dynamite is used to break up the "hardpan" stratum just underneath the surface. Good soil and moisture are under the "hard

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pan." In the sage-brush and alkali regions, this stratum of "hard pan" will not let the moisture come to the surface, nor can tree-roots and alfalfa-roots reach the moisture. So the surface is dry alkali, the mother of sage-brush and nothing else. The dynamiters believe that by smashing this barren and rebellious stratum, they can make the moisture come up and the roots go down. Crops have been planted over a considerable tract of dynamited ground. In the fall we shall know how good a farmer dynamite is.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY AND THE REVISED VERSION

THE decision of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, so to amend its constitution as to allow it to print the revised edition of the Bible, has been generally approved. The Society has been not unreasonably conservative in the matter. After the first curiosity caused by the appearance of the revised version had subsided, that version made its way rather slowly. Almost everybody who was "brought up on" the Bible—such persons are becoming rather rare, we fear—instinctively prefers the authorized version, to which he is bound by memory, sentiment, and habit. But the revised version has found its way into many pulpits and presumably there is a demand for it, which the Bible Society has been wise to recognize. We present a merely individual view, perhaps, in putting the revised version on the shelf with King James's, but continuing, without reason, if you choose, to have a partiality for the latter.

ACCORDING to a Belgrade correspondent, King Peter of Servia suffers from insomnia, and often rises at 2 A.M. and calls the officers on duty to keep him company. He told one of these officers that he often dreams of seeing King Milan run through the corridors with drawn sword, shouting: "Where are the murderers of my son?" This detail makes one doubt the whole story. If King Peter has unpleasant dreams, he probably keeps them to himself; but does he have them? Poetic justice insists that he must; but these vagaries of the imagination are dependent upon the constitution and temperament. Peter may snore comfortably, full of Belgrade beer to the throat, just as the Thane of Cawdor may have been comfortable with Scotch ale and may have seen no air-drawn dagger.

M. K. P. POBIEDONOSTSEFF, Procurator of the Holy Synod, is one of the most powerful persons in Russia. He is an apostle of reaction, conservatism. He calls inertia "the fulcrum of progress" and "absolutely essential to the well-being of society." Parliamentarism is "the great falsehood of our time." He is opposed to trial by jury, to the press, to popular education. The disposition to reform belongs to that spirit of discontent which he calls "the malady of our time." The Church, "as a community of believers, cannot and must not detach itself from the State," and toleration in religious matters is impossible. A Panslavist, who hopes for a Slavonic East, M. Pobiedonostseff naturally separates himself as far as possible from Western ideals.

THE BRAKEMAN AND THE SENATE

MR. HENRY G. DAVIS, of West Virginia, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, used to be a brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. It is said, or guessed, that he is worth $40,000,000. You can hear young clerks in every boarding-house, you can hear old loungers at every country grocery and railway-station, declaring, with all fervor of conviction, that nobody has a chance to rise "unless he has a pull." Well, Mr. Davis must have had a "pull," but it was inside of him: it was industry, it was intelligence, it was adaptability, it was pluck. As he is now a candidate for political office, it will be necessary to tell lies about him. Meanwhile, let us hope fervently that one tale told about him is true. This says that one day when he was a member of the United States Senate, where he remained for two terms, he paid an inevitable compliment to the eloquence of a distinguished Republican colleague, who was making a short speech of four hours, by going to sleep. He was snoring placidly and loud, when Allan

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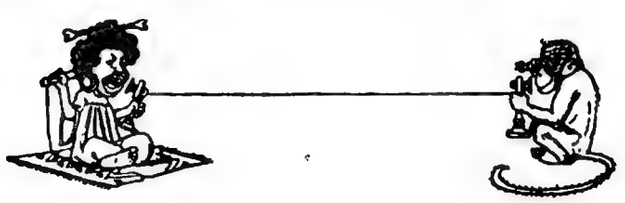
G. Thurman, the "old Roman" of Ohio, arose to make reply to the venerable bore. Mr. Thurman's "red bandana" was as famous in its day as the oriflamme of Henry of Navarre. Applying the red bandana to his nose of power, the old Roman blew two mighty blasts. Mr. Davis thought that he was on a steep grade on his West Virginia mountains and that the engineer had whistled down brakes. He jumped up, got a stern grip on the top of his desk and tried to twist it off. Politics apart, one likes to think of the brakeman Senator, young still, by the way, at eighty-one.

A GREAT INVENTOR

A MAGAZINE article or two, a few brief newspaper notices, are most of the fame yet granted to Mr. Luther Burbank, of California. He is too busy and too useful to care for more. He is a patient observer, a scientific breeder of flowers and fruits. Out of the apricot and the plum he has produced a new fruit, the plumcot. He has deprived the prune of its pit and the plum of its stone. He has robbed the dahlia of its unpleasant smell and given it fragrance. He has made the blackberry white, doubled the gladiolus, put red, white, and pink blossoms at the same time on the pink, painted the rose, called forth a hardy daisy with a long stem and a large blossom. This is true beneficent and creative work. How many thousand politicians and captains of industry would it take to make one Luther Burbank?



It was an Abyssinian maid
Who on the central switchboard played.

ABYSSINIA is being "wired." Some one thousand miles of telephone-line have been put up, and as much more is being laid. The work is no joke. The rains and the poles fell. The white ants ate up a large collection of wooden poles. Then iron ones were put up, which the simple native liked so well that he took them home to use in his business. The Negus stopped this amusement by proclaiming death to the pole-pilferers. But his royal mandate cannot prevent the Bandarlog, the monkey people, from swinging in the wires or—what is much more delightful—the elephant from scratching himself against the poles. The telephone-pole as a scratching-post for elephants. Thus does civilization provide home comforts for the jungle people.

THE words "yeggs" and "yeggmen" have crept into the newspapers, but they are still mysterious to most of us. They are sturdy, salient words; and all the Doctor Syntaxes who are making tours in search of the picturesque in speech are obliged to Mr. James Forbes, chief of the mendicancy department of the New York Charity Organization Society, for his studies of "yeggmen." He has written a book on these dangerous criminal-beggars. They are not the gentlemen who whine in sugared accents for "a cent to get a night's lodging." They are "bad men." They are named after John Yegg, a Swede, who belongs to Bacon's first class of great men, founders of empire, if it be true that John Yegg was the "first tramp known," as some enthusiasts assert. But there were generations of tramps before Yegg. Still, he has a due share of fame. Safe-breaking was among his accomplishments. There are 2,800 of his disciples in the United States. Mr. Forbes has described some 1,400 specimens.

THE QUADRENNIAL ROW

All the trumpets of Gideon are blowing,
All the bulls of Bashan are bellowing,
All the wild asses of the desert are braying.
The country is being saved again.
The campaign is getting warm.

BUSINESS suffers, but what is business compared with politics, that chief end of the American man? Our days must be filled with drums and fifes and the tread of marching heelers, our nights illuminated with fireworks and flambeau clubs. Old habit, which seems a little more absurd than usual this year. The country is sure to have a good President, be he Republican or be he Democrat. What's the use of worrying or losing sleep over "the most momentous campaign in our history"? Still, one thinks with a certain pleasure of the millions of men whose principal present occupation is "talking poli-

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tics." The sociologist can study with a melancholy interest the amount of money translated from the campaign fund into whiskey. And if all this small fry of orators could not spout, it might burst and die.

CENTRAL DELIVERY FOR GROCERIES

THE grocers in some of the smaller Western cities have combined to operate a central delivery system. Their goods will be sent to a central station, and delivered thence throughout the city, which is divided into delivery routes. There will be five deliveries in the winter and six in the summer. It is expected that customers will no longer have to lose their tempers because the butter and the breakfast-food haven't turned up; and the grocers will be vexed no longer by complaints. Thus does the demon of consolidation keep at his work; and many complain and many are satisfied.

SOME NEW AMERICAN MUSIC

The early autumn, for all its dearth of important musical events, as usual holds some compensation to the music-lover through its offerings of interesting new works by native and foreign composers. Of particular interest is a batch of new music by some of the younger and more progressive composers which has recently seen the light, or is soon to see it. And each of these young and individual writers, it is pleasant to note, is an American. We are apt, dazzled as we are by the genius of a Richard Strauss or the vivid publicity of an Edward Elgar, to forget that excellent, original, and distinguished music is being produced within our own borders; that American music is no longer a proper subject for contempt or patronage, but a creative force of undeniable potency.

A WOMAN SONG-WRITER

To begin with, there is Miss Gertrude Normand-Smith, a woman composer of admirable gifts and definite artistic individuality.

Miss Normand-Smith is that artistic anomaly—a woman composer whose writing has not alone dexterity and sensibility, but an evident gift of inspiration. In nothing that she writes is the musical thought trivial, conventional, stereotyped; what she puts upon paper is of uncommon distinction, of unfailing individuality; and her feeling for beautiful expression—more marked than her feeling for characterization—is singularly fine and true. With a full comprehension of all that the estimate implies, one need not hesitate to class Miss Normand-Smith among the most subtle and finely tempered of contemporary song-writers. She has little capacity for the weightier accents of dramatic effect—her talent is lyric, intimate, rather than emphatically virile and commanding. Her music is of a near approach to the sort that one likes to imagine the ideal woman composer as writing; for it is feminine in the best, in the unique, sense. Miss Normand-Smith embodies in her work the familiar traditions of the German *Lied*. Her musical style, no less than her musical feeling, is a product of the artistic soil which nourished Schumann, Franz, and Brahms. There is a Brahms-like nobility of sentiment in her song, "Verschwiegene Liebe." She is, perhaps, at her best in "Auf der Heide," and in two songs, of rare loveliness and distinction, as yet in manuscript: "Liebessorgen" and "Schlafen, Schlafen." This is music that needs no apologies on the score of sex—music that belongs securely among the best.

FROM YOUNGER AMERICA

Perhaps the most important novelty of recent months is to be found in the publications of the Wa-Wan Press, of Newton Centre, Mass. This enterprise, as is well known, was organized by Mr. Arthur Farwell—a pupil of Humperdink, and a composer of vigorous and poetic imagination—for the purpose of producing new music by American composers that should make its appeal wholly on grounds of artistic excellence, and aside from all consideration of commercial or popular attractiveness. The enterprise is now in its third year, and its organizer has been the means of bringing into public view an encouraging quantity of very interesting and admirable music. He has proved that the American composers of the younger generation—those who have yet to achieve full recognition of their abilities—are producing music thoroughly individual and un-European in its characteristics and of engaging beauty and power. Much of this music is

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of the most modern order—progressive in spirit, daring, and of challenging independence in its construction and intent. Mr. Farwell himself, Mr. Henry F. Gilbert, Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, Mr. John Parsons Beach, and others, have contributed works of serious calibre and successful accomplishment, and the enterprise has proved to the hilt its own justification.

FARWELL'S "TOWARD THE DREAM"

The most recent issues contain features of exceptional interest. To begin with, there is Mr. Farwell's own piano-piece, "Toward the Dream"—a highly conceived expression, in free and ample form, of the idea of aspiration and noble striving. In its poetic substance, the music is suggestive of Schumann's "Aufschwung," though Mr. Farwell, one need not say, has things of a very different sort to say, for he is a modern of the moderns. He delights in rich and unexpected modulations and dissonances, and persistently shuns the obvious and the conventional. Mr. Farwell is a vigorous critic and censor of his own performances, and what passes from his hands as completed is of very fine quality indeed. And as his music is the emanation of an artistic personality of notable sincerity, conviction, and depth of experience, he is enabled to produce work as genuine and deeply felt in substance as it is powerfully original in contrivance.

A TONE-POEM AFTER POE

Mr. Henry F. Gilbert, who has been associated with Mr. Farwell in the promotion of the movement looking to the recognition of the younger school of American composers, is, like his fellow-musician, a thorough-going independent in his ideas and practices. For him, too, the stereotyped and the usual have no artistic usefulness whatsoever. His imagination is most keenly aroused by the modern and the contemporary in poetry and thought; so that one finds him resorting continually, for inspiration and stimulus, to such masters of the present as Maeterlinck, Flaubert, Verlaine. One of his most vivid and effective works is an aria, highly colored and of intense dramatic expression, based upon a passage from Flaubert's "Salammbô." In the latest issue of the Wa-Wan publications Mr. Gilbert is represented by an extended paraphrase, for piano, of Poe's prose fantasy, "The Island of the Fay." Mr. Gilbert has found a congenial and quickening theme for musical elaboration in the poet's conception of a magical episode of enchanted forest depths and mysterious fairy presences, and he has woven about it a musical fabric as fine and delicate as gossamer. He has caught admirably the mood of dream and remote elusiveness conveyed by the words, and has composed a tone-paraphrase of unquestionable beauty and vividness. There are many passages of lingering tenderness, of rare imaginative force, and the writing has an invariable distinction and individuality. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gilbert will some day, if he has not already done so, score this work for orchestra. There are pages that seem to need the changing and heightening effect of string and wind combinations to show them to the best advantage.

THE CELT IN MUSIC

In the same issue is a setting for piano and the voice of a reciter, of a short and poignant lyric by W. B. Yeats, the Celtic poet and dramatist. It is called "The Curlew," and is an impassioned lament, as only a Celt can conceive lament, for the beautiful, haunting things of the past—an utterance of that "heart-break over fallen things," which, perhaps, only Mr. Yeats—or Fiona Macleod—could have expressed with so potent an eloquence and brevity. And in the music an attempt has been made to find an equivalent for the mood and emotion of the poem.

SONGS BY HELEN HOPEKIRK

In Helen Hopekirk's "Five Songs," to words by the Gaelic poetess, Fiona Macleod, we have another attempt to express something of the essential Celtic spirit in music. It cannot justly be said that the attempt has been successful. Mrs. Hopekirk, who is both a composer and an excellent pianist, has selected for musical setting some of the most characteristically native and expressive of the Scotchwoman's verses, surcharged, as they are, with that beauty and emotion which one recognizes instantly as Celtic and nothing else. But at no point in the music has the composer caught and fixed this vital quality. Her writing has charm, a certain effectiveness, at times a genuine beauty. But it is not, in any sense, an adequate rendering of the poetry, so that, in the end, the result is distinctly a disappointment.

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GUTZON BORGLUM'S GREAT GROUP

As far as sculpture is concerned the sensation of the St. Louis Exposition has proved to be the last arrival on the scene—Gutzon Borglum's spirited equestrian group entitled "Hercules and the Horses of Diomedes." The work has been received on all sides with enthusiasm, and easily takes rank as one of the most dramatic and inspiring conceptions of current days. Mr. Borglum has no antiquarian nor classical pretensions, and the title is merely for the sake of convenience. Movement, composition, and modelling are his chief concerns, and he has here certainly exhibited the rarest force and fire in the handling of a difficult theme. A muscular nude figure, clinging to the back of a plunging mare is closely followed by the stampeding herd; the mass is compact, yet each horse is sharply individualized in treatment. The effect is one of power, motion, and great plastic beauty. Cast in more enduring form the group would certainly take its place among the triumphs of American sculpture. Though perhaps less widely known than his brother Solon, Gutzon Borglum is a more mature and versatile artist. He is a painter as well as a sculptor, and has achieved notable success abroad, particularly in London, where his portraits, and his statues of "Nero," "Ruskin," and "The Returning Boer" enjoyed wide vogue. Mr. Borglum has been back some two years now and is rapidly making his presence felt in local and national art circles.

FOREIGN HONORS FOR ST. GAUDENS

Unanimous praise has been accorded the bronze memorial tablet to the late Robert Louis Stevenson, by Augustus St. Gaudens, recently unveiled in historic St. Giles's, Edinburgh. Lord Rosebery, who presided over the ceremony, spoke in the highest terms of Stevenson, and of the singular beauty and appropriateness of the monument erected to his memory. On behalf of that dignified body, the Royal Scottish Academy, the President, Sir James Guthrie, remarked that he and his fellow-members deeply appreciated the artistic refinement and the personal loyalty evinced in the work. The praise was not merely official, for all the representatives of art and letters who were present testified to the distinction and charm of this tribute to the gentle, fanciful romancer. Lovers of Stevenson and admirers of St. Gaudens the world over express pleasure at the successful completion of a task which was begun some time since and achieved under many difficulties. The tablet was finished and cast four years ago in Paris, but Mr. St. Gaudens, not liking certain details, began anew and would not let the work leave his hands until thoroughly satisfied with it. The figure, which is modelled in high relief, shows Stevenson in an easy sitting posture, with characteristic lettering above and below. It is not only a faithful and sympathetic likeness, but one of the finest artistic expressions of a man who ranks among the greatest of living sculptors.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

It is generally conceded that the venerable and valiant spirit who lately took flight after eighty-seven years of uninterrupted effort in search of expression was the greatest English artist of the nineteenth century. The fame of Leighton, the prestige of Burne-Jones, the romantic, colorful lyricism of Rossetti, all fade beside the singular beauty, spirituality, and power of George Frederick Watts. The sensuous languor of the "Day Dream" will be forgotten long before the mixture of pain and promise, of regret and gentle resignation depicted in Watts's "Hope." He was the grand old man of British art and leaves behind him no successor. Watts began to paint early in life and suffered neglect until he had turned sixty. A weaker man would have been embittered, but he kept on, serene in his idealism and strong in his stand against Philistinism. He was a Welshman by descent and like all Celts a visionary, and in his quiet Surrey home, or at Little Holland House in London, he saw and recorded countless noble and beseeching visions, not the least among which was "Love and Life" which has created such a stir in Washington at various times. His portraits form an incomparable record of the great personalities of his time and have added more perhaps to his fame than the allegorical subjects. Watts has always been a favorite with the American

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public—a fact of which we may justly feel proud.

STEICHEN AND THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY

Those who take pride in the numerous successes achieved abroad by American artists will be glad to learn that Eduard Steichen, whom many consider the best of our painter-photographers, has just been awarded the gold medal at the recent Brussels Exhibition of Fine Arts. Mr. Steichen's rise has been rapid, and his career interesting to a rare degree. A few years ago he was a lithographer in a small Western town, to-day he commands the highest figures for his work with the camera, and is already a landscape and portrait painter of force and originality. The New Photography of which he is the ablest living exponent has little of the mere mechanical fidelity of the stock photograph. It is almost as individual as the painted portrait, or shows a landscapist's sympathy for natural beauty of scene. Mr. Steichen has many ambitions, and one of them is to leave behind him a complete portrait gallery of the great spirits of his time. He has already photographed many prominent men, such as Rodin, Lenbach, Chase, Mucha, Maeterlinck, and others, and is constantly adding to the list, being engaged at present in photographing leading American statesmen and men of letters. He has developed the photograph in a wonderful way, and America will doubtless not be behind Europe in honoring the depth, insight, and artistic appeal of his work.

RAILWAY-STATIONS AND CIVIC BEAUTY

Everyone interested in civic beauty or in simple questions of travel and transportation throughout the country has been curious to know details concerning the great Pennsylvania station now building in New York, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues and Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets. Mere architect's plans are of little service to the public in general, and hence the finished model recently placed on exhibition in the Pennsylvania section of the Transportation Palace at St. Louis is attracting universal attention. The model is exactly one-thirty-second of the actual size of the station, and is complete to the least detail. Time was when anything that answered bare requirements was considered good enough for a railway-station. The barn-like structure which the New York Central lately furbished up is a case in point. Things have changed, however, and railway-stations have to keep pace with the gradual architectural regeneration of the modern city. In their pseudo-Gothic structure at Broad Street in Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Railroad made a distinct advance, and in the Roman-Doric building now under way they aim to do even better. Some will perhaps object to the adoption of a classical style, but the great extent of the frontage is possibly better treated in this way than in any other. The long colonnade is certainly imposing, and after all, why not screen the strenuous secrets of modern traffic behind a chaste, dignified, and restful façade?

As hearty praise cannot be given Jack London's "The Faith of Men" as has been extended to earlier published works of his. The stories included in it vary in quality, but most of them are little more than practice writing. The title-story would be fair if we had not stronger work from the same pen, but it is only in "Bâtard" and "The Story of Jees Uck" that we get the thorough Jack London tang. In "Bâtard" there is the harsh and brutal realism that makes many of this author's stories irremediably unbeautiful, however powerful; and it is only in "Jees Uck" that power is combined with sympathy sufficiently to set the story somewhat apart as possessing æsthetic quality. Some of the tales, however, were first published as early as 1900, and most of them probably represent youthful composition.

Volumes are turned from the press daily that drain the mind dry of reflection instead of saturating it with thought—as, for that matter, some of the so-termed "classics" do as well. Not so with Mary Tappan Wright's "The Test." No turgidity, no melodramatics, no high-flown attempts, but a simple situation among ordinary people, carried out with consistent concentration to the end.

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The test of true womanhood and manhood is the power to

> Rise on stepping-stones
> Of our dead selves to higher things.

This theme is developed concretely in a story of two young people who love and sin, but who school themselves to bear faithfully the results of their misdoings, and at last, working out for themselves the moral problem of sin and suffering, reach a future higher and more secure than the one originally before them. Incidentally, others, not so strong as they to endure, stop by the wayside and are left behind. Here, then, is a book sincere and strong, that one feels repaid for reading.

Omar murmurs :

> The wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
> The leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

In John Ames Mitchell's "The Villa Claudia," the wine of life did not ooze, but ran plenteously from a rediscovered urn of old Horace's own filling. One draught meant all earth's pleasure concentrated in an hour of complete living, which burned out the energies, and was followed by old age and vacant senility as its consequence; the second draught meant death. A love-story and Italian setting add their part to an effect of delicate fancy and dreamy impossibility. The book means nothing, except the charm it has, fit for the leisure of a September afternoon with golden sunlight near at hand and purple haze along the distant mountains.

What a beautiful time the American ideal is having in the Philippines! Henry Savage Landor has been exploring their darkest places with the assistance of their Government, and the results are embodied in his "The Gems of the East." Being the son of an English father and an Italian mother, he possesses both the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin points of view, and shifts from one to the other in a manner somewhat discomfiting to his readers, who are never quite certain from what direction his criticism is coming. It may be learned, however, that Americans, confident of the success of popular government among Caucasian peoples in the temperate zone long inured to democracy of a sort, are introducing all the non-essentials of that democracy among an entirely different sort of human beings situated quite differently, and are doing it with customary American push and vim. They do not care for such valuable precedents as are to be found in British India and British Egypt, believing that they have discovered a better system In a single generation they are going to give the world the spectacle of a successful tropical republic! In the meantime, Mr. Landor thinks that, to say the least, they have made a mess of it, but nevertheless, he resents any criticism of their method from any pen but his own.

Mrs. Edith Wharton has achieved more than one real man in her new collection of short stories, "The Descent of Man." It is almost the first time in her literary career that her male human beings have shown themselves possessed of the masculine point of view. Heretofore her heroes have been reading other people's letters, saying impossible things behind the backs of others and, in general, comporting themselves according to sewing-society rules of conduct. The improvement in her latest book is praiseworthy, for it removes the one cogent objection to work of the highest literary value. It also serves to open to discussion the rather ungallant question: Is not everything that goes to make a man a cad a substitution of the feminine for the masculine way of looking at things? Certainly the points of view of the two sexes are removed by worlds from one another in a number of essential particulars, and a full understanding of each by the other seems impossible in consequence. Is not the affirmative answer to the query the correct one?

Among the general run of novels relating to modern business life, numerous as these are coming to be, there is not one that has shown a fundamental life philosophy comparable with that of Robert Morss Lovett's hero, Richard Gresham, in the book named after him. There is a vague and sentimental notion on the part of clergymen and other theoretical exponents of ethics—or is it theoretical ethics?—that all is not morally right with the commercial world, and that the familiar maxim, "Business is business," is too often a specious cloaking of the older statement that "Filthy lucre is the root of all evil." Richard Gresham shows the result of taking the New England conscience, with a mission of right to perform, into the innermost sanctum of

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Wall Street. Having attained a secure position as a financial entity in the struggle for great wealth, he puts it aside in order to see wrong punished and justice done. The clear, cold light of conscience is not the illuminant ordinarily employed in the labyrinth of money-getting, and in showing the results of its use there, the book possesses distinction above any recently written. Particularly good is the plea of the wealthy broker that any exposure of illicit methods on the part of those reputed respectable is a blow at the foundations of society.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman continues to search out the heart of New England and embody it in short stories, a new volume, "The Givers," having just appeared. The title comes from the fact that each of the seven tales exhibits one or another phase of generosity and its results. The first of them, wherein the ordinary practice of giving articles of more than doubtful utility to those about to marry or at Christmas-time, receives satirical consideration, is especially well done. With keen insight Mrs. Freeman shows that gift-makers buy things that they like to give rather than anything to cause joy in the hearts of the recipients. The last of the tales, too, in which a seedy clergyman, who has carried beneficence to the point of a vice, steals to aid a poor family in its distress, is equally searching and subtle. There are those who read such books and are only amused by the odd types and strange characters which attract the author; but the stories would not be really of New England if they did not preach a pretty and tender sermon, with human frailty on one hand and loving-kindness on the other for the perpetual and antithetical text.

With "Lux Crucis," Samuel Gardenhire has arrived. To arrive is to keep at one's purpose till others are persuaded to take one seriously, and the house of Harper has been convinced. "Lux Crucis" is not Mr. Gardenhire's first writing. As clerk of a Kansas court, he served his authorial apprenticeship in writing up dockets. The seal of office he finally surrendered, but the pen he refused to lay down. The records of litigation preserved his name, the annals of literature should preserve his fame. In the result the effect of his early training in court memoirs is evident. Few legal pleadings achieve a style so marked and personal; the weaving-in of episode produces an effect of coherence such as belongs to indictment or decree; and the descriptive portions have an anhydrous redolence of ancient folios. The Harpers, recalling the success of a former book of theirs, "Ben-Hur," have taken up "Lux Crucis" in hope; and nothing remains to consummate the triumph but for the world to buy, read, and enjoy.

Miss Frances Powell seems to raise perceptibly the heat and augment the weariness of the dog-days with her "By-ways of Braithe," every page of which sizzles with combat, lurid adventure, inconceivable energies, and prodigious achievement. She has brought to her task all the familiar machinery of her tribe. Here are the secret passages and fatal inheritances and malignant opals and grand and gloomy heroes and wonderfully beautiful heroines and the rest of the well-worn properties of this antiquated stage, whereon the people talk only bombast, and the lights are all calcium. Miss Powell seems to the curious mind a reversionary type in novel-writing, since all this stuff was worked threadbare half a century ago. Yet her other books have had large sales and maybe this will also. But if it does, it will be for some other reason than its literary merit, for that is undiscoverable.

Some of the month's offerings:

"Brave Hearts"—(W. A. Fraser). Race-track stories; good if you like them.

"Our Political Degradation"—(Rush Hawkins). Pessimistic wail from the caves of gloom.

"The Heart of the Orient"—(Michael M. Shoemaker). Travels in the remote East; interesting.

"Chinkie's Flat"—(Louis Becke). Highly colored stories of Australian adventure.

"The Diary of a Musician"—(Dolores M. Bacon). Fairly interesting stories of musical life.

"The Duke Decides"—(Headon Hall). Negligible detective story.

"Love Among the Ruins"—(Warwick Deeping). Another French Revolution story; mediocre.

"Bird Centre Cartoons"—(John T. McCutcheon). New volume; very funny.

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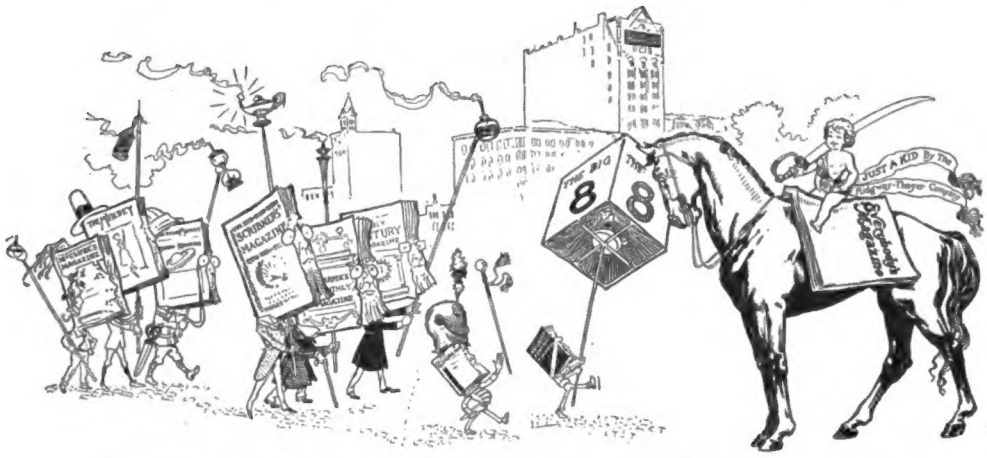
With "Everybody's" Publishers



THE PARADE OF "THE BIG 8," AS REVIEWED BY "EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE."

LIVING IN THE PAST

IN the August issue of a number of magazines there appeared a full-page announcement of a list called "The Big 8." The magazines included in this list are: *The Century, Harper's, Scribner's, Review of Reviews, Munsey's, McClure's, Cosmopolitan,* and *Leslie's.*

Five years ago, just before John Wanamaker founded EVERYBODY'S Magazine, "an observant and successful advertiser" termed the eight magazines mentioned above "The Big 8." Ever since that time and even today, although things have changed, the same magazines are advertised by one of the little fellows as "The Big 8."

Fifteen months ago, when EVERYBODY'S was turned over to us, it had 150,000 circulation, and was an exceedingly good magazine, as magazines go. In the year following, under our ownership, its circulation increased to 250,000 copies, and of this September number, at the very threshold of our second year, the edition is 425,000 copies.

This makes EVERYBODY'S second in circulation at the present time; as, to the best of our knowledge and belief, no general magazine, except *Munsey's,* is printing such an immense edition.

Five of the above magazines have 128 pages of literary contents every month, while EVERYBODY'S has 144. Five of them do not use such good paper.

Six of the above magazines insert more or less objectionable advertising, such as Whiskey, Beer, Patent Medicines, etc., which EVERYBODY'S declines to carry.

As to the quality of contents, our readers must do the comparing. Pray what makes a big magazine?

With this brief comment, and our most profound salaams to those great and good magazines, who, without their consent or knowledge were included in "The Big 8," the humorous spirit in which the parade is reviewed will be understood even without the label: "Just a kid, by the Ridgway-Thayer Company.

LAWSON SAYS: "YANK THE FURNACE DOOR WIDE OPEN." THE PUBLISHERS SAY: "TOO TROPICAL." WHAT DO YOU SAY?

THE following paragraphs appeared in the original manuscript of the instalment of Mr. Lawson's story, which is running in this number of the magazine. They were a part of the peroration and belonged just before the last paragraph of the instalment immediately following the paragraph in which Mr. Lawson contrasts the people, whose sons and daughters eke out a bare existence, with those other men who made $36,000,000 in one day:

Is this the freedom which our fathers and our sons died on many a bloody, hard-fought field to preserve? I am conscious of a haunting fear that

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these men and women may not always be patient, may not always be put off with skilled evasion or slippery subterfuge, and for one brief moment I see visions of a marching people, bearing aloft grisly heads on gory poles, and hear above the low, bestial murmur of the mob the cry for bread and for revenge.

And then I remember that this is *America*, not France; that our laws are strong—if but the people are aroused to see them obeyed; that our prisons are ample, even though they be for the present filled with petty rascals who can do but little harm though turned loose to make room for the real scoundrels who are undermining the foundations of our Republic.

We had some correspondence with Mr. Lawson about these two paragraphs with the result that they were finally omitted. The correspondence follows:

MR. THOMAS W. LAWSON,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Lawson: Here are the proofs of the September instalment. I took the liberty to scale down the final paragraphs, which were too tropical. It seems to us here that what is left, when touched up by you, will go as far as is desirable. You will say it is much weaker than the original. Yes, sir, but we feel that yours is too strong. Will you look at galley 614, second paragraph. The publishers believe you might make the case there stronger, and I have indicated certain transpositions which, if made, will bring out your meaning more clearly. Telephone any change, as we are on the edge of going to press. Most sincerely,

J. O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor.*

My dear Mr. Cosgrave: I have your letter noting the amputations and suggesting an additional change. At first weighing I almost agreed with you, but after running up and down my keyboard and retesting every wire, I unhesitatingly say you are wrong, such saying, of course, accompanied with proper apologies.

For years I have studied the results of direct communication with the people by the use of plain, simple language. I have found that they—I mean the plain people, the thirty-odd millions of adult Americans who read and think and conclude—the men and women between the extreme upper thousands and the extreme lower millions—are as intelligent to-day—I might say as 'cute—as when the great Lincoln said that if you insisted upon attempting to fool them all the time you would in time awaken to the fact that they had fooled you. I repeat, you are wrong in sending those paragraphs to the slaughter-house. To be sure, they contain dangerous elements, but we are dealing with a dangerous—to somebody—subject, and, unless I mistake the feelings and desires of Americans at the present time they will have but little use for Lawson or EVERYBODY'S unless we both, when we approach the dangerous parts of this dangerous subject, approach it in a fair, fearless manner. This is the time for plain speaking. Even the most conservative people in the land don't want and won't have "trimming" now. It is what they have been surfeited with during the past twenty years and they are tired and sick of "trimmers." I told you at the beginning that I was willing to carefully consider the danger-points, and I repeat it, but when it comes to a choice between going out on the balcony facing the thirty-odd millions of thinking, adult Americans and being bricked full of holes—a choice between that and "trimming," I take the balcony and the "bricking" every time. I tell you there must be no such thing as "trimming" in this story that I am telling.

I will admit that the casual reader in going over the paragraphs you have eliminated might yell: "Why, this is anarchy!" But don't make the mistake of thinking that the level-headed, God-fearing, law-abiding Americans I have designated will even for an instant mistake me for an anarchist or EVERYBODY'S for a socialistic journal—now don't make this mistake! We, you and I, absolutely know what we are trying to do, and what we are trying to do is so different from the kind of thing you fear we may be mistaken for trying to do as to make the suggestion almost silly. I stand for what I stand for with the people I have named—first of all, a respecter of legally acquired property rights and all the laws now on the statute-books, because these laws have been put there by the majority of the American people, and not for ten thousand times ten thousand stories would I countenance any remedy for existing evils, even though multiplied a thousand times, if such remedies contemplated any recourse outside the law. I do not think you receive the kind of letters I am receiving from all over the country, or you would not harbor the suspicion that your magazine could be taken for anything other than it is—one of the cleanest and purest publications that go into the homes of the American people.

I admit that many of the sentences which will be found in my story before I am through might, if judged by themselves, lead some to believe that I am drifting toward certain of the many "isms" with which the empty-pated of our land are at the present time "jollying" their minds, but, Lord bless your soul—yours, Ridgway's and Thayer's—it will stand forth as clear as the noonday sun when my story is finished, that no more conservative, law-abiding, and legally and morally just doctrine or story has ever been printed in the English language—yes, or any other language—this notwithstanding that certain phrases and sentences, as I have said, would, if judged alone, seem to bear the inbred, double-cross hall-mark of the advanced school of—"red-hotism."

I repeat, I think you are wrong. I believe that the millions, when I approach the furnace part of my story, will not only expect but demand that we both yank the door wide open, let the consequences be what they will; and I tell you, as I told you at the beginning, that it will make no difference to me, when the yanking-open time comes, whether the flames burst forth a foot, or a yard, or whether they burn me or others, always provided they burn according to the law of the land. I have not made the fire with which this particular furnace is filled; EVERYBODY'S has not made it; we are simply describing the fire already made, so that the millions of honest Americans may know that it is there, and, at the risk of "rubbing it in," I must say I do not think it will be possible to honestly describe it without, at certain times, walking up to the door, and in a manly, fearless way, yanking it wide open.

I think in time you will agree with me—I know you will. I can almost hear you say: "Yes, but this billionaire and that gutter anarchist will yell:

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'Just listen to what he says!'" but truly, I don't care any more for what the extreme ends of the eighty million Americans think of my story than I do of what they think of the taste of our forefathers in dumping the British tea into the cold salt water of our bay instead of depositing it in one of our inland, fresh-water, boiling lakes. If I were catering for this class, I should be spending my time floating another $39,000,000 of Amalgamated for $75,000,000 instead of what these extreme end classes would call wasting my time in disseminating dangerous truths.

As I have told you before, my feet are so small I am not a blue-ribbon kicker until I am really waked up on the vitalness of a point, but by tying them both together I make one good kick. Then I am—well, we won't discuss obsolete or non-get-at-able truisms. Let me repeat, just once again, I cannot agree with you on the mutilation, and I don't think your readers would, either, if you gave it to them as an object-lesson in "Before and Afters," but—

To drop back to good-fellowship—for we are both engaged in too earnest a task to grow stubborn, hair-splitting: After you have read the above and Ridgway, Thayer, and yourself have carefully mulled it over, regardless of the earnestness I have packed into it, just decide the way you think best, for this is not of that importance which compels me to demand it my way. I sincerely trust we shall at no place in the story get to the point where I shall have to demand, but if we do, as I said to you at the beginning, you will find me right up on the back of a chair, strenuously yelling numerous kinds of horrors and refusing to come down unless I am given assurances that "proof" will literally follow "copy." All of the above are very hastily drawn conclusions, which, of course, you know, are the really strong ones in this world—if they're left to the fellow who draws them. Believe me,

Yours very truly,
THOMAS W. LAWSON.

ABOUT OUR COVERS

MANY letters come to us about our covers. The May cover, in particular, with the bluebirds and the apple-blossoms, seemed to cause special comment. Nearly everyone expressed pleasure at seeing the birds, and some friendly enthusiasts even went to the length of writing to their favorite daily papers about it.

"Who suggests the covers?" is one of the commonest questions put to the publishers. "Who does them?" "And how?" are others that are repeated every month.

The original suggestion for a series of real-life covers in color for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, was made by a friend of the publishers a year ago; and Mr. Ray Brown, who, we are pleased to state, has recently joined the staff of EVERYBODY'S in the capacity of Art Director, has designed them from the beginning.

Once the series was started, suggestions have come from all over the country, and we assure you we are glad to have them. Sometimes a subscriber writes a timely hint, or a friend proposes an artistic design; some come direct from the artist, some are the embodiment of a pet project of our own.

Thanks are particularly due to Mr. W. J. Lampton, a widely known writer of verse, for helpful friendliness. It was Mr. Lampton who first suggested the birds which worked out so effectively for May and July. Our confidence in his good judgment has been very slightly shaken by the fact that he modified the full effect of his first estimable suggestion, by subsequently writing to criticise the drawing of the birds.

The criticism we are obliged to humbly and reverently refer to a higher power. The birds were *real*, and like almost everything which has appeared on the covers of EVERYBODY'S, were photographed in three colors direct from nature.

WE GIVE JUDGE EMMONS THE LAST WORD

IN this department last month we told the story of our July cover-page, which, on account of the flag on the cover, was suppressed in Boston. We print the following letter from the Chairman of the Boston Police:

CITY OF BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF POLICE,
July 27, 1904.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY,
Union Square, New York.

Gentlemen: I have your card calling my attention to page 288 of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for August, together with a copy of that number. I am greatly surprised at your article because the tenor of it is calculated to give your readers the impression that I was attempting to enforce my own notions concerning the cover upon your July number, whereas my only desire was to see that the laws of this commonwealth were properly obeyed. Our law prohibits any representation of the United States flag "upon which are words, figures, advertisements or designs," and in my judgment there was a design of an eagle upon the United States flag upon your cover. It makes no difference how the original design was made; as it appeared upon the cover it was a design of an eagle upon a representation of the flag of the United States, and hence a violation of our statute. Personally it makes no difference to me whether you used the flag with the design of an eagle upon it, but officially such use is prohibited by law and it was my duty as Chairman of the Board of Police to see that the law was enforced.

It makes no difference that other chiefs of police did not enforce the law. It also makes no difference that some judge in New York may have thought

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that such a law was unconstitutional. It is not for me to say that any law is unconstitutional which the Legislature has presumed to pass. That belongs solely to the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts or to the Supreme Court of the United States; and until one of those tribunals has decided that any law is unconstitutional it is the duty of the police authorities to enforce the laws as made by them irrespective of their personal opinions concerning them. Neither does it make any difference that Congress has not legislated upon the subject of the use of the United States flag, as I think the decisions are that a matter of this kind comes within the jurisdiction of the State Legislature until Congress shall have legislated upon the subject.

My interview with your Mr. Thayer was a very pleasant one and I supposed when he left that the arrangement made between us was perfectly satisfactory to him.

I read your July and August numbers with a great deal of interest, and I enclose my check for one dollar ($1.00) as a subscriber to your magazine for one year from this date. It is a most excellent magazine and I regret exceedingly that my duty required that the cover to your July number should not be displayed in Boston in violation of our law.

Yours very truly,
W. H. H. Emmons.

A PERMANENT IMPROVEMENT

Birmingham, Ala., July 25, 1904.

The Ridgway-Thayer Co.,
Union Square, N. Y. City.

Gentlemen: I have for a number of years been addicted to the "magazine habit," and because of this I occasionally purchased a copy of Everybody's Magazine previous to the time the Ridgway-Thayer Co. came into possession of it, and accidentally I came across the first issue under the new management.

I noticed a considerable improvement in the first number, and also noticed that some large promise was made for the future. Having a reasonable amount of curiosity in my "make up," I decided to keep track of the promises and see if a real, permanent improvement was contemplated. The second issue convinced me that your intentions were good, and after reading the third number I was satisfied that your excellent intentions would be carried out.

The article by Dr. Hillis, and the subsequent discussion of it, to which you have given much of your valuable space, has proven your desire to minister to the spiritual needs of your readers, and the two instalments of "Consumption, the Great White Plague," by Mr. Eugene Wood, show your interest in their physical well-being. Now comes the material and financial side of it in the Thomas W. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance."

Your magazine can therefore be said to cover every field that can be reached by a periodical, for that the pleasure of your readers is also considered is proven by the excellent fiction to be found in every number.

Your advertising section is conducted on an ideal plan, and your readers cannot fail to have confidence in the statements made by your various advertisers.

I think it possible for more direct good to come of Mr. Wood's article than of anything I have seen in print for a long time; if some millionaire who really *wanted* to do good would have that second instalment printed in an extra edition of several million copies of Everybody's Magazine, and find some way to get marked copies in the hands of that many poor unfortunates who are victims of the "Great White Plague," for whom the monstrous patent medicine concerns and quack doctors are fattening, then, indeed, would he be doing something worth while.

The article is bound to do a great deal of good as it is, for among the enormous number of your readers there must be many to whom this message will give new hope, and point out the way to possible final victory.

As stated, I have been a constant reader of your magazine since the Ridgway-Thayer Company's first issue, and I shall continue to be, indeed I should consider it a hardship were I to miss a single copy.

I congratulate you on your remarkable success, which is so highly deserved, and confidently predict a permanent continuance of it. Yours truly,

"DANGEROUS BUSINESS"

West Virginia, July 20, 1904.

Thomas W. Lawson,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: Have read with great interest in Everybody's Magazine the prospectus of your series of articles on "Frenzied Finance." It occurred to me at once that a man who will boldly tell the truth takes his life in his hands. Be sure there will be no hesitation as to means used to head off these articles. . . . Let me urge that you take every possible precaution to protect yourself. To that end I suggest that you get all your manuscript into the hands of Everybody's at once, if possible, and let that fact become generally known, so that a blow struck at you will not affect the publication.

I hope that Everybody's publishers are of the sort that cannot be bought off either to suppress the articles or modify them. You are certainly about to do the country a great service which will be appreciated by millions of people. From some things you say about "the system" you seem to see things pretty clearly. Very sincerely,

"IN STRICT CONFIDENCE"

Chicago, June 29, 1904.

The Ridgway-Thayer Company,
Publishers Everybody's Magazine,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Here in the office we have all been interested in the last few months in the remarkable strides Everybody's has taken, and we believe the Ten Strike you inaugurate in your July number, in the "Amalgamated Exposures," will carry you (before the first of the year) into the very first ranks, just as the Life of Lincoln made *McClure's*.

We feel a certain kind of pride in this office in picking out winners, and it is our actual belief that when spring comes again it will be an even break between *Munsey's*, *McClure's*, and Everybody's.

We can't resist the opportunity to tell you so in strict confidence. Very truly yours,

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